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A

CHURCH HYMNAL,

COMPILED FROM

THE PRAYER BOOK HYMNAL,

AND FROM

"THE ADDITIONAL HYMNS," "HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN," AND "HYMNS FOR CHURCH AND HOME,"

WITH MUSIC:

BY THE
REV. C. L. HUTCHINS,
Assistant Minister of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO:
BREED, LENT & CO.
1870.

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PREFACE.

It is now about four months since a collection of Hymns from the sources authorized by the House of Bishops was put forth under the title of "A Church Hymnal." The favor with which that collection was received, and the desire expressed by many, both of the clergy and laity, that it might be published with proper music, have led to the preparation of this volume. Its only differences from the preceding work are that it has music with all the hymns, and includes nearly fifty hymns from the Prayer Book Hymnal: these are the hymns most frequently used in that collection. The Prayer Book numbering has been retained for the sake of convenience.

Of the music of this collection, it is sufficient to say that it comprises the best tunes from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," as well as many tunes from other English sources. And to the following persons who have kindly given valuable contributions, grateful acknowledgment is here made: the Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D. D., the Rev. G. Jarvis Geer, D. D., the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, Jr., the Rev. F. P. Winne; Mr. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac., organist of Trinity Chapel, New York, Mr. Geo. Wm. Warren, organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, Mr. C. H. Burbank, organist of

St. John's Church, Lowell, Mass., Mr. J. H. Wilcox, Mus. Doc., Boston, Mr. James Pearce, Mus. Bac., organist of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, Mr. W. W. Rousseau, organist of St. John's Church, Troy, N. Y., Mr. Jerome Hopkins, organist of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, and Mr. H. G. Gilmore, organist of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo.

CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, BUFFALO,
TRINITY SEASON, A. D. 1870.

NOTE.

AN edition of this Hymnal is published with a simple service for Sunday Schools; also a Choral service, chants, etc. The object aimed at is that the children may learn the same hymns and tunes that are sung in the Church service, and so congregational singing be the more speedily attained.

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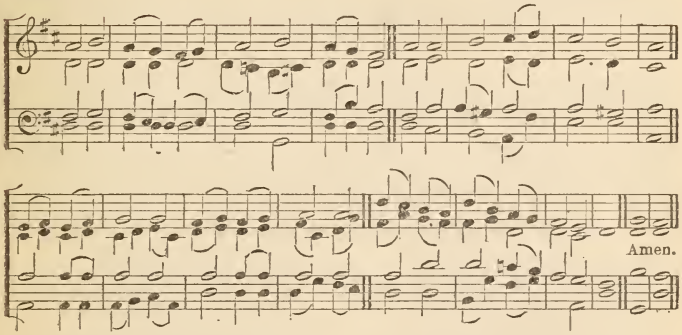
HYMNS FROM THE PRAYER BOOK.

REDEMPTION.

Hymn 18. I. *Sicilian Mariner's.*



"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever."

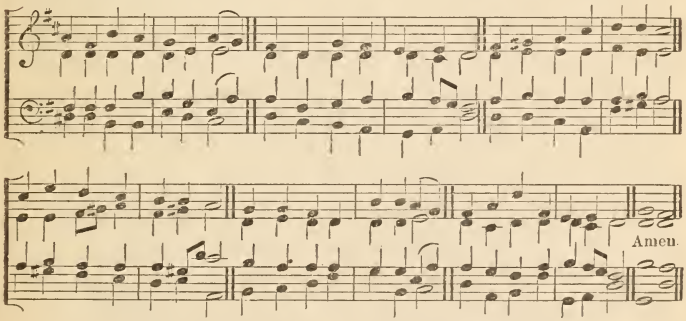
SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy Blood.

By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

Hymn 22. G. *Worship.*



"The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

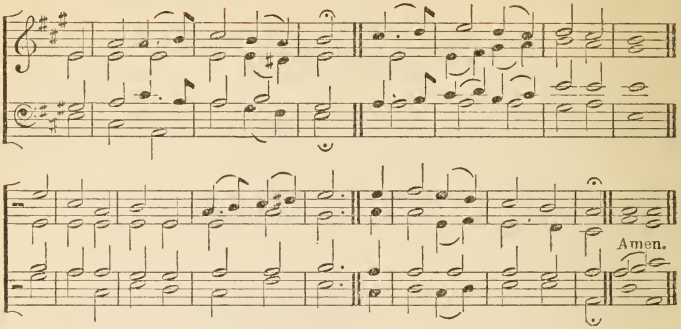
SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends His grace.

Heaven and earth by Him were made,
All is by His sceptre sway'd;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below!

God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's Blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore His Name,
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home,
Trust His love for all to come. Amen.

Hymn 25. S. M. *St. Thomas.*



"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

I LOVE Thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

If e'er to bless Thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

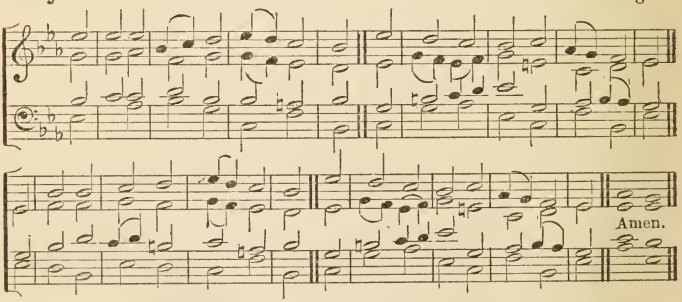
For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

Hymn 29. L. M. *Coburg.*



"Awake, awake: put on thy strength, O Zion."

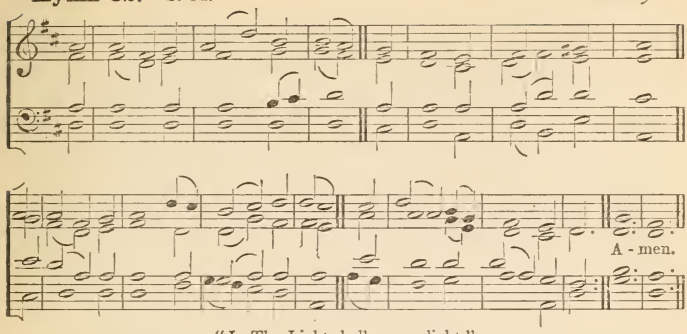
TRIUMPHANT Sion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace. Amen.

Hymn 32. S. M. *St. Timothy.*



"In Thy Light shall we see light."

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

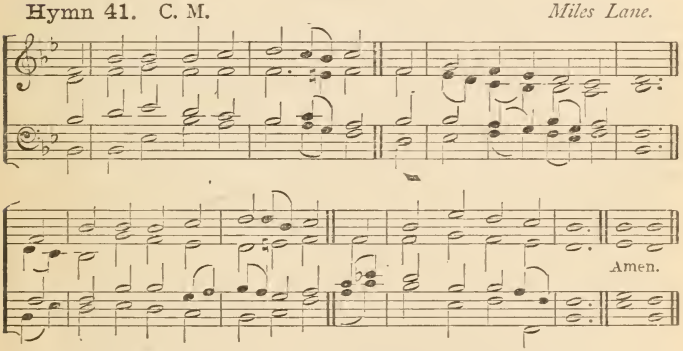
The King Himself comes near
To feast His saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss. Amen.

ADVENT.

Hymn 41. C. M. *Miles Lane.*



"He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

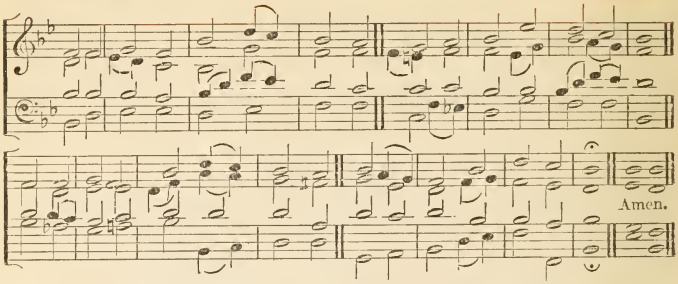
He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

Hymn 42. I. *Trust.*



"Which cometh forth as a Bridegroom out of His chamber."

HAIL! Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

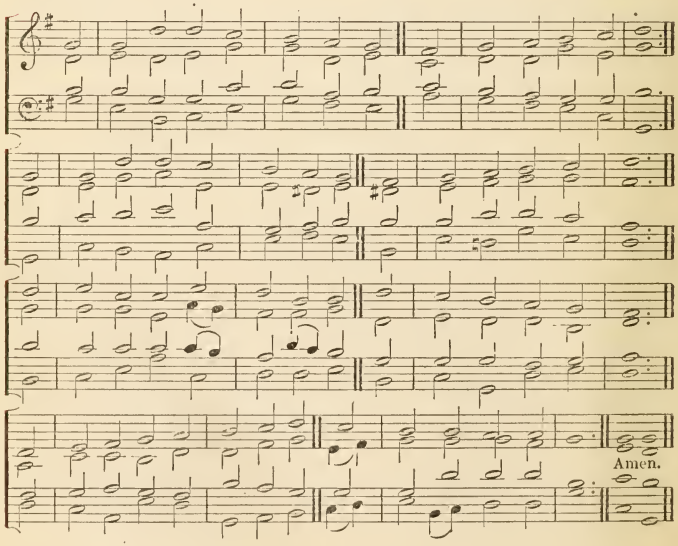
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

Hymn 43. C. M. *Anglia.*



Hymn 43. C. M. *Anglia.*

"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

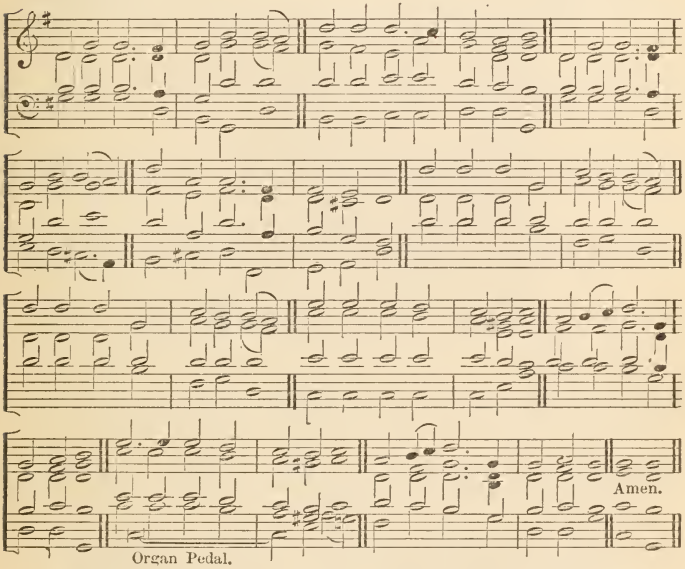
"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The Heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease." Amen.

Hymn 45. G. *Mendelssohn.*



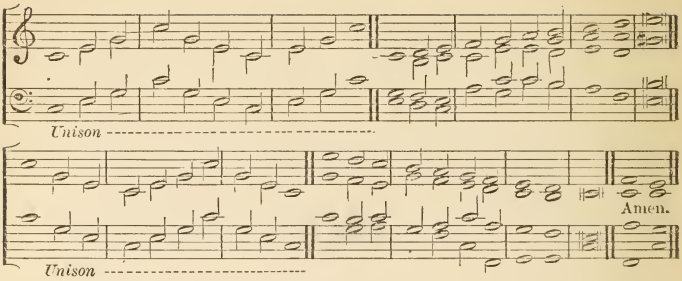
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, now Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Ris'n with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings;
Hail, the Sun of righteousness,
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace.
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

Hymn 53. E. *Starkey.*



"Arise, shine; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

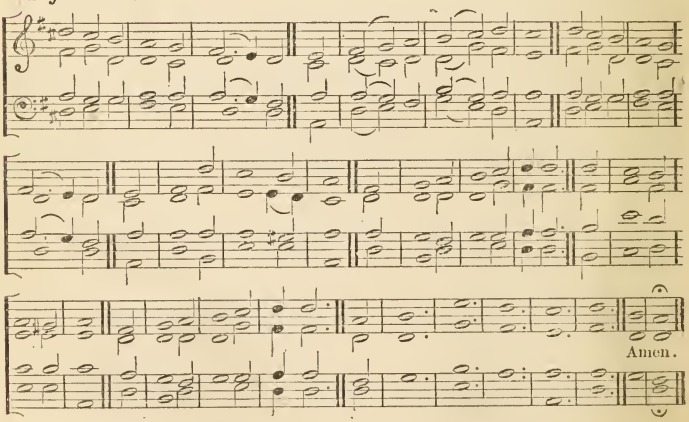
RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

Hymn 54. F. *St. Cecilia.*



Hymn 54. F. *St. Cecilia.*

"All the earth shall be filled with His Majesty."

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

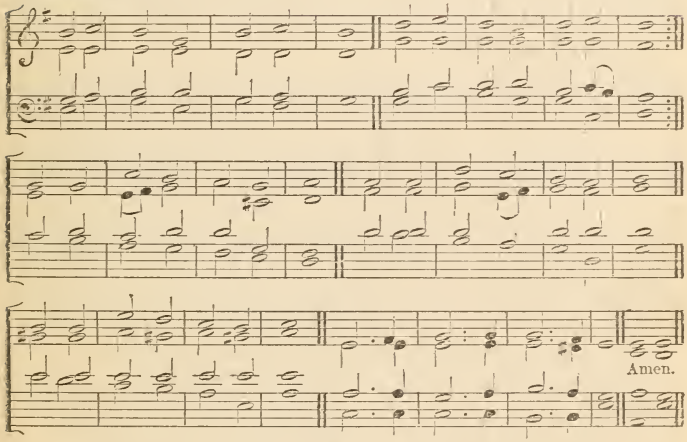
He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love. Amen.

LENT.

Hymn 56. G. *Litany.*



"Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us."

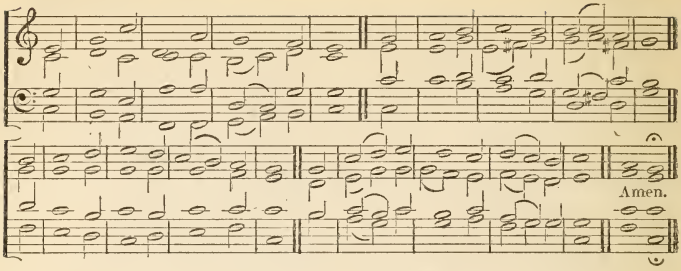
SAVIOUR, when in dust, to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

Hymn 57. L. M. *St. Vincent.*



"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

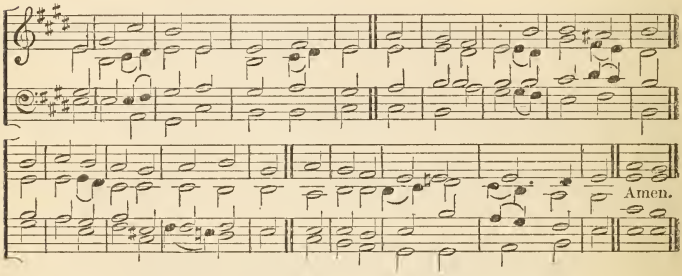
MY God permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign. Amen.

Hymn 60. L. M. *Litlington.*



"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to Thee;
O burst its bonds and set it free.

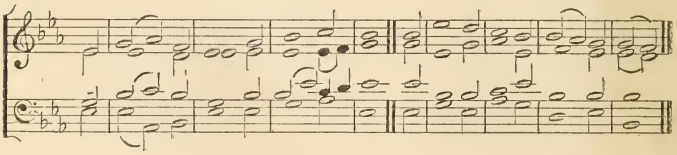
Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

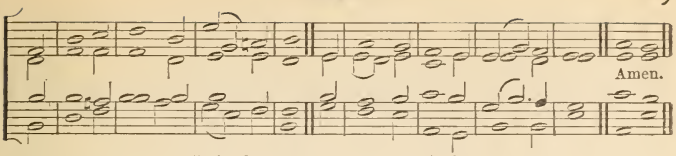
If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill. Amen.

Hymn 62. L. M. *Rockingham.*





"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

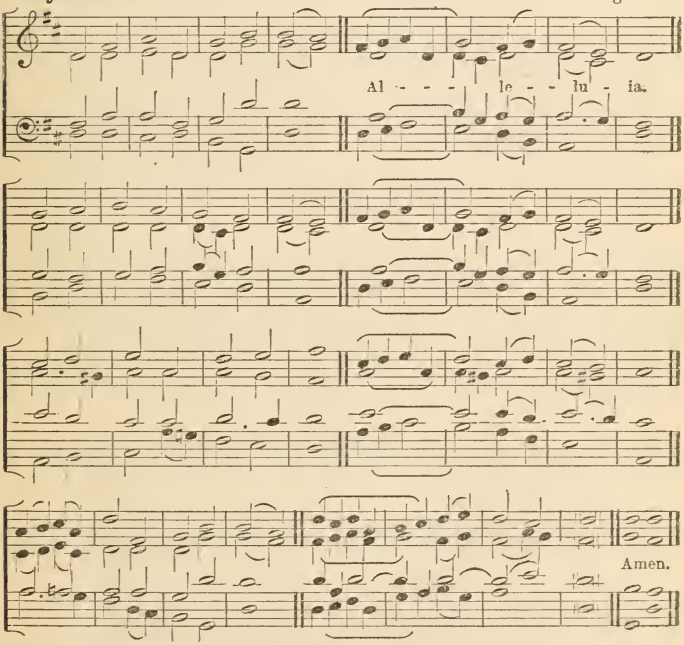
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to Thy Blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all. Amen.

EASTER.

Hymn 69. G. *Worgan.*



"The Lord is risen indeed."

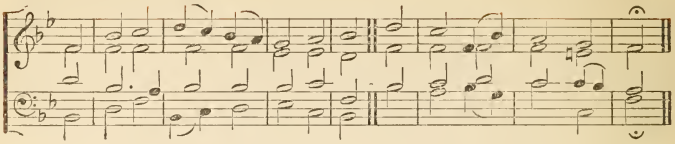
CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

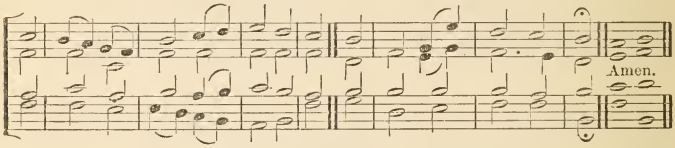
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Amen.

Hymn 76. C. M. *Tiverton.*





"The Comforter, Which is the Holy Ghost."

HE'S come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

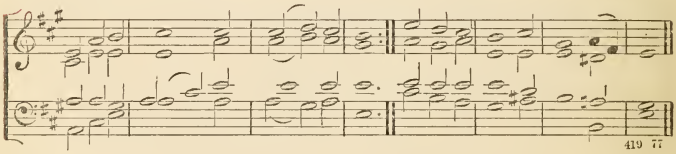
What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

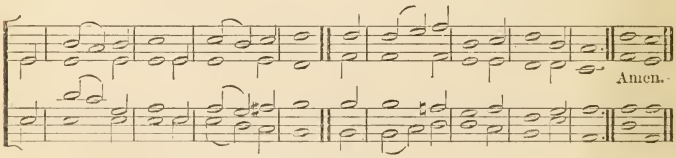
Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do Thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!

Thou to the conscience dost convey,
Those checks which we should know
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go. Amen.

TRINITY.

Hymn 77. L. M. *Bonn.*





"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts."

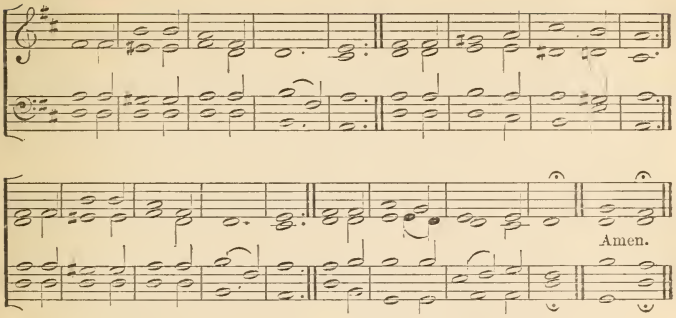
O HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord!
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name;
For ever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

O Holy Spirit, from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring thro' earth and heaven.

O God Triune! to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!
Amen.

Hymn 86. I. *Protection.*



"He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

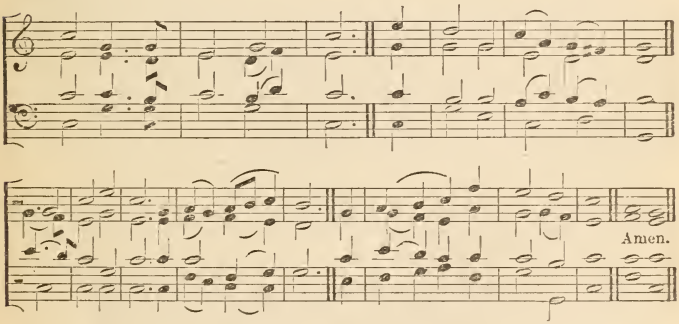
Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way;

Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

Hymn 88. S. M. *Silver St.*



"Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

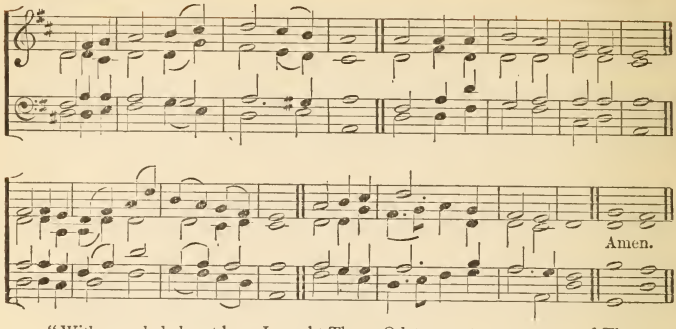
SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won
And stand complete at last. Amen.

Hymn 89. L. M. *Duke St.*



"With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not go wrong out of Thy commandments."

O HAPPY day that stays my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

O happy bond! that seals my vows,
To Him Who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

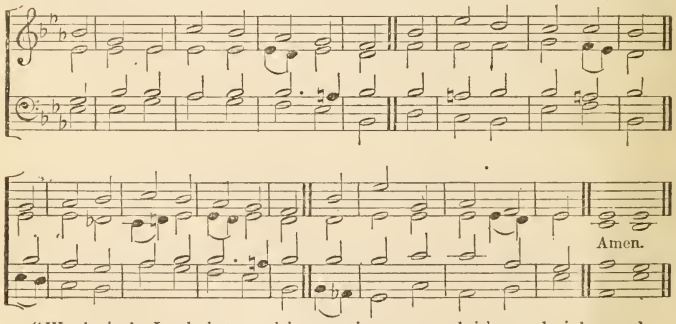
'Tis done, the great transaction 's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me Thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess Thy voice divine,

Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. Amen

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Hymn 93. C. M. *Bedford.*



"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

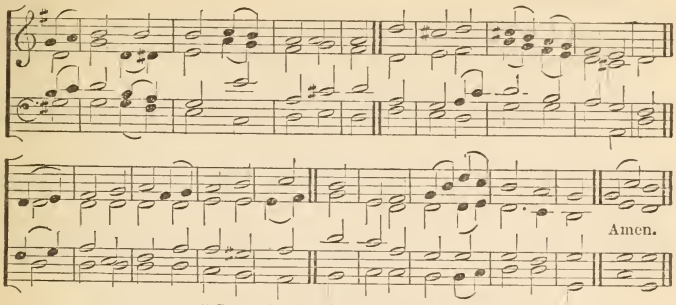
THOU God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive:
Since all things by Thy power were made,
And by Thy bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou, Who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given. Amen.

Hymn 94. L. M. *Bartholemon.*



"Come, for all things are now ready."

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

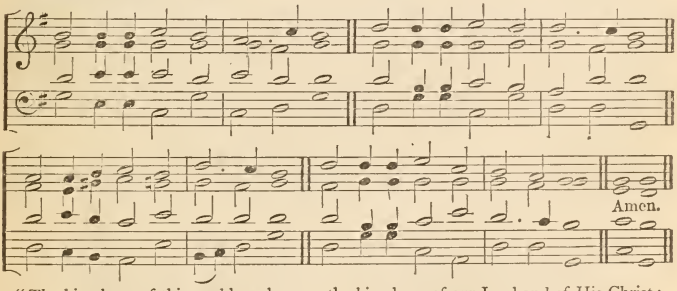
O let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. Amen.

MISSIONS.

Hymn 102. L. M. *St. Aidan.*



"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever."

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

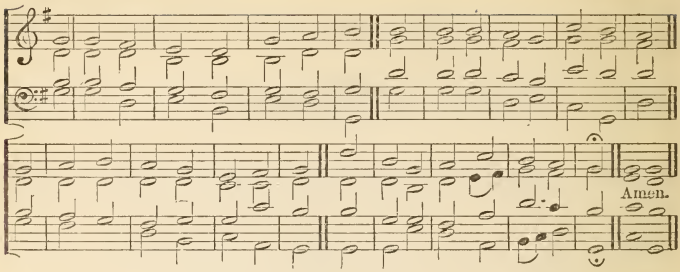
People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

Hymn 103. L. M. *Old 100th.*

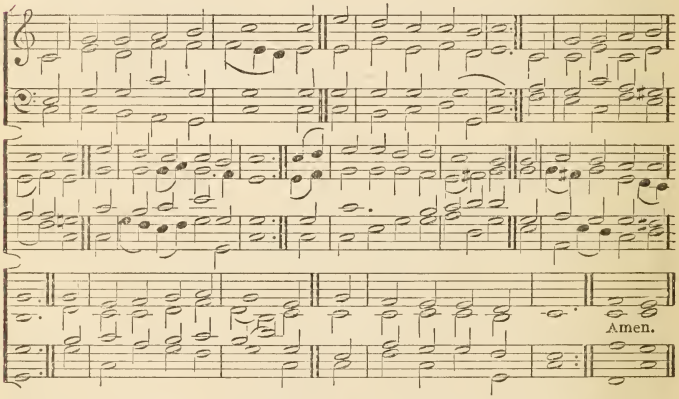


"O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people."

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

Hymn 107. F. *Teschner.*



"Come over . . . . and help us."

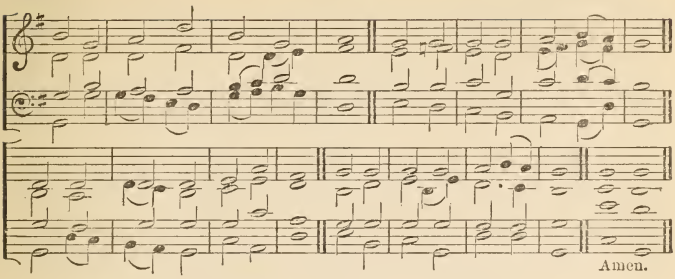
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone,

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

Hymn 111. G. *Nuremberg.*



"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

GLORY to the Father give,
God in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

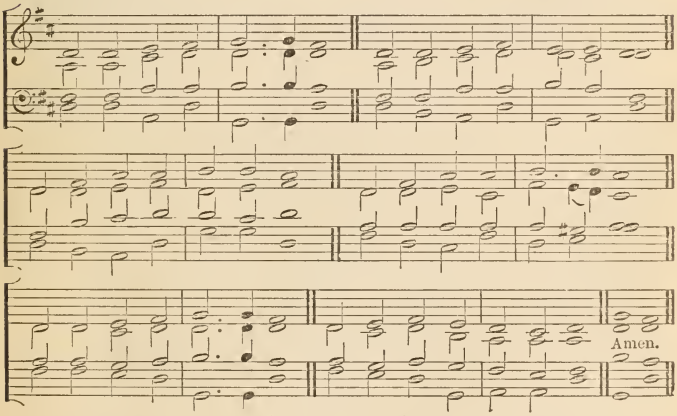
Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King;
Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love." Amen.

FAITH.

Hymn 139. H. *Redhead* 76.



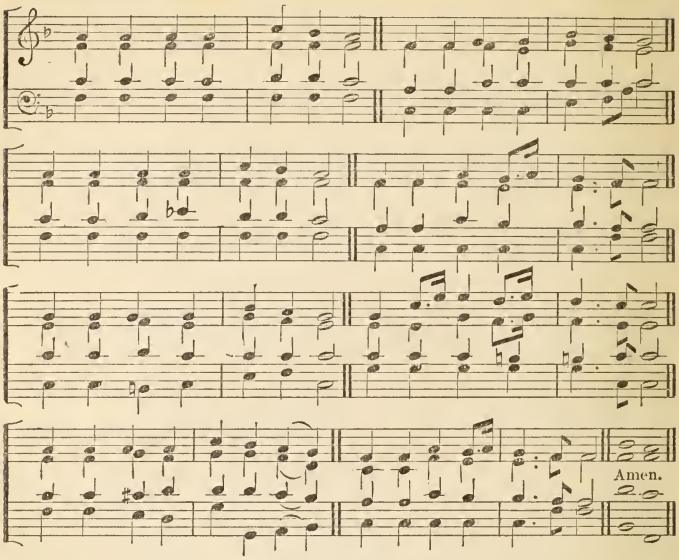
"That Rock was Christ."

ROCK of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the Blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Hymn 143. G. *Refuge.*



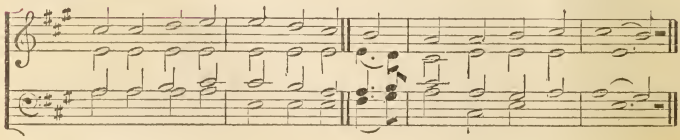
"Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."

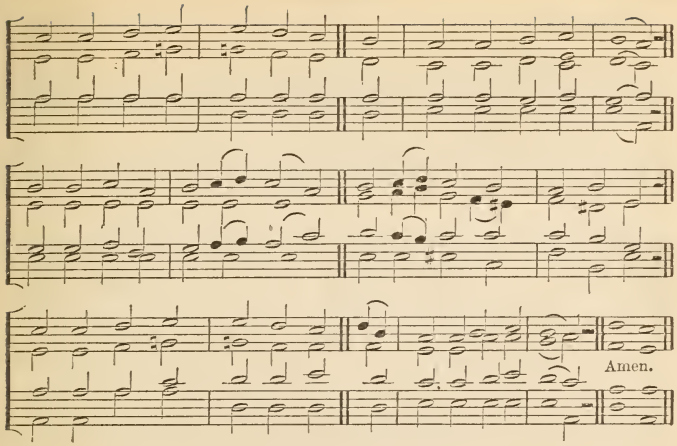
JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
  While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
  O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
  All my hope from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing. Amen.

HOPE.

Hymn 145. *Beethoven.*



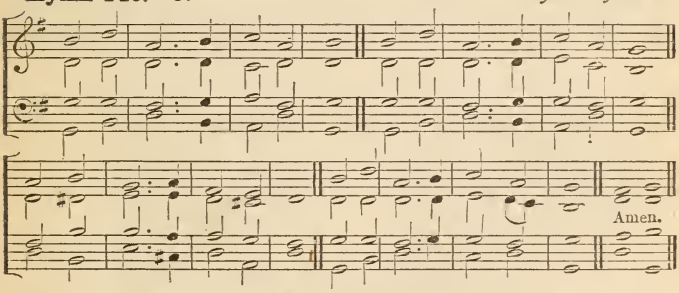


"Our conversation is in heaven."

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy destined place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given. Amen.

Hymn 146. G. *Pleyel's Hymn.*



"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."

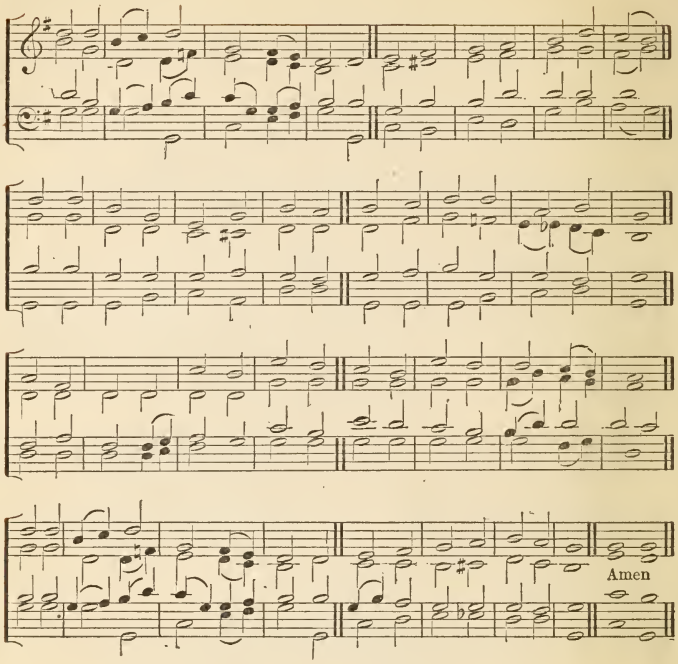
CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our Advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

Hymn 150. I. *Witima.*



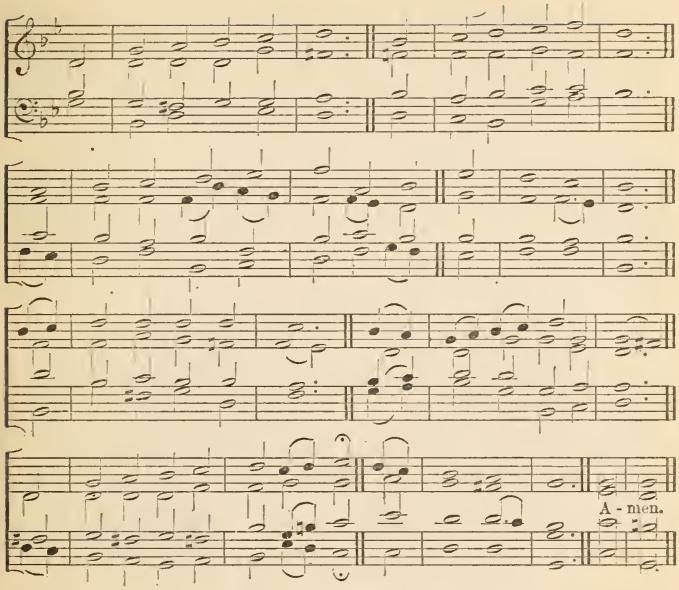
"My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord."

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
For the bliss Thy love bestows; [Thee,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

Hymn 152. *Leoni.*



"The God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob."

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

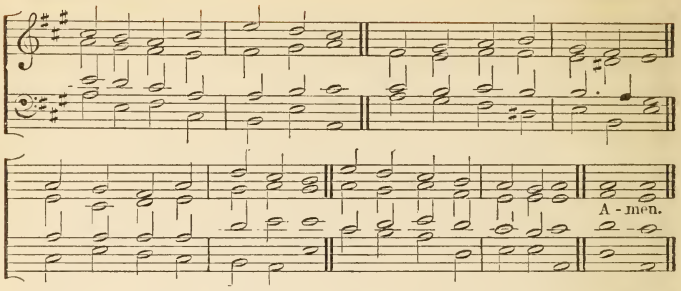
He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints, in light
For ever reigns.

The God Who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!
We worship Thee."

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
"Hail Abrah'm's God and mine,"
I join the heavenly lays;
"All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise." Amen.

Hymn 155. G. *"Songs of Praise."*



"When I laid the foundations of the earth, * * * When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

SONGS of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

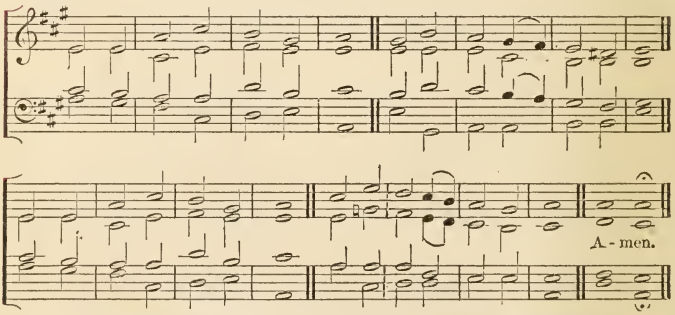
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ. Amen.

DAILY DEVOTION—MORNING.

Hymn 167. G. *St. Lucian.*



"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

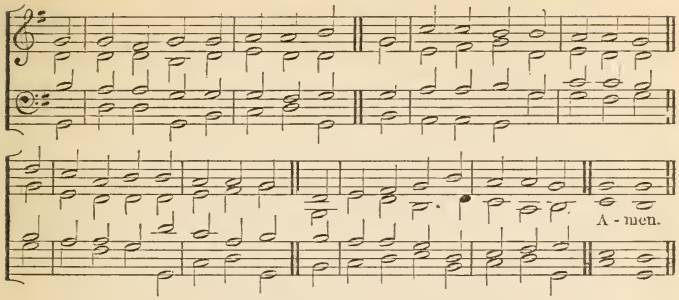
NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be Thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch, and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore. Amen.

Hymn 168. L. M. *Tallis' Canon.*



"He shall defend thee under His wings."

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

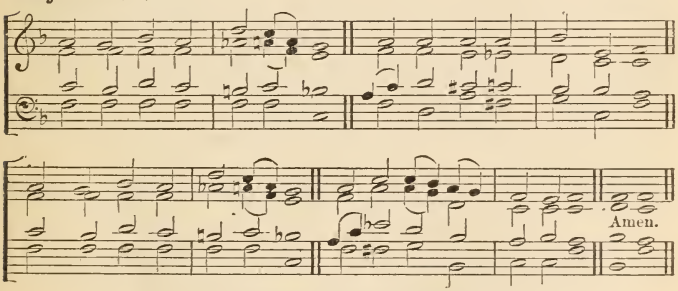
O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Hymn 172. G. *Weber.*



"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."

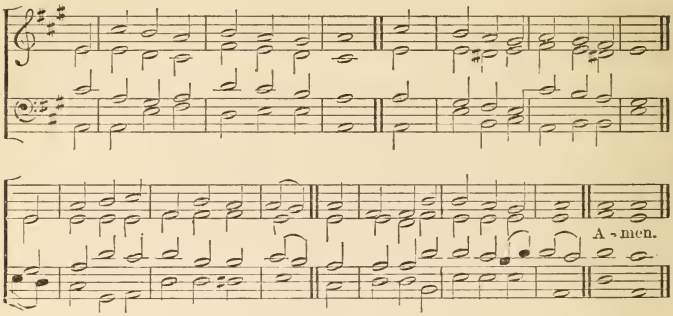
SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee:

Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

Thou, Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. Amen.

Hymn 173. O. *Devotion.*



"It is Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety."

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

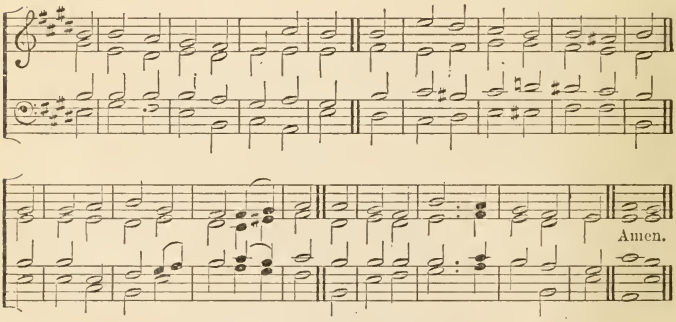
If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend. Amen

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Hymn 175. L. M. *Nazareth.*



"The love of Christ constraineth us."

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee:
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

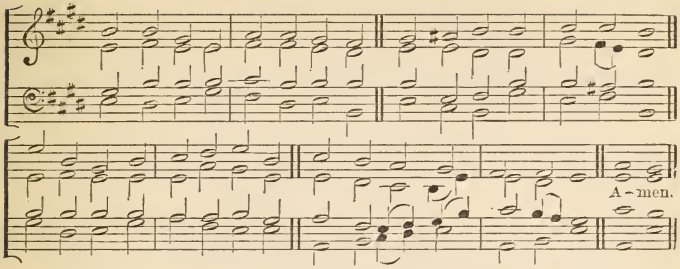
Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me. Amen.

Hymn 177. I. *Gotha.*



"This God is our God for ever and ever; He shall be our Guide unto death."

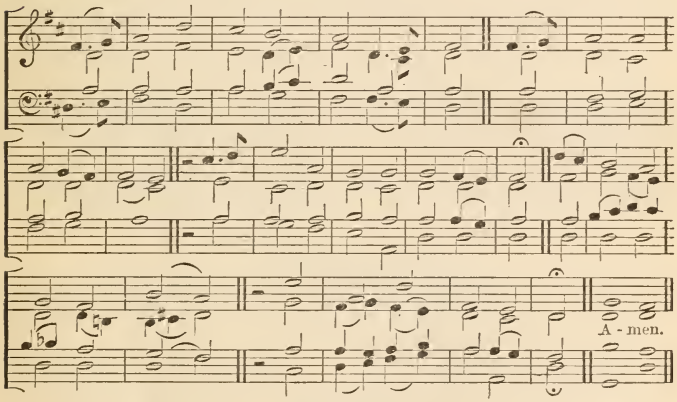
GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.

Hymn 180. C. M. *Christmas.*



"Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark."

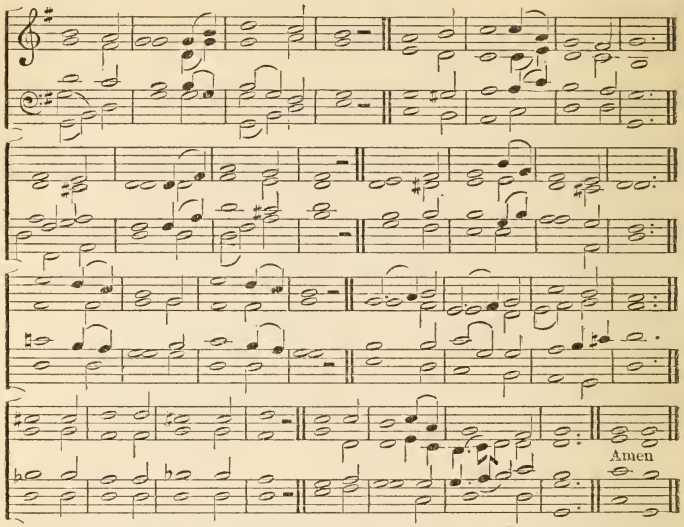
AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown. Amen.

Hymn 201. G. *Rapture.*



"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

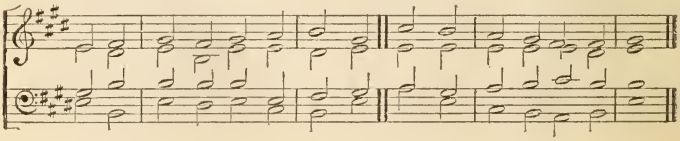
WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

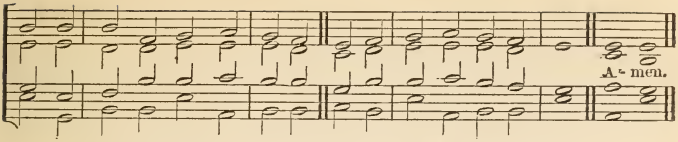
These through fiery trials trod:
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears. Amen.

PRAISE.

Hymn 203. I. *Turnau.*





"Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel our Father, for ever and ever."

BLESS'D be Thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord;
Bless'd Thy Majesty for ever,
Ever be Thy Name adored.

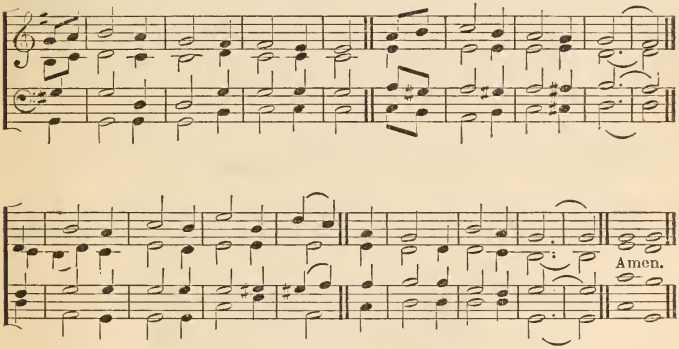
Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are Thine own;
All is Thine in earth and heaven,
Over all Thy boundless throne.

Riches come of Thee, and honour;
Power and might to Thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only Thine to make us strong.

Lord our God, for these, Thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To Thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise. Amen.

FOR THE YOUNG.

Hymn 204. C. M. *Manoah.*



"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."

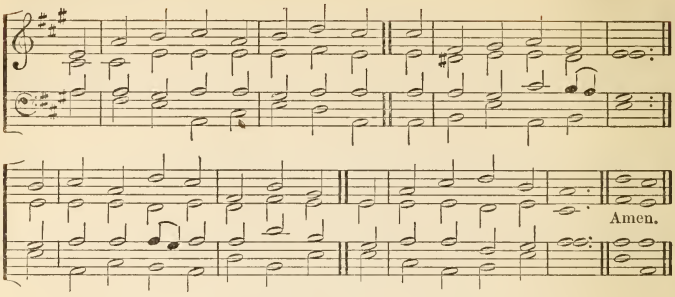
OH! happy is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth,
And heavenly crowns displays.

And, as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace. Amen.

Hymn 209. C. M. *St. James.*



"Jesus said unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

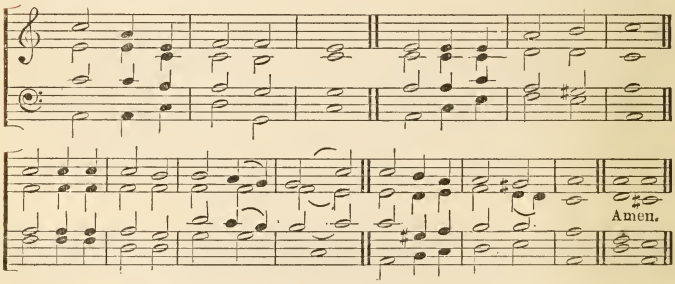
THOU art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

Hymn 210. S. M. *Wilkes.*



"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

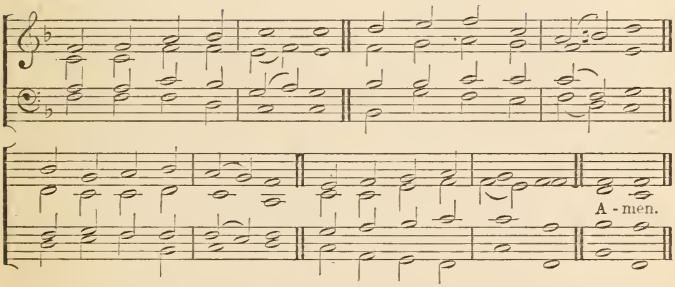
God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all His own.

'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too! Amen.

HYMNS.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Hymn 213. *Ravenshaw.*



"Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths."

LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

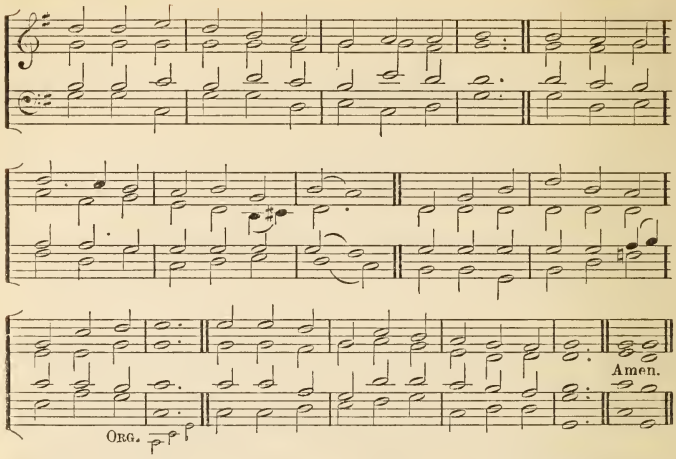
When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

Hymn 214. *Trisagion.*



"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial virtue and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Trisagion" ever and aye:

These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

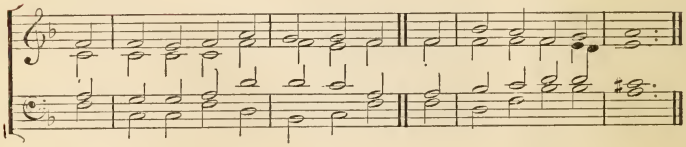
These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers;
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers;
Where with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

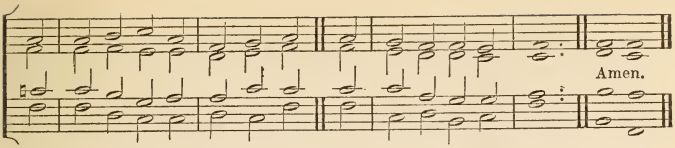
Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the Angels may bow and adore. Amen.

PROVIDENCE.

Hymn 215. C. M. *Redhead*, 29.





"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

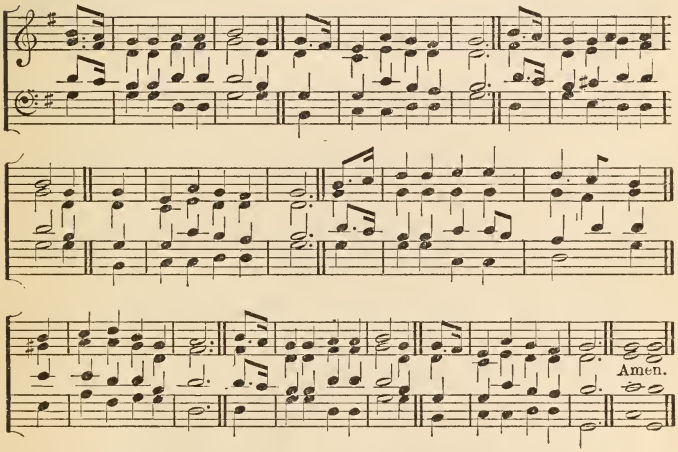
Jehovah's charioteers surround;
The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er His heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

And thronging round, with steadfast love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And soothe our souls to rest.

And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there. Amen.

Hymn 216. F. *Cora.*

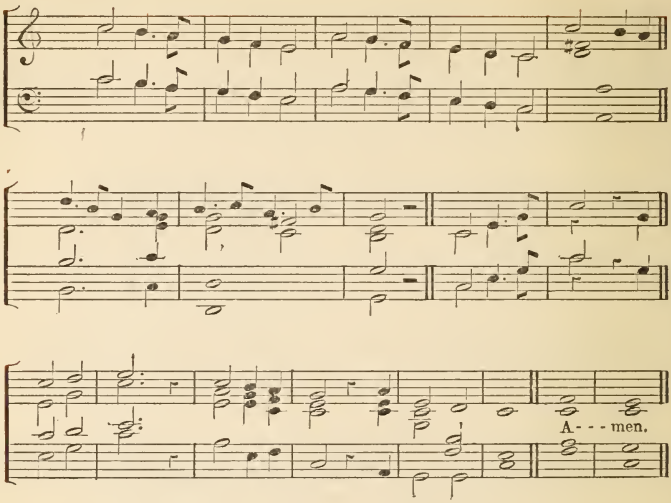


"The Lord shall give that which is good."

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He Who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

Hymn 217. D. *Warren.*



"Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for our sins."

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

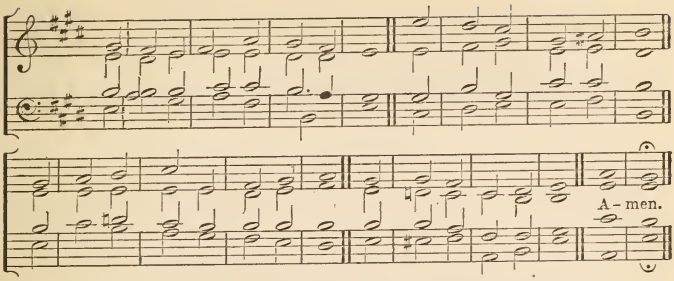
Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His Blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
Amen.

Hymn 218. C. M. *Boston.*



"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

THERE is a Fountain filled with Blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

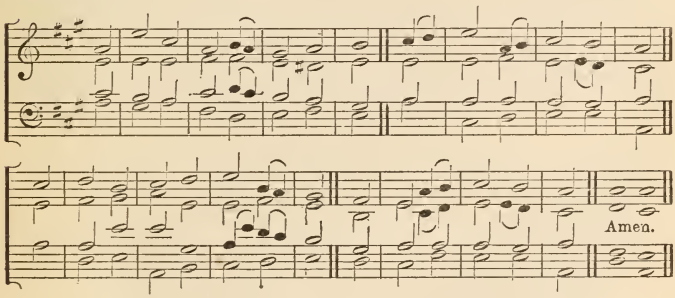
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

Hymn 219. C. M. *St. Stephen.*



"The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.

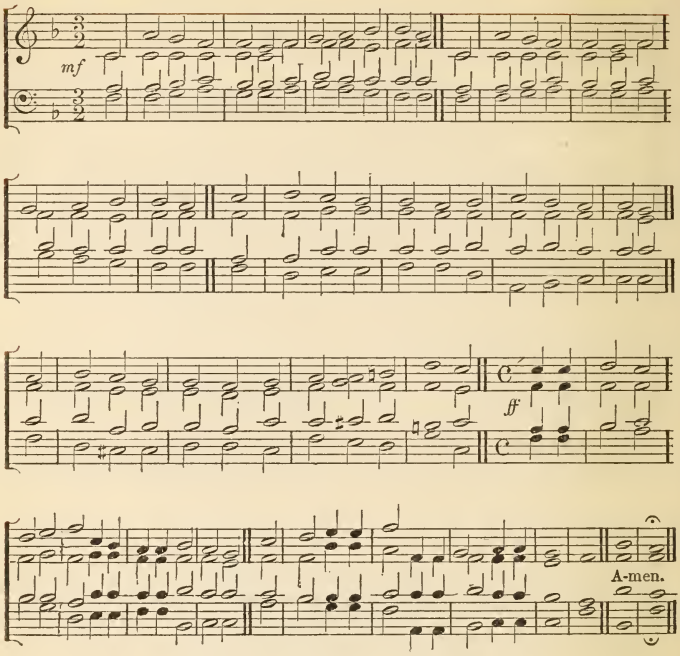
Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks—and list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tonges employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy. Amen.

Hymn 220. *Madison.*



"Neither is there salvation in any other."

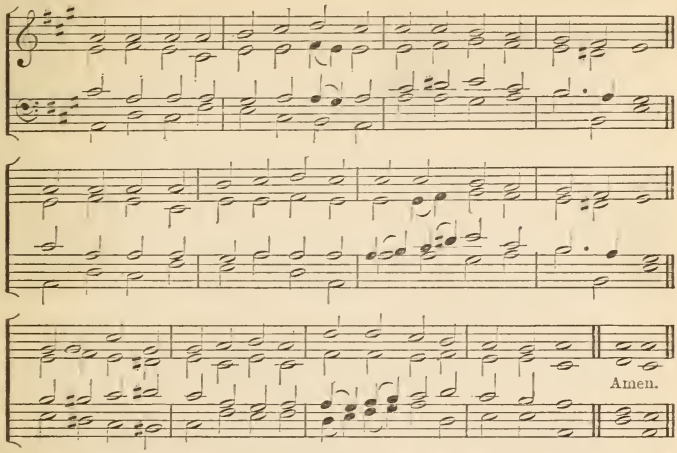
THE voice of free grace
Cries,—Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a Fountain,
For sin and uncleanness
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who hath bought us our pardon;
We'll praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan.

Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet
Still flee to the mountain,
That Blood can remove them
Which streams from this Fountain.
Hallelujah, etc.

O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou'rt more than victorious,
Thy Name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah, etc.

With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who hath bought us our pardon;
We'll praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan.
Amen.

Hymn 221. *Oriel.*



"There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

TO the Name of our Salvation
  Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
  Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
  We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure;
  Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
  Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
  Saving us from sin and hell.

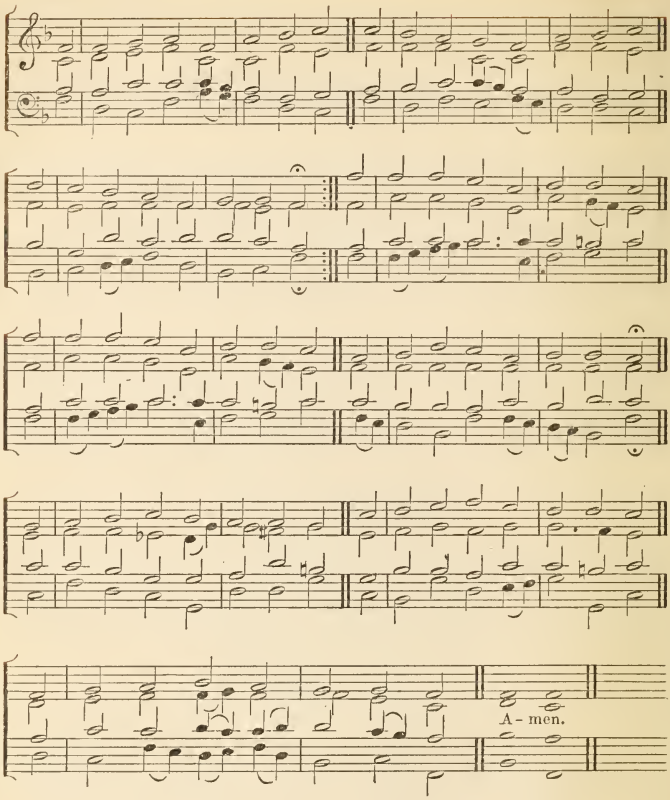
'Tis the Name for adoration,
  Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
  In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
  By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
  Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
  Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
  Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Jesus is the Name exalted
  Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
  We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
  Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Therefore we in love adoring
  This most blesséd Name revere;
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring
  So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
  We may sing with angels there. Amen.

Hymn 222. B. *Old 113th.*



"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

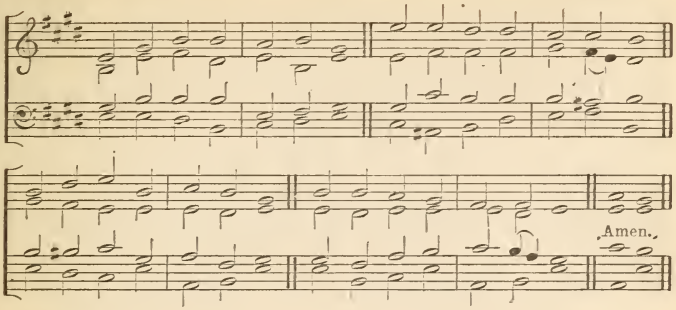
FROM highest heaven th' Eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer and to die:
For love of sinful man He bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.

Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb Who died, His flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe:
With angels round the throne above,
O tell the wonders of His love,
The joys that from His mercy flow.

In darkest shades of night we lay
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
But He hath brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight,
And lives forever strong to save.

Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice;
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Him Who gave His only Son,
To God the Spirit, with Them One,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

Hymn 223. G. *Culbach.*



"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make;
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

Yes; none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

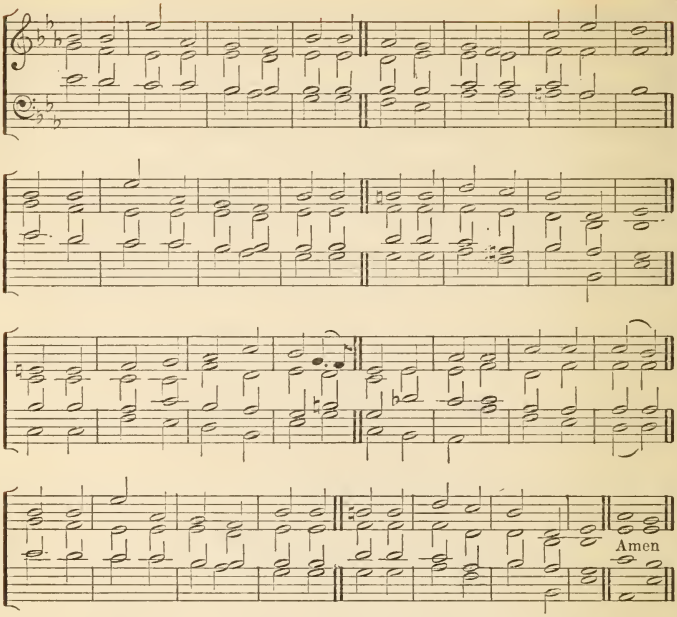
That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?

Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Jesu, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the saints and angel-host. Amen.

Hymn 224. I. *St. Augustine.*



"The Lord hath chosen Zion, He hath desired it for His habitation."

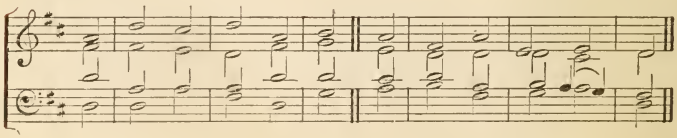
GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

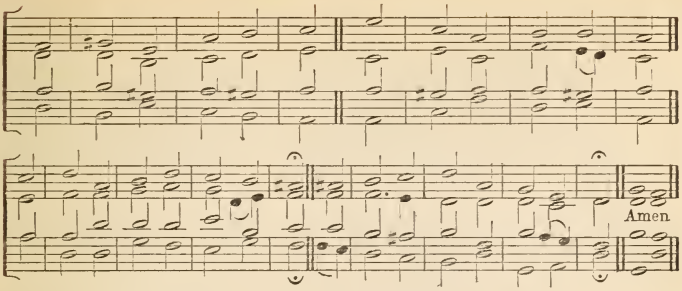
See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's Blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know. Amen.

Hymn 225. D. *Croft's 148th.*



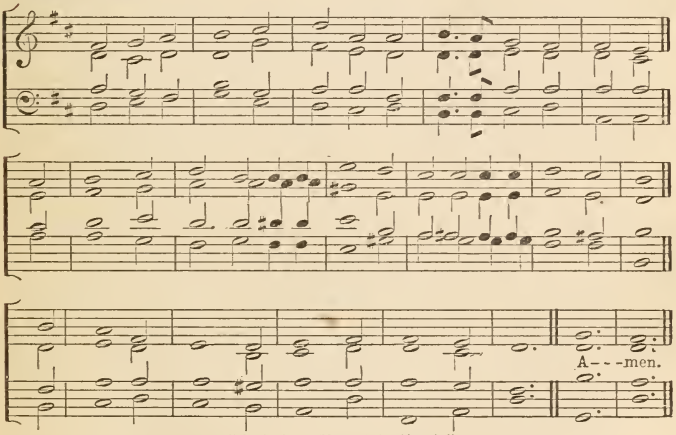


"That they all may be one."

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
Zion, one Faith is thine,
The only watchward—Love;
From many temples though it rise,
One song ascending to the skies.

Head of the Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one. Amen.

Hymn 226. *Caput.*



"Christ is the Head of the Church."

HEAD of the hosts in glory!
We joyfully adore Thee,
Thy Church below,
Blending with those on high—
Where through the azure sky
Thy saints in ecstacy
Forever glow!

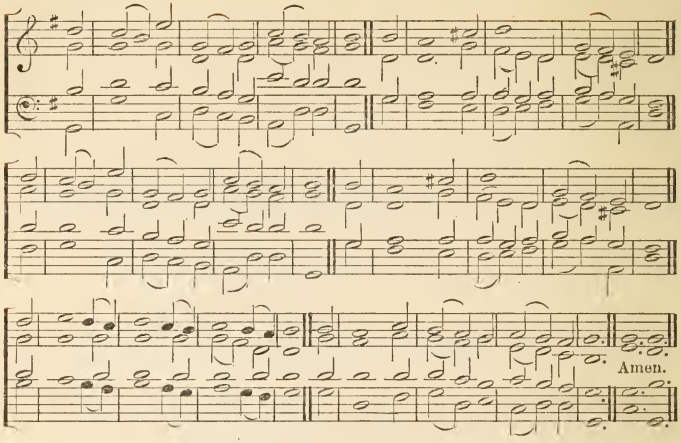
Angels! archangels! glorious
Guards of the Church victorious!
Worship the Lamb!
Crown Him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right—
Love, Majesty, and Might—
The great I AM!

Martyrs! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round:
Wave high your banners, wave!
Your God, our Saviour, clave
For Death itself a grave,—
In hell profound!

Saints! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet,
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliant arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet!

Saviour, in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthroned in power,
Grant, by Thy awful Name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour. Amen.

Hymn 227. C. *Cary's.*

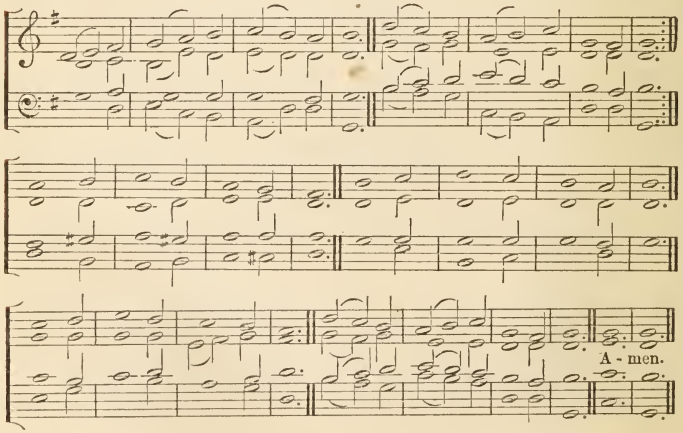


"Then will I go to the altar of the Lord."

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought for rest in vain;
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.
Amen.

Hymn 228. G. *Maidstone.*



Hymn 228. G. *Maidstone.*

"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts."

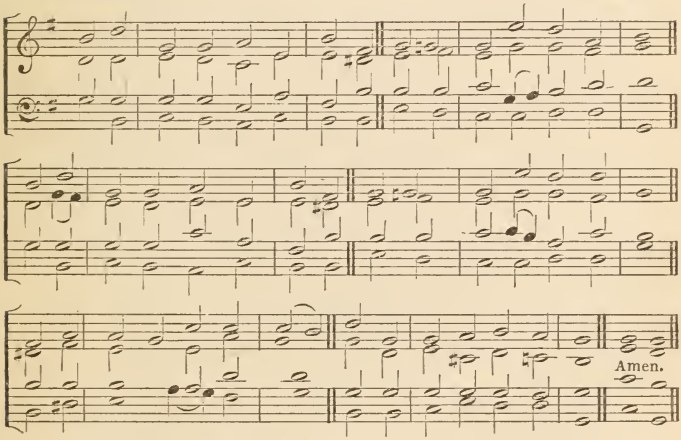
PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.
Amen.

Hymn 229. K. *Coxe.*



"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

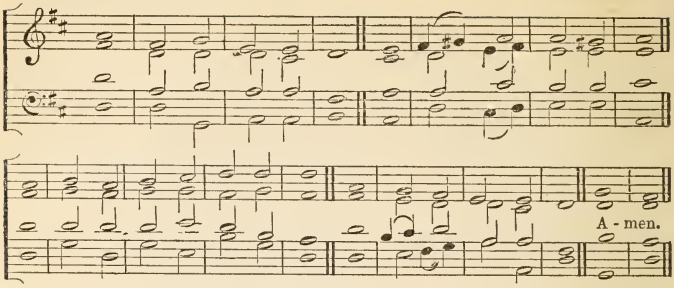
GOD is in His holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here:
Worship Him in truth and spirit,
Reverence Him with godly fear;
Holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, our Lord appear.

God in Christ reveals His presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat:
Saints rejoice! and sinners tremble!
Each prepare his God to meet:
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at His feet.

Hail Him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to His glorious Gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound:
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound.

Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,
O Thou Great Unsearchable!
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;
Welcome, welcome,
God with us. Emmanuel. Amen.

Hymn 230. S. M. *Swabia.*



"Stand up and bless the Lord your God, for ever and ever."

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice:
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

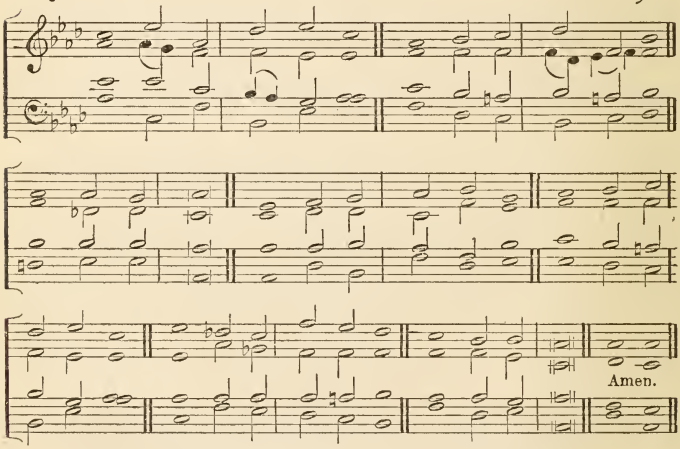
Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

Hymn 231. *De Lancey.*



"Holy, Holy, Holy."

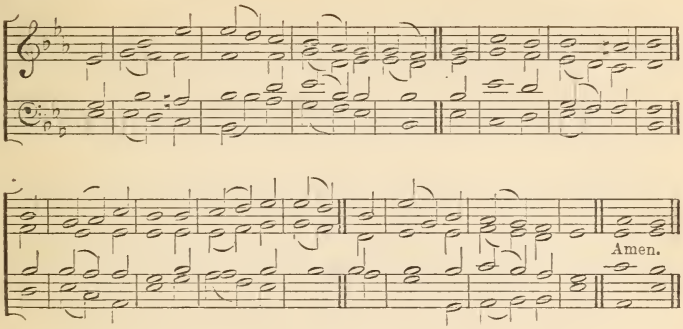
COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy Sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

Hymn 232. C. M. *Abridge.*



"Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

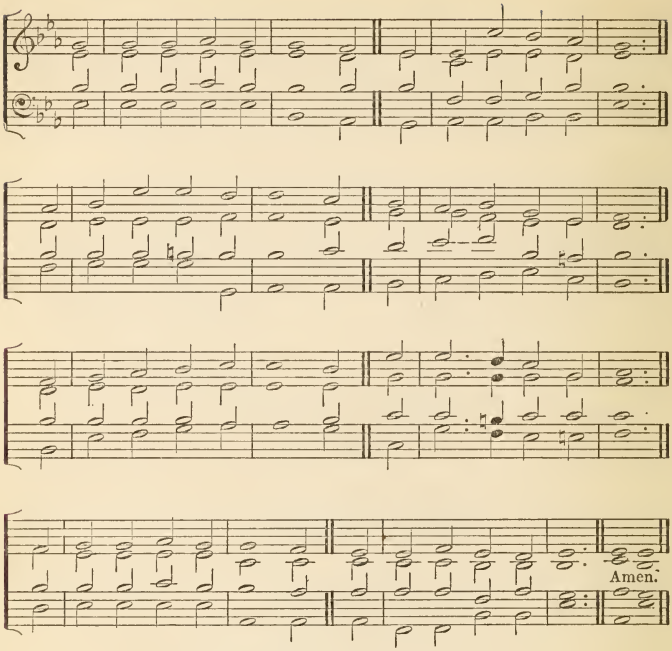
LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the Living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Jesu, be Thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

Hymn 233. F. *Aurelia.*



"He is the Head of the Body, the Church."

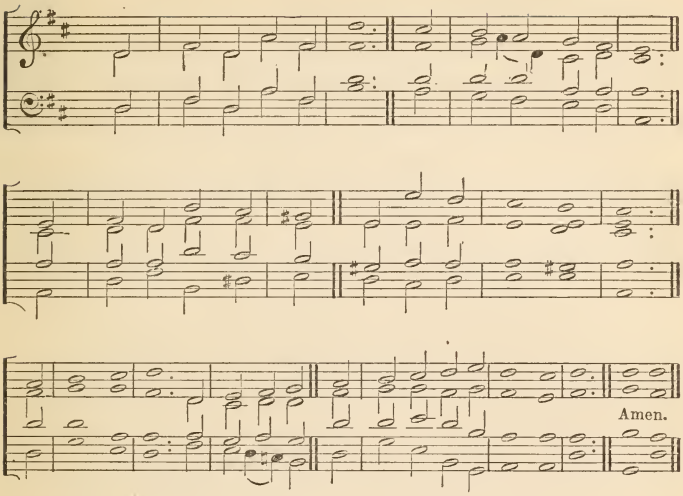
THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest. Amen.

Hymn 234. D. *Darwell.*



"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day."

GOD the Creator bless'd
The Sabbath of His rest;
His six days' work had brought
The universe from nought;
The heavens and earth before Him stood,
He saw them and pronounced them good.

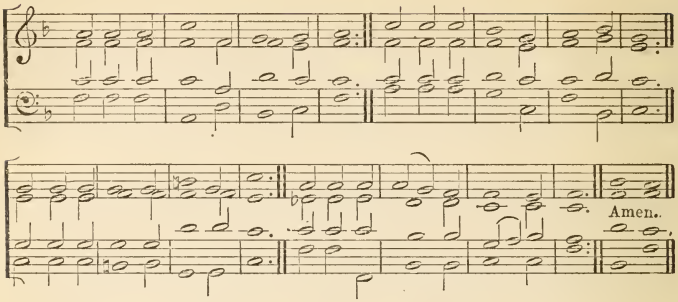
God the Redeemer bless'd
The Sabbath of His rest,
When all His suffering done,
The cross's victory won,
In Joseph's sepulchre He lay,
Then rising made a holier day.

And God the Spirit bless'd
That Christian Day of rest,
Where met with one accord
The servants of the Lord;
To whom the Father's promise came,
Like rushing wind and living flame.

The Church below has bless'd
And owns this day of rest,
When in her spousal dress
Of blood-bought righteousness,
Her happy spirit can rejoice
To hear her heavenly Bridegroom's voice.

They love the hallow'd day,
Who love to sing and pray;
The day of rest they love,
Who seek their rest above;
They love the day of God in seven,
Who prize an antepast of heaven. Amen.

Hymn 235. L. M. *Quebec.*



"Evening, and morning and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and He shall hear my voice.

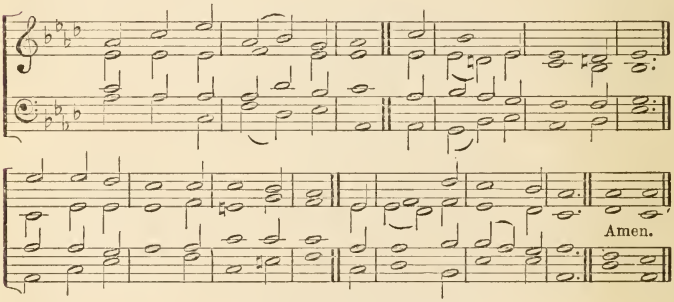
SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word;
His works of grace how bright they shine;
How deep His counsels, how divine!

O, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear and know,
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

Hymn 236. S. M. *Bankfield.*



"I was in the spirit on the Lord's day."

THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O, Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

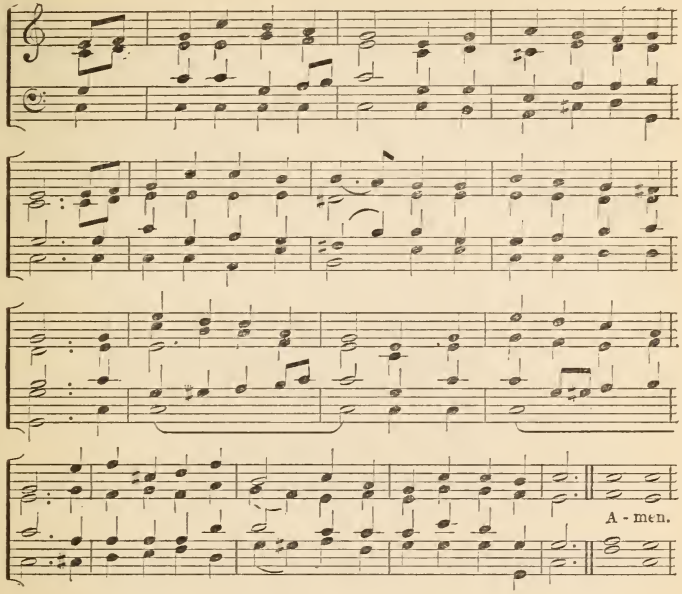
This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O, Vanquisher of death! Amen.

Hymn 237. F. *St. Paul.*



"Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together."

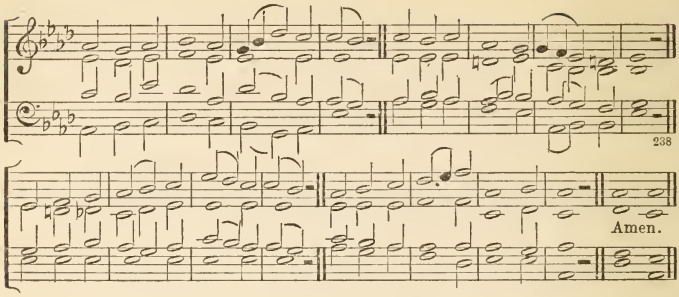
O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O, balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful most bright;
On thee the high and lowly
Before th' eternal Throne
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.
New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest. Amen.

Hymn 238. L. M. *Bowen.*

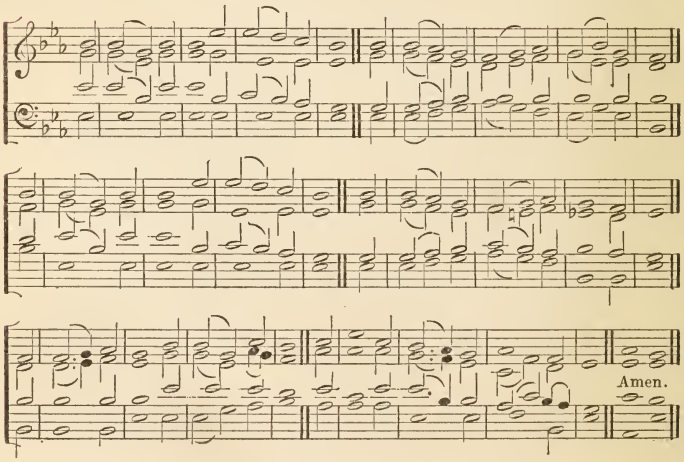


"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee."

DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy Word.
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' Blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. Amen.

Hymn 239. C. *Stella.*



Hymn 239. C. *Stella.*

"The Lord is my light."

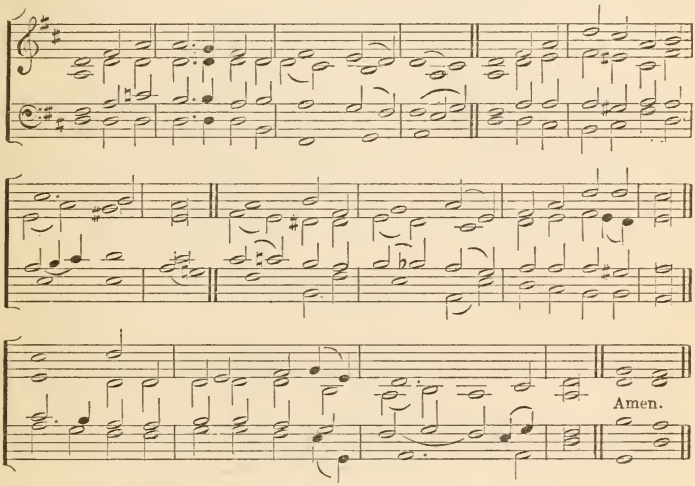
SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy Word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

Hymn 240. E. *Pax Dei.*



"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

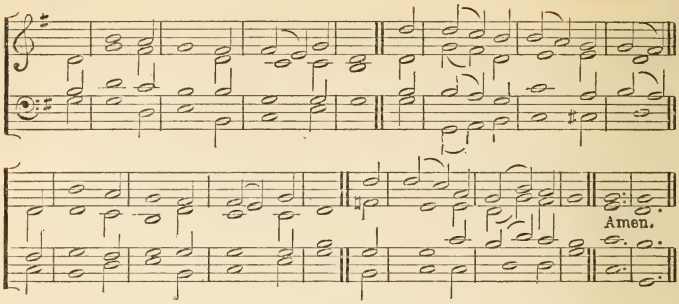
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

Hymn 241. C. M. *Belmont.*



"O God, Thou art my God."

AND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for naught,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

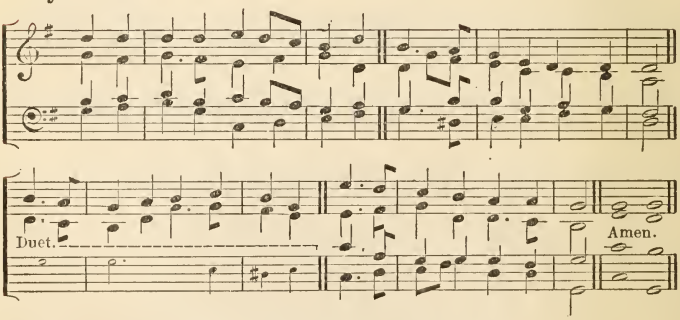
O, wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

O Thou, above all blessings blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours." Amen.

ADVENT.

Hymn 242. I. *Shelton.*



"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

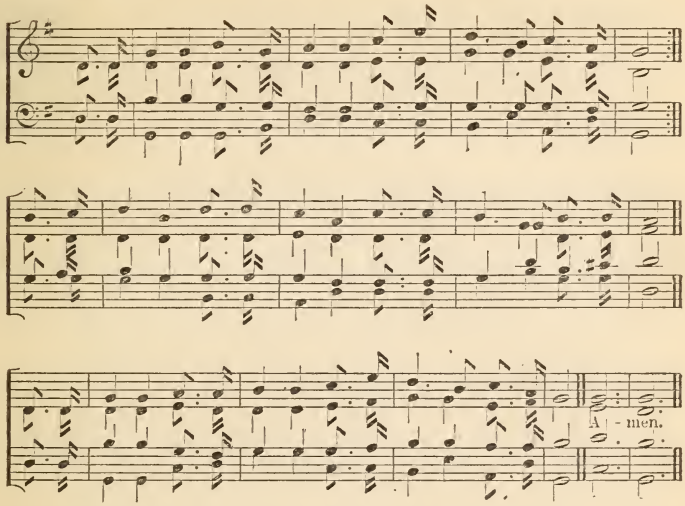
HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say
"Cast away the works of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Rises in the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, in godly sorrow,
Through His Blood to be forgiven.

So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May we by His love be shielded!
May He to forgive draw near! Amen.

Hymn 243. I. *Zion.*



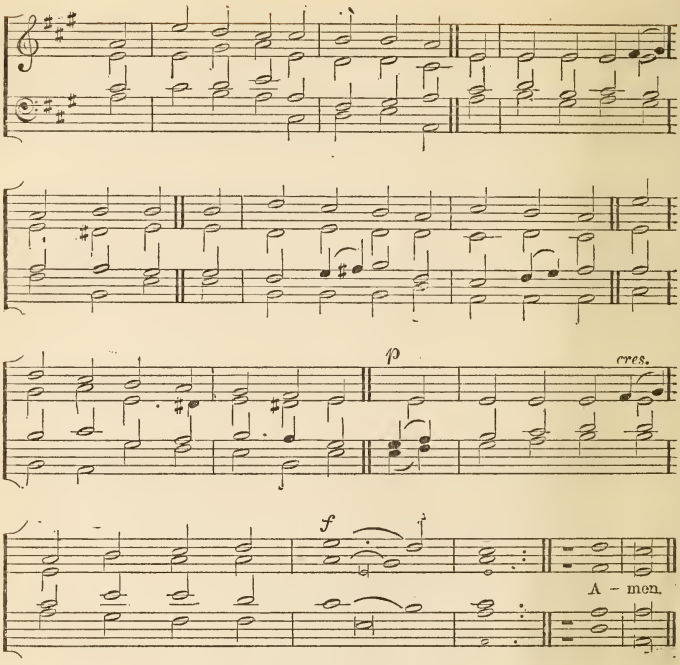
"Which cometh forth as a Bridegroom out of His chamber."

SEE, He comes! Whom every nation,
Taught of God, desired to see,
Filled with hope and expectation
That He would their Saviour be.
Sing! oh sing with exultation!
Haste we to our Father's home!
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from heaven to earth are come!

See, He comes! Whom kings and sages,
Prophets, patriarchs of old,
Distant climes and countless ages,
Waited eager to behold.
Sing! oh sing with exultation!
Haste we to our Father's home!
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from heaven to earth are come!

See! the Lamb of God appearing!
God of God, from heaven above!
See the heavenly Bridegroom cheering
His own Bride with words of love!
Glory to the Eternal Father,
Glory to the Incarnate Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One! Amen

Hymn 244. *Hosanna.*



"Hosanna in the highest."

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!

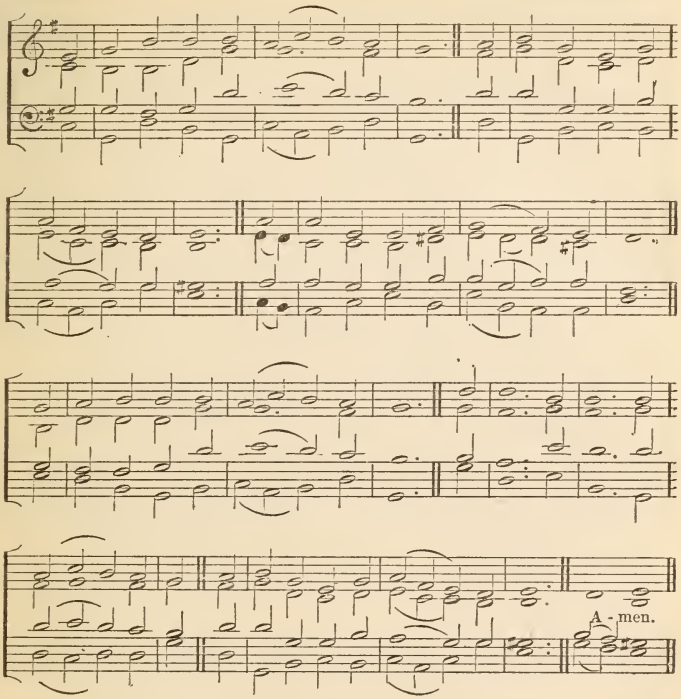
Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour! with protecting care
Return to this, Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!

But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord: hosanna in the highest!
Amen.

Hymn 245. C. *Veni Emmanuel.*



"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

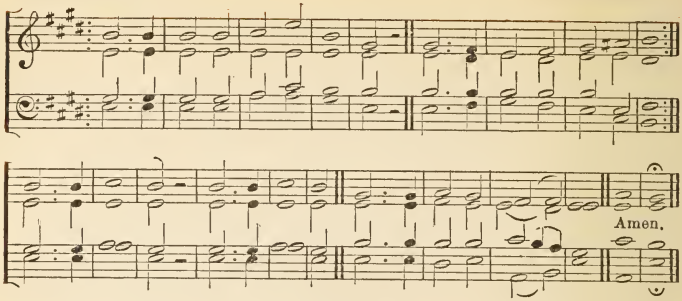
O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

Hymn 246. K. *St. Enoch.*



"Behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him."

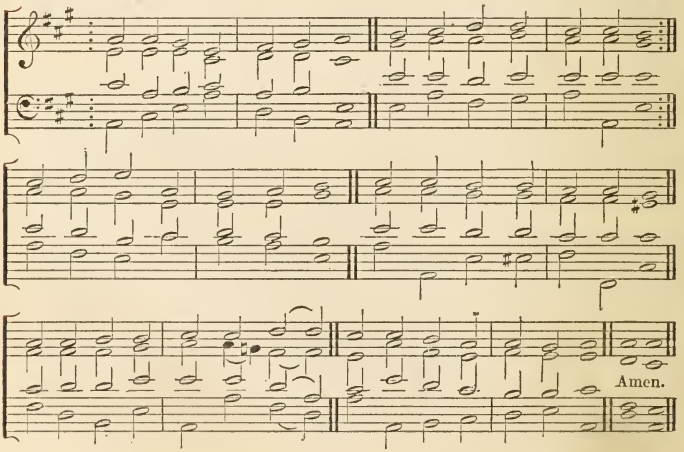
LO! He comes in clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling body bears:
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O, come quickly!
Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 247. G. *Zurich.*



Hymn 247. *Zurich.*

"Watchman, what of the night!"

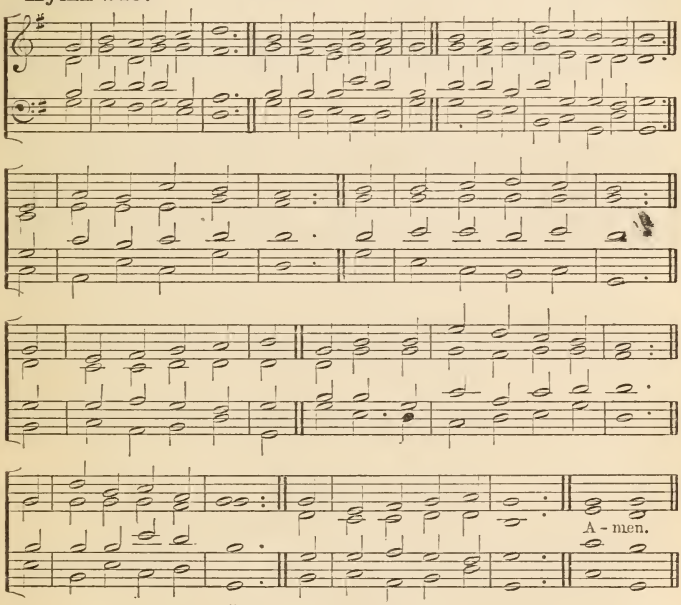
WATCHMAN; tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends!
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come! Amen.

Hymn 248. *Thessalonica.*



"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

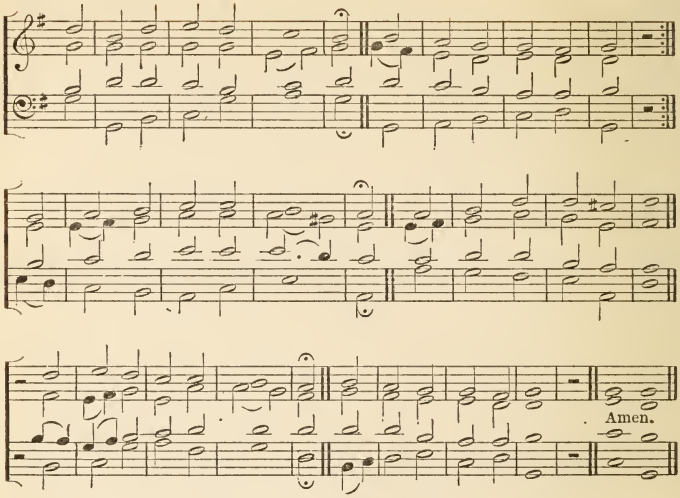
THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet,
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Has liv'd, and lov'd, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
Her absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the signs of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come.

The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall her beauteousness restore,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.

Hymn 249. *Eisenach.*



"Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

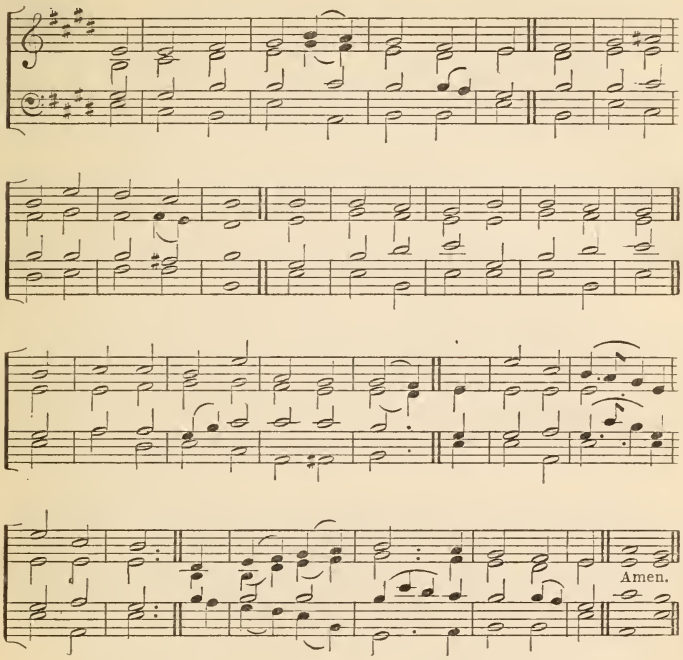
REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising;
And soon will He draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

Oh! wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee! Amen.

Hymn 250. C. *Eaton.*



"He saith, surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

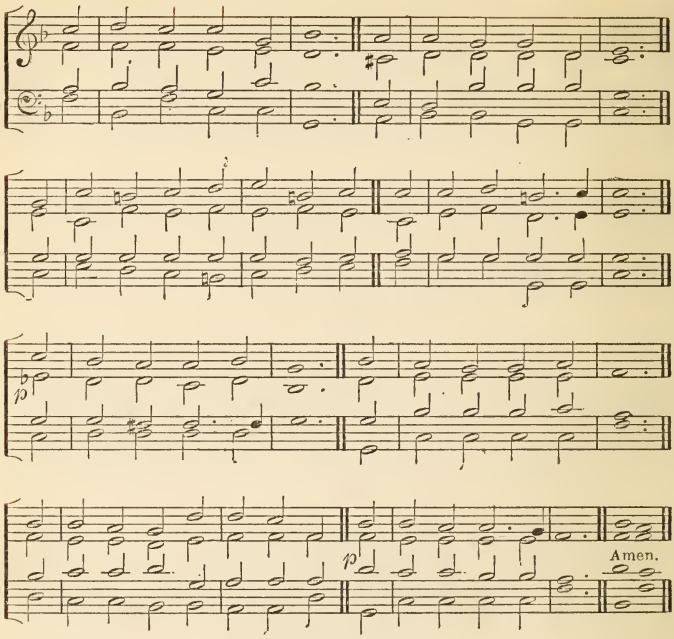
O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near

O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found;
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

Hymn 251. *Chalvey.*



"The time is short."

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day,
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

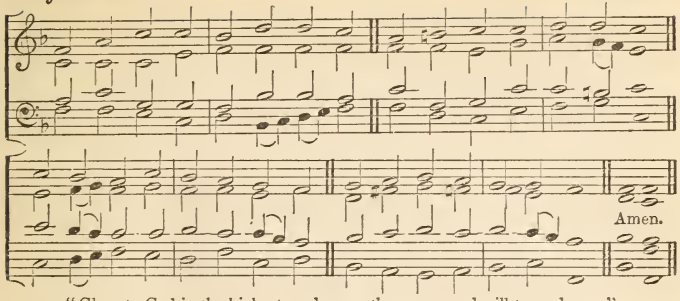
A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where sins are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives,
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

Hymn 252. I. *Merton.*



"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

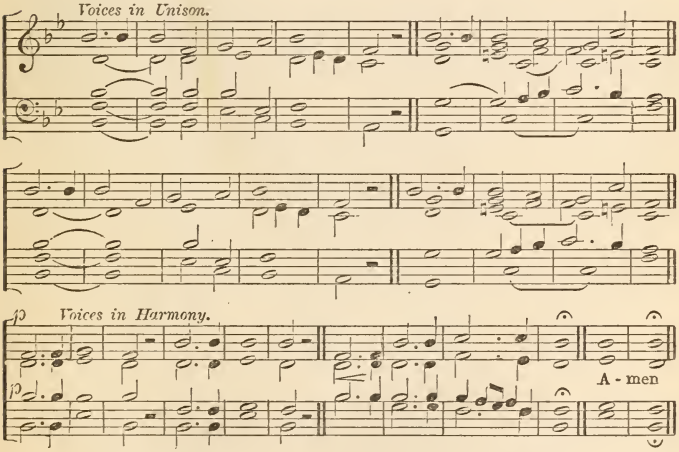
Cherubs tell the wondrous story,
Joyous seraphim reply:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our grateful harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed:
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh! receive Whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest and King!

"Hasten, mortals to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!" Amen.

Hymn 253. K. *Gilbert's.*



"We have seen His star, * * * and are come to worship Him."

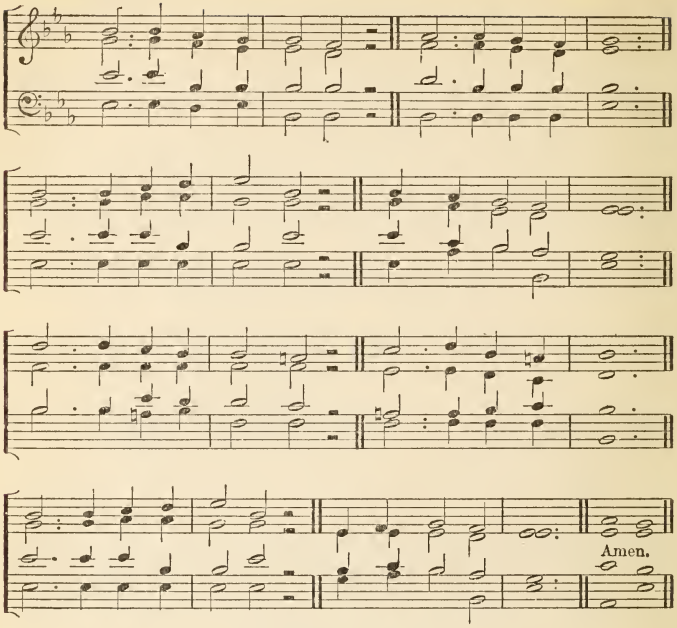
ANGELS from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Amen.

Hymn 254. L. *St. Mark.*



"The Word was made flesh."

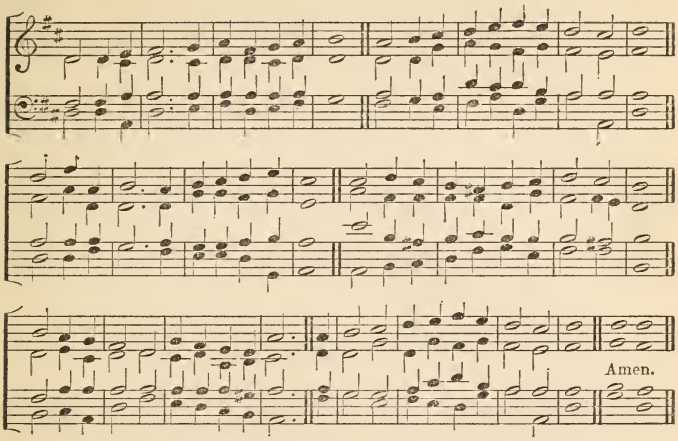
COME, hither! ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger
The angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord!
Oh, come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
Oh, come! let us hasten
To worship the Lord! Amen.

Hymn 255. *Yorkshire.*



"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

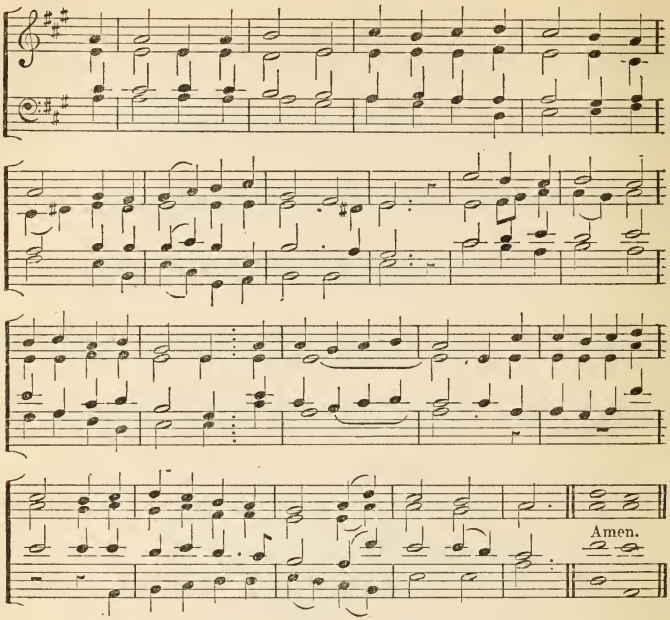
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind:
Trace we the Babe Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:
He That was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

Hymn 256. *Adeste fideles.*



"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

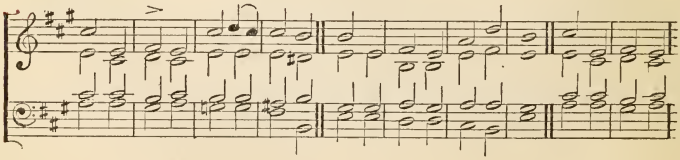
O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

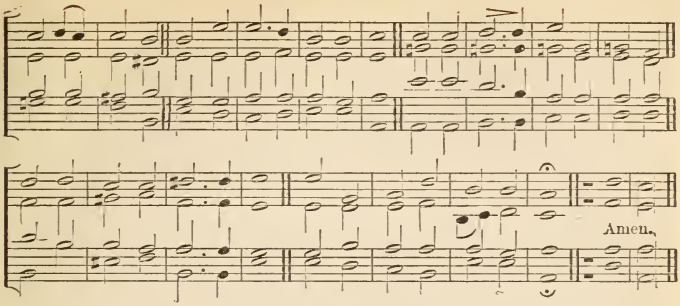
God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest:
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Amen.

Hymn 257. *Incarnation.*





"God was manifest in the flesh."

OF the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

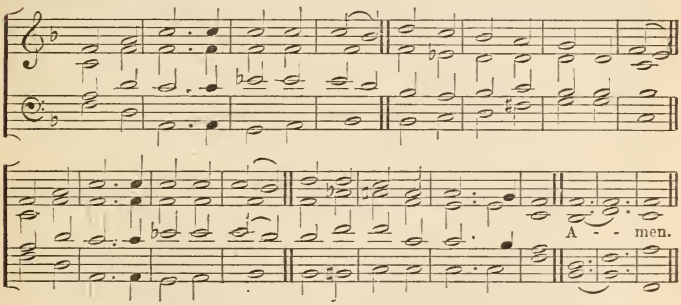
This is He Whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the long-expected:
Let creation praise its Lord!
Evermore and evermore!

O ye heights of heaven adore Him!
Angel hosts His praises sing!
All dominions bow before Him
And extol our God and King:
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

Christ! to Thee, with God the Father,
And O Holy Ghost, to Thee!
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

NEW YEAR.

Hymn 258. G. *Roe.*



"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

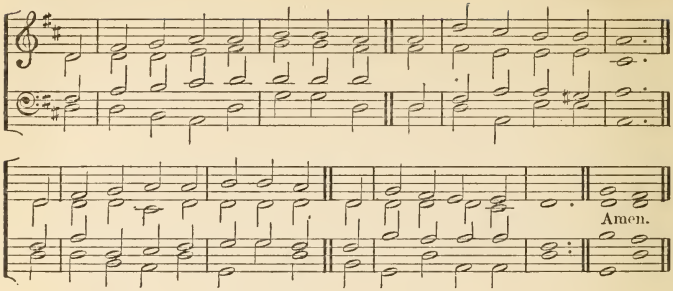
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our Stay,
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

Who of us death's awful road,
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Amen.

Hymn 259. C. M. *Tallis' Ordinal.*



"And now Lord, what is my hope; truly my hope is even in Thee."

THE year is gone, beyond recall
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the Faith
Which saints of old believed,

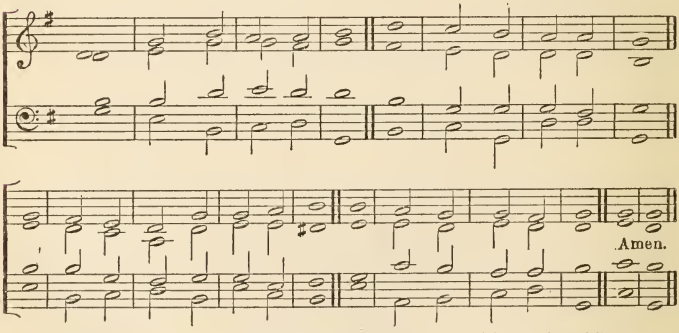
To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness;

Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee. Amen.

CIRCUMCISION.

Hymn 260. S. M. *St. Michael.*



"And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus."

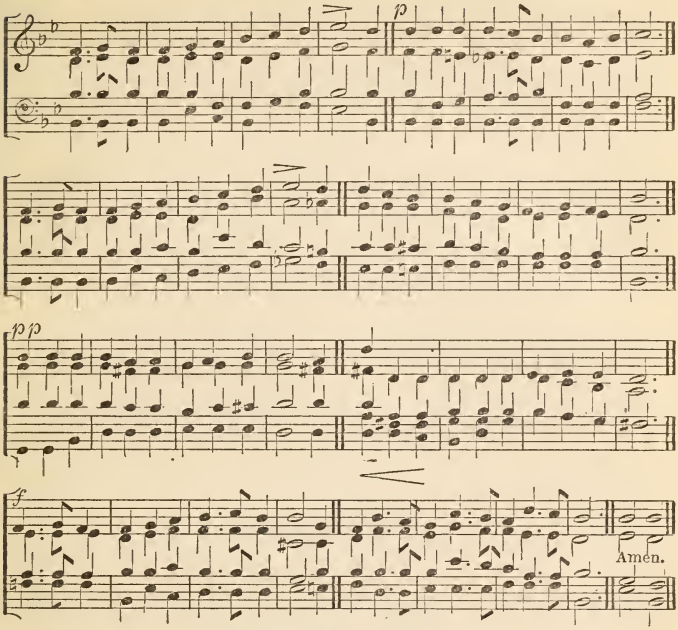
THE ancient law departs
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless Child.

His infant Body now
Begins our pain to feel;
Those precious drops of Blood that flow
For death the Victim seal.

To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child Divine!
Our Jesus deign to be. Amen.

Hymn 261. *"Brightest aad Best."*



"We have seen His star in the East."

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

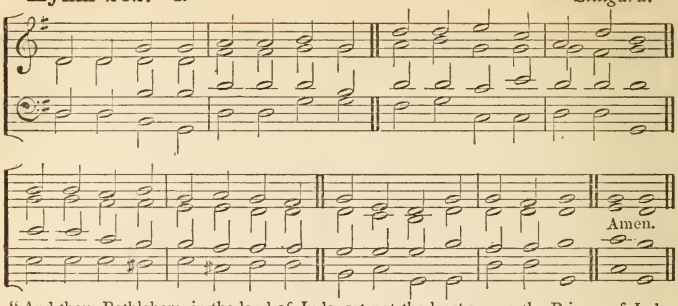
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining:
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Amen.

Hymn 262. I. *Stutgard.*



"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the Princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people, Israel."

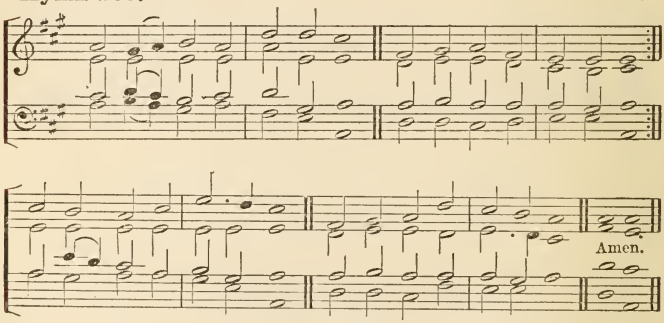
EARTH hath many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth.
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows. Amen.

Hymn 263. H. *Dix.*



"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

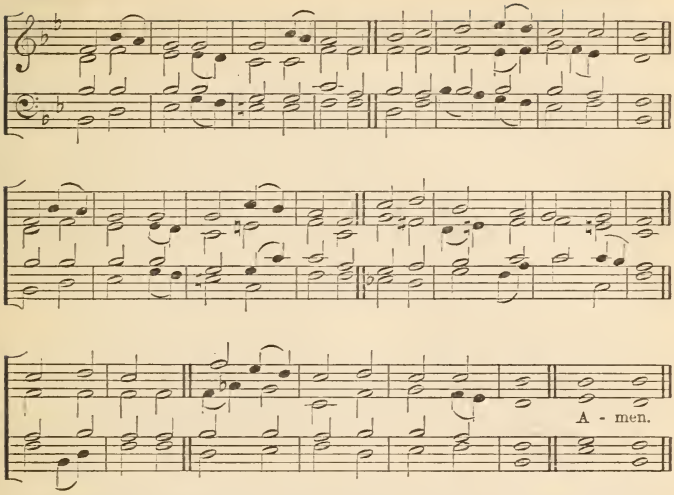
As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun that goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

Hymn 264. K. *Alleluia.*



"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

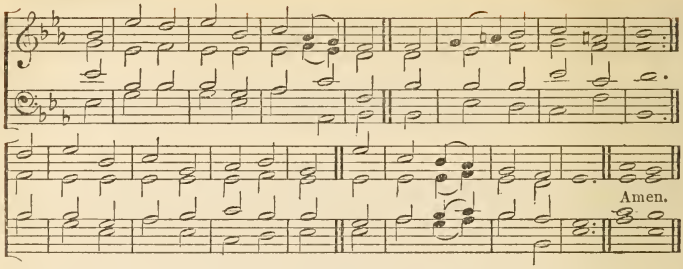
ON the mountain's top appearing
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God Himself shall loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well belov'd.

God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. Amen.

Hymn 265. C. M. *St. Martin's.*



"The Life was manifested and we have seen it."

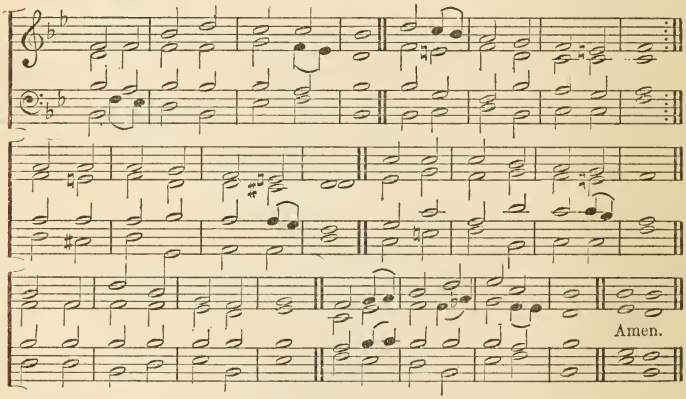
JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
The wonders of His love. Amen.

Hymn 266. G. *Hohenlohe.*



"Of His kingdom there shall be no end."

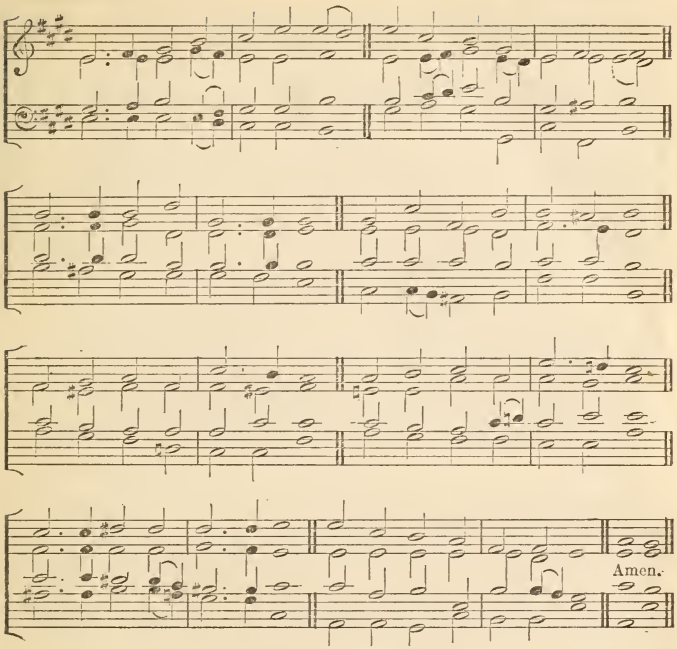
HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main,

Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheath'd His sword: He speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All. Amen.

Hymn 267. G. *Manifestation.*



"The Son of God was manifested."

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of Royal David's stem
In Thy Birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

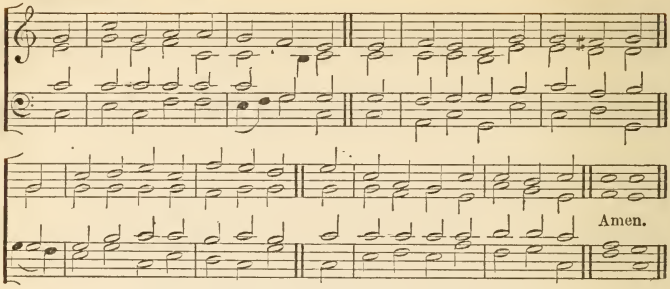
Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest and King supreme;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heaven shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious Sign;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be,
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

Hymn 268. L. M. *Winchester.*



"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

CREATOR of the world, to Thee
An endless rest of joy belongs;
And heavenly choirs are ever free
To sing on high their festal songs.

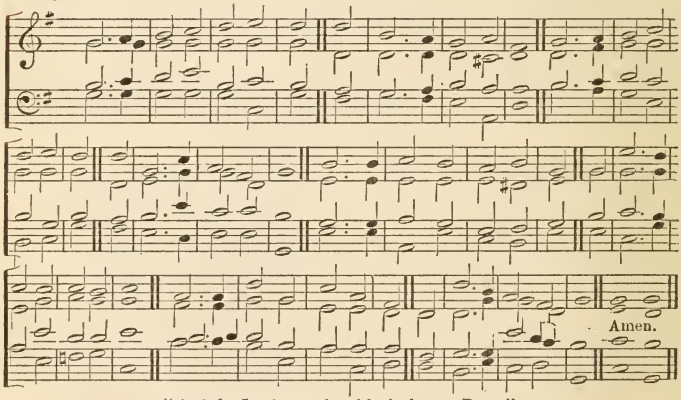
But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come;
And how can we in exile drear
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home?

O Father! Who dost promise still
That they who mourn shall blessed be,
Grant us to weep for deeds of ill
That banish us so long from Thee:

But weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon Thy loving care;
Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
Their songs of praise in heaven to share.
Amen.

LENT.

Hymn 269. M. *Russell Place.*



"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."

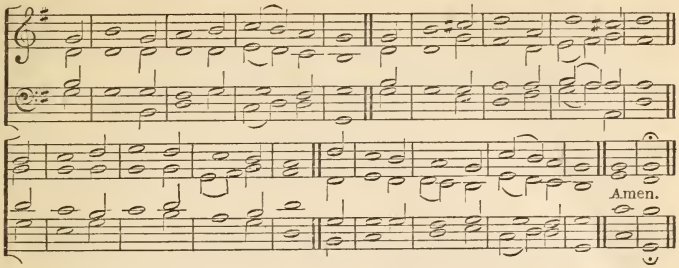
JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep:
Prone, like Peter, to deny,
Like Peter, I would weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;

Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

For Thine own compassion's sake
Thy gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
Let Thy pity help afford,
And while I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone. Amen.

Hymn 270. L. M. *Angels.*



"Be ye like minded after the example of Christ."

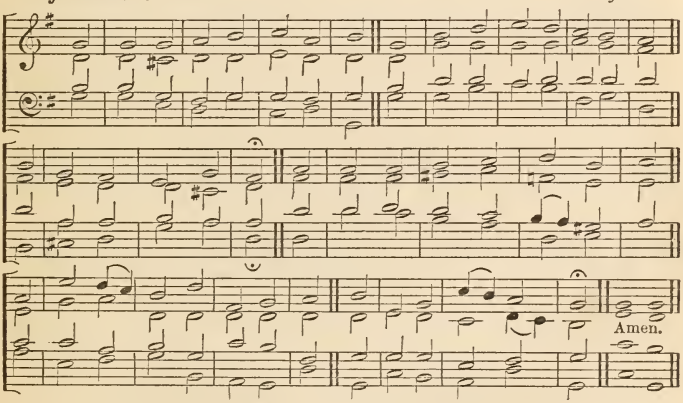
MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer:
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be Thou my pattern, make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. Amen.

Hymn 271. A. *Oxford.*



"In due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

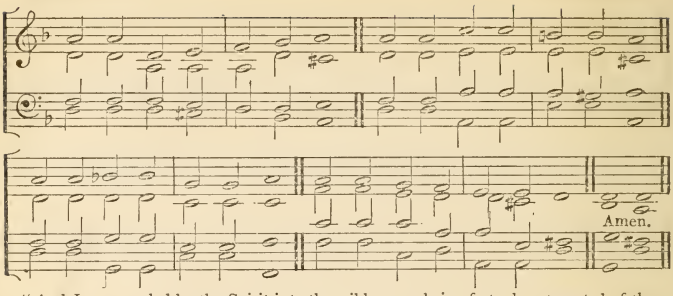
O THOU Who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward,
Thou hope of all our race,
Jesus, to Thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek Thy face.

With self-accusing voice within,
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought and word and deed:
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again
From every burden freed.

If Thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live?
'Tis Thine alone to spare;
With cleansed hearts to pray aright
And find acceptance in Thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.

'Tis Thou hast blessed this solemn fast;
So may its days by us be passed
In self-control severe,
That when our Easter morn we hail,
Its mystic Feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience clear. Amen.

Hymn 272. G. *Hernlein.*



"And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the Devil. And in those days He did eat nothing."

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

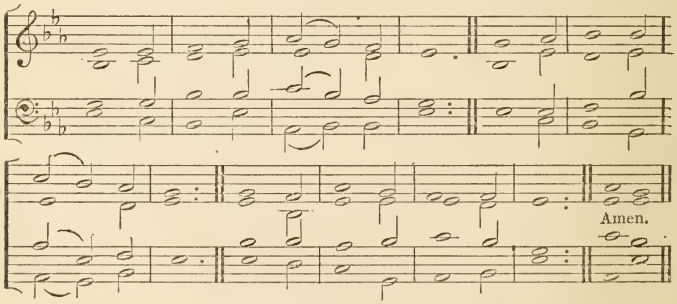
Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.

Hymn 273. *St. Philip.*



"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

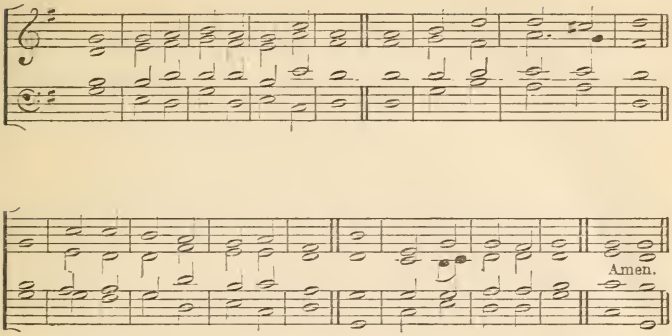
Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall beho'd Thy face. Amen.

Hymn 274. C. M. *Farrant.*



"He is able to succour them that are tempted.

O SAVIOUR, leave us not alone
  To wrestle with our sin,
But aid us in these holy hours
  Of solemn discipline.

Let not the Tempter tempt us, Lord,
  Beyond our strength to bear,
Though in the desert of our woe
  He wildly prompts despair.

Let not our humble confidence
  Be from Thy promise stirr'd,
Nor clouds of dark distrust spring up
  Between us and Thy word.

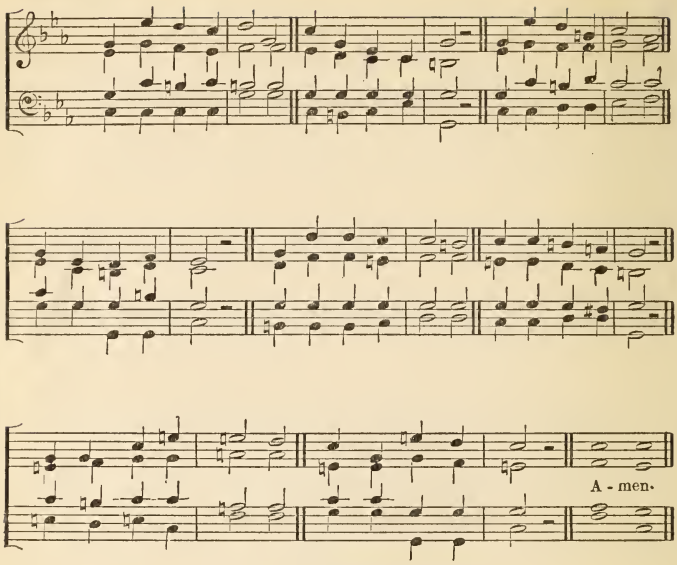
Nor let us yet be lifted up
  By him, the Prince of air,
To scale presumption's dizzy height,
  And left to perish there:

Nor on the Temple's pinnacle,
  In our self-righteous pride,
Be set forsaken of Thine aid,
  For demons to deride.

And oh! when pleasure, power, and pomp
  Around our vision swim,
And through the soft enchanting mist
  He bids us worship him;

Assist us from the reeling sense,
  The serpent's spell to break,
And tread the arch-apostate down,
  Redeemer, for Thy sake. Amen.

Hymn 275. *Kiel.*



"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

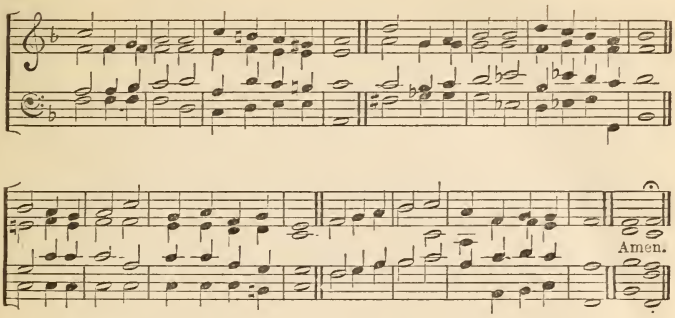
CHRISTIAN, dost thou *see* them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

Christian, dost thou *feel* them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble:
Never be down-cast:
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast.

Christian, dost thou *hear* them?
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne. Amen.

Hymn 276. E. *Best.*



"In Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins."

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

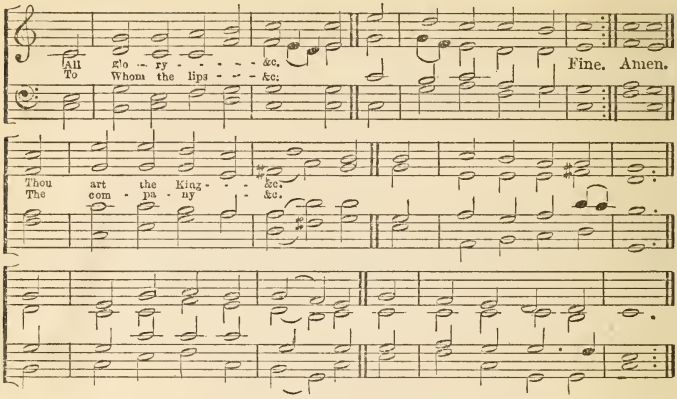
The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me Righteous Lord.
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

Hymn 277. *St. Theodulph.*



"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

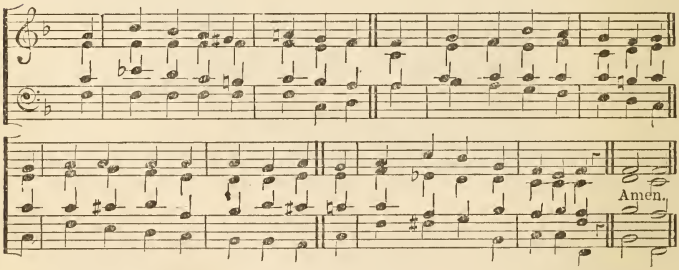
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, &c.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c. Amen.

Hymn 278. L. M. *Rousseau.*



"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

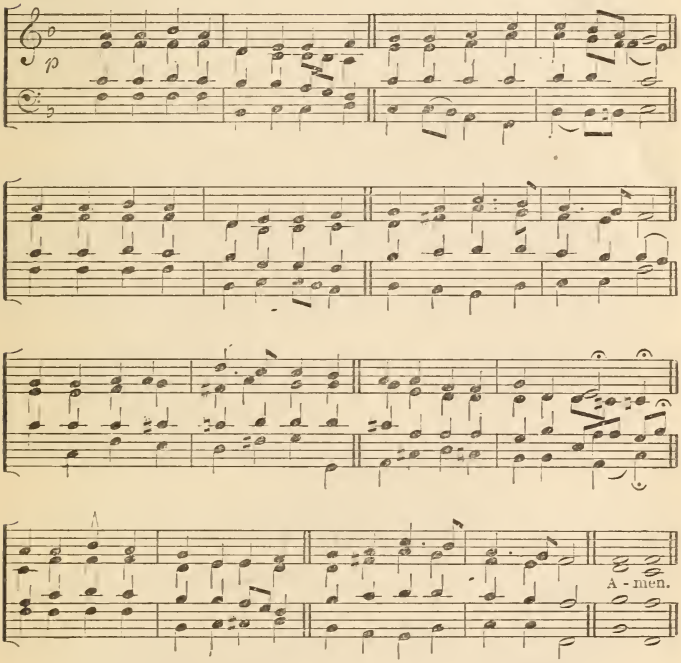
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne,
Awaits His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.
Amen.

PASSION WEEK AND GOOD FRIDAY.

Hymn 279. I. *Tribulation.*



"The Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world."

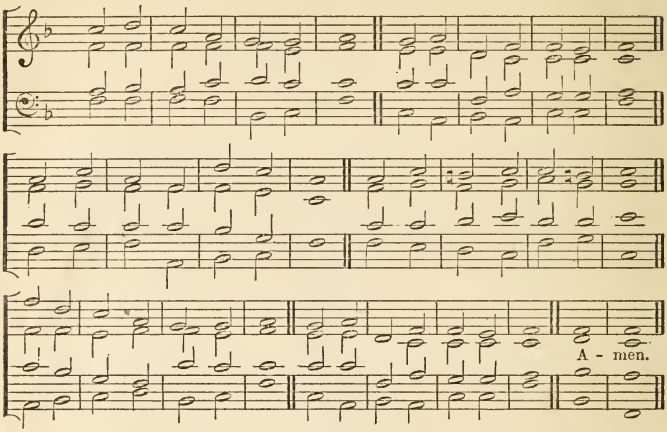
HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus;
Hail, Thou Galilean King;
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merit find we favour:
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,—
Man is reconciled to God.

Jesus, low we bow before Thee,
Mediator glorified!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading,—
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, never ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise. Amen.

Hymn 280. J. *Gethsemane.*



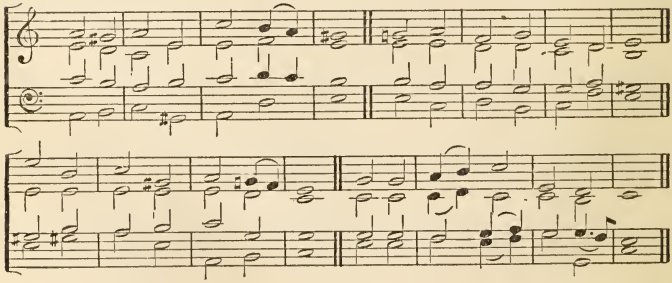
"Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall."

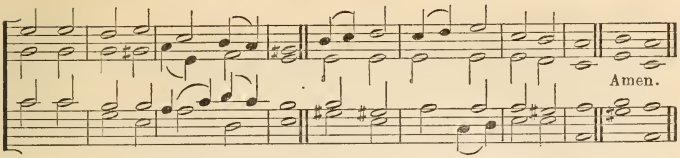
GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall;
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!"—hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. Amen.

Hymn 281. H. *Presburg.*





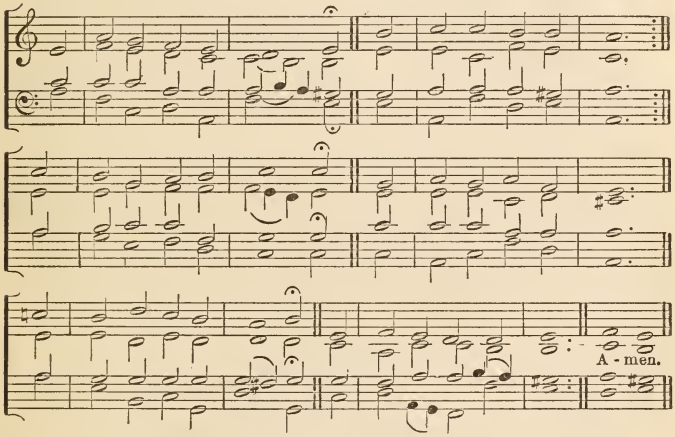
"And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly."

SION'S Daughter, weep no more,
Though thy troubled heart be sore;
He of Whom the Psalmist sung,
He Who woke the Prophet's tongue,
Christ, the Mediator blest,
Brings thee everlasting rest.

In a garden man became
Heir of sin, and death, and shame;
Jesus in a garden wins
Life, and pardon for our sins;
Through His hour of agony
Praying in Gethsemane.

There for us He intercedes;
There with God the Father pleads;
Willing there for us to drain
To the dregs the cup of pain,
That in everlasting day
He may wipe our tears away. Amen.

Hymn 282. F. *"Oh, Sacred Head."*



"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

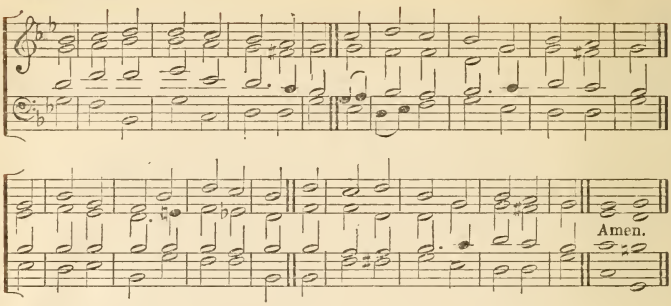
OH, Sacred Head, now wounded!
With grief and shame weighed down!
Oh, sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns Thy only crown!
Oh, sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

On me, as Thou art dying,
O turn Thy pitying eye!
To Thee for mercy crying,
Before Thy Cross I lie.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy Cross to me!
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Thine eyes shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love. Amen.

Hymn 283. L. M. *Olmutz.*



"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

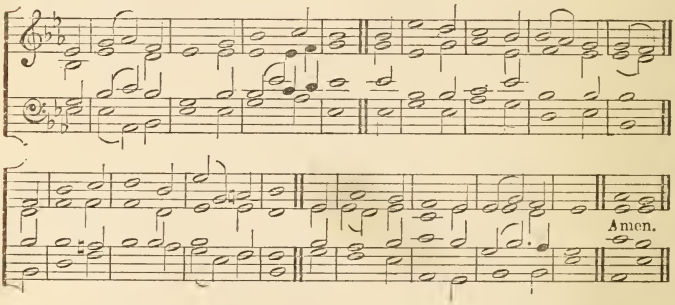
THE Royal Banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His Blood.

O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's Blood!

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey. Amen.

Hymn 284. L. M. *Rockingham.*



"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

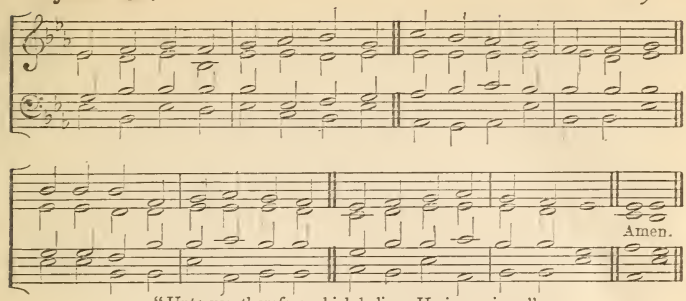
Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Hymn 285. I. *Batty.*



"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

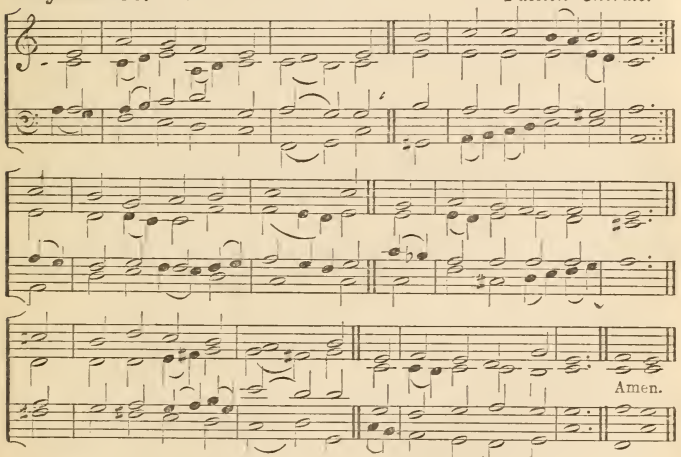
SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveiled glory see. Amen.

Hymn 286. F. *Passion Chorale.*



"Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

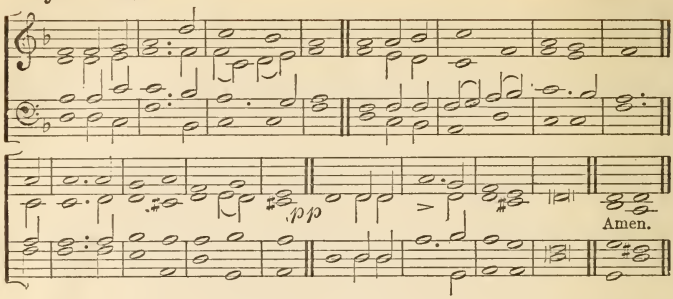
O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;

O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest. Amen.

Hymn 287. L. M. *St. Cross.*



"They crucified Him."

O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look, how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

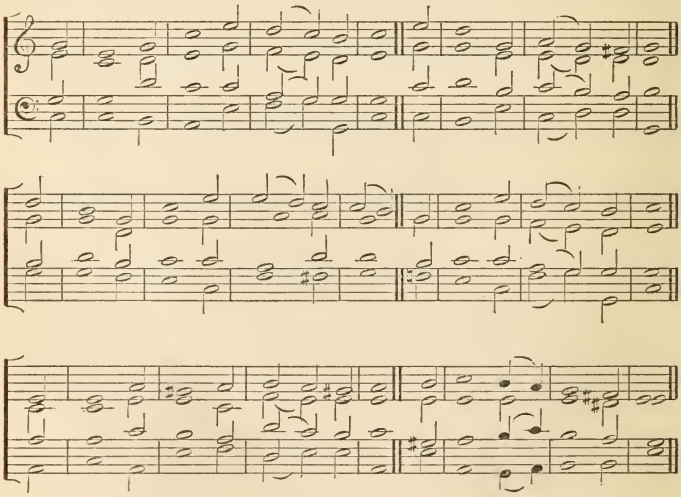
How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with Blood;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

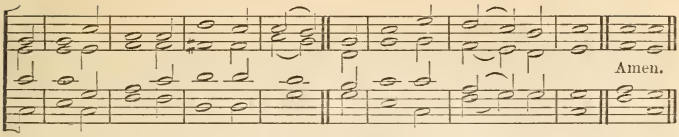
Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
So may the Blood from out His side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified. Amen.

Hymn 288. C. M. *St. Matthew.*





"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

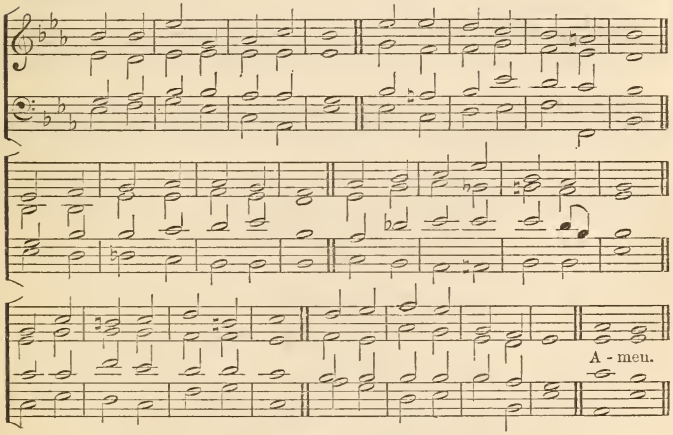
O HALLOWED Head! compell'd to [bow,
Beneath unnumber'd scorns,
O dear, dishonour'd, glorious brow
Now rent by cruel thorns;
Eyes where the light of heaven did reign
Can ye grow glazed and dim?
O Death—by Him for others slain—
Canst thou have power o'er Him?

Love's mystery o'er the scene doth hang,
Love must unfold it still;
Who could inflict on Him a pang,
Without His own blest will?

He, Whom the slumbering dead have heard,
Whose voice the winds could tame,
Could crush His murderers with a word,
If such had been His aim.

Yea, Lord of lords and King of kings,
Life, light, and joy to me;
My soul through doubt and darkness clings
With trembling faith to Thee.
Lo, death and hell with all their host
Quail now before their Lord,
And more than was in Adam lost
I see in Christ restor'd. Amen.

Hymn 289. J. *Bethany.*



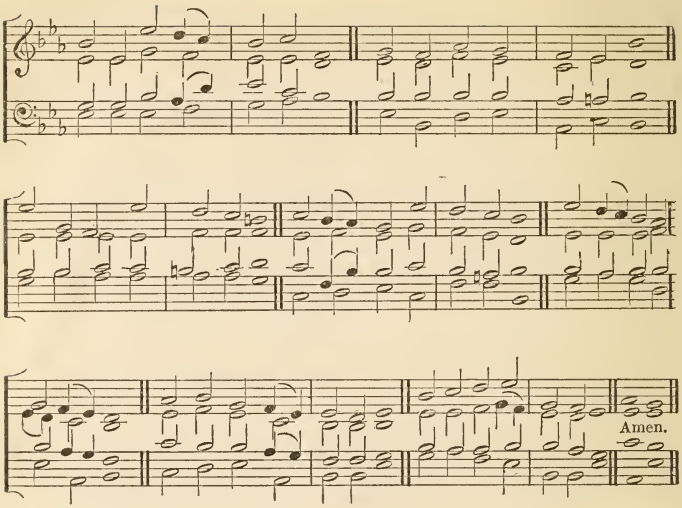
"The Scripture hath concluded all under sin."

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' Cross subdu'd;
See His Body mangled, rent,
Covered with His flowing Blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' incarnate Son!

Yes, your sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fix'd Him here;
Crown'd with thorns His sacred Head,
Pierc'd Him with the soldier's spear:
Made His soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world He dies.

Will you let Him die in vain,
Nor receive the proffer'd good;
Crucify the Lord again,
Trample on His precious Blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart. Amen.

Hymn 290. H. *Theodora.*



"And when Joseph had taken the Body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. * * * And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."

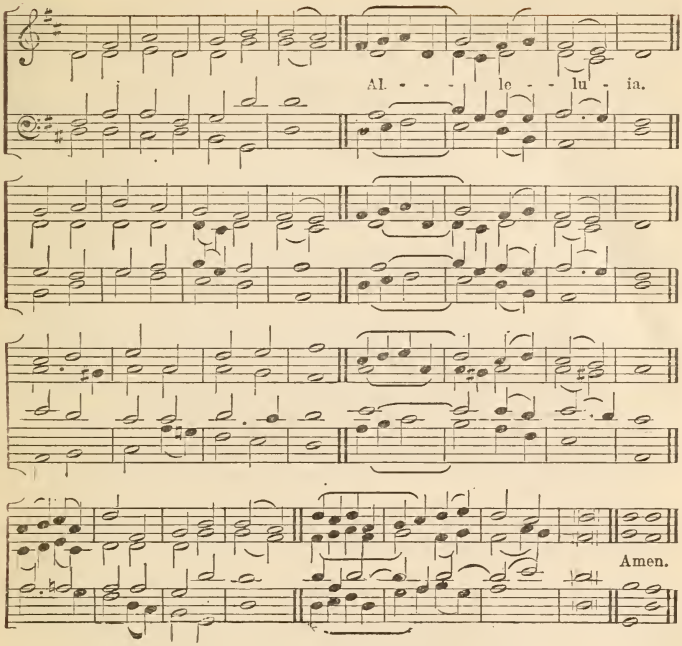
RESTING from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

Hymn 291. G. *Worgan.*



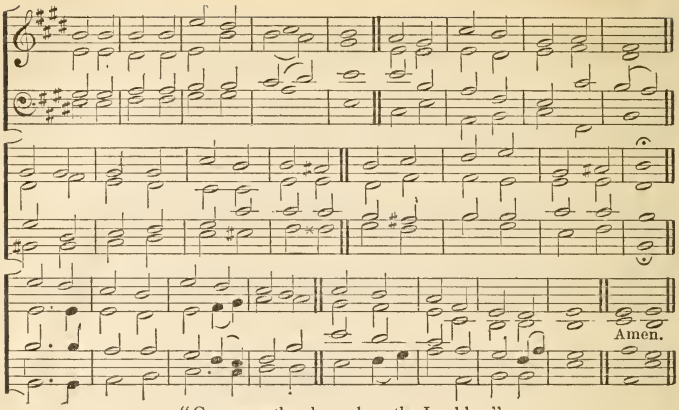
"The Lord is risen indeed."

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holiday;
Who did once upon the Cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and Grave,
Sinners to redeem, and save.
Hallelujah!

But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Hallelujah! Amen.

Hymn 292. K. *Benedic Anima Mea.*



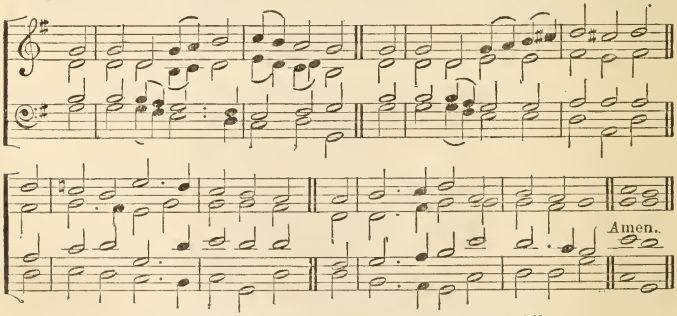
"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

COME, ye saints, draw nigh and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay!
He has burst His bands asunder
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes the Lord is ris'n to-day!

Jesus triumphs: sing ye praises!
By His death He overcame;
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
Thus He fills His foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's Name!

Jesus triumphs: countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder blessed regions
We shall join His praise to sing;
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.
Amen.

Hymn 293. L. M. *Bishop.*



"The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel."

LIGHT'S glitt'ring morn bedecks the sky,
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry,
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

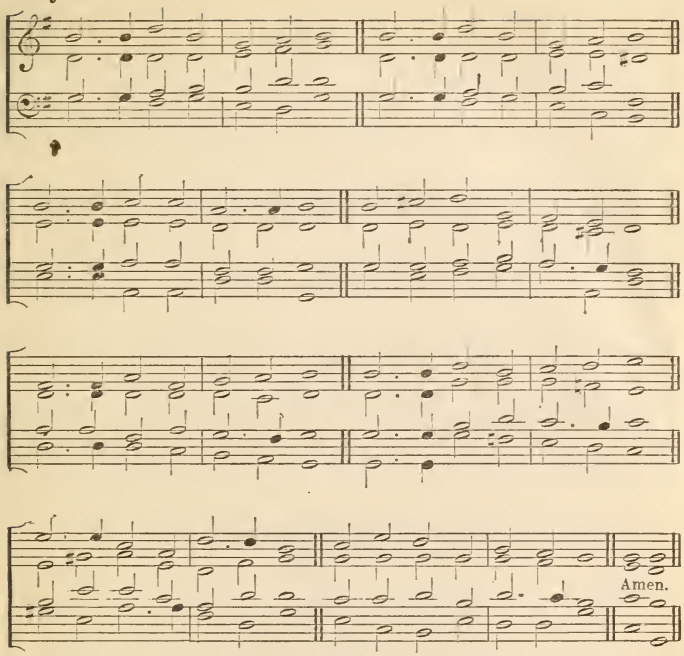
While He the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.

His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
But now in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are passed;
An angel robed in light hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."

O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield. Amen.

Hymn 294. G. *St. George.*



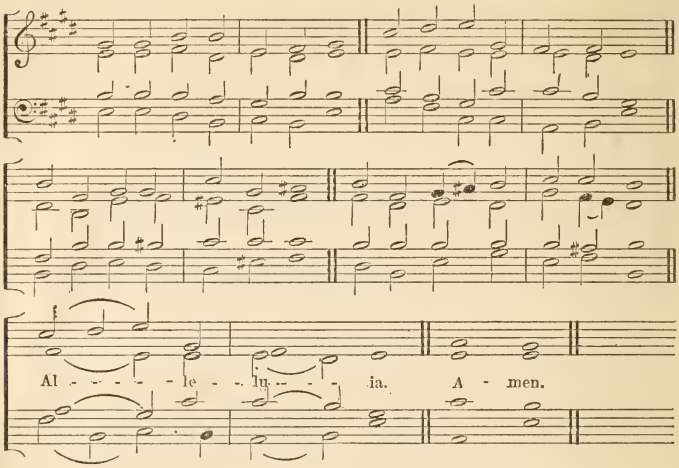
"Worthy is the Lamb That was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day;
Christians haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
"Christ is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay
"Christ is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, Eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord. Amen.

Hymn 295. G. *Wirtemberg.*



Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

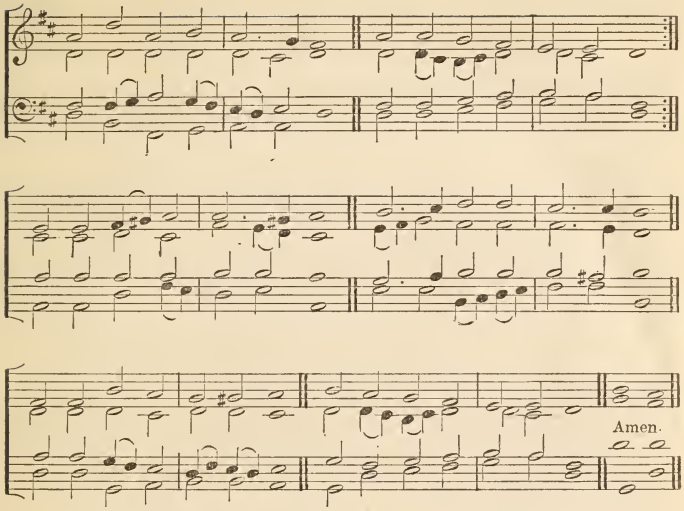
He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day
Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 296. G. *Salzburg.*



"Sing ye to the Lord: for He hath triumphed gloriously."

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced Side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gave His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

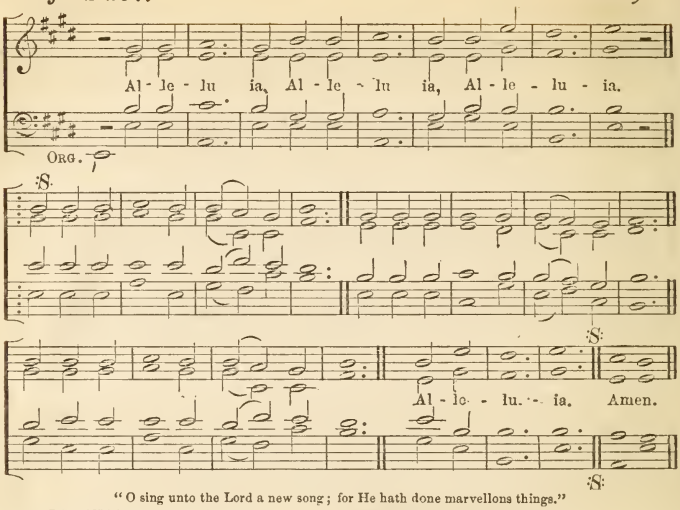
Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

Hymn 297.

Victory.



"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things."

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won:
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst;
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

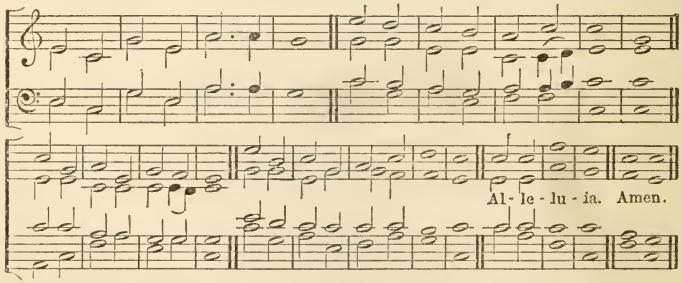
On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee;
From death's dread sting Thy servants free;
That we may live and sing to Thee.
Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 298.

St. Albinus.



"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forever, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us:
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

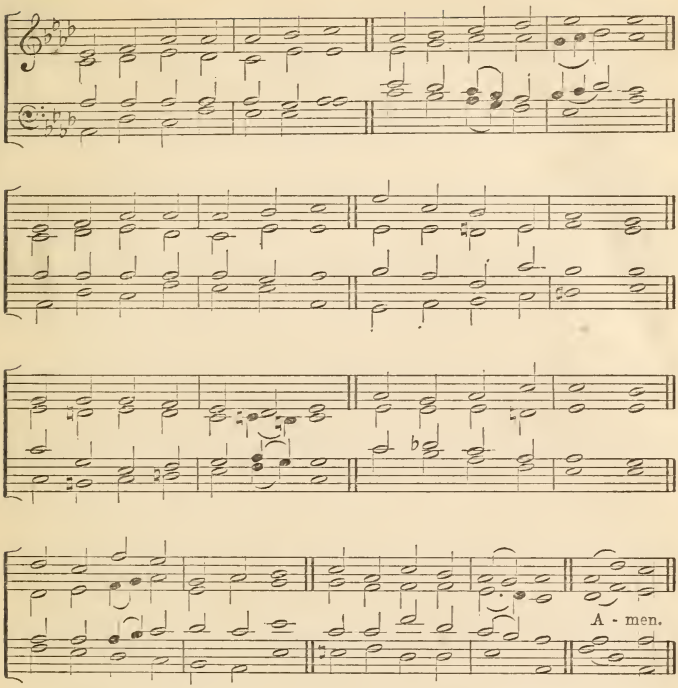
Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life Immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 299. *St. John Damascene.*



"Lo, the winter is past."

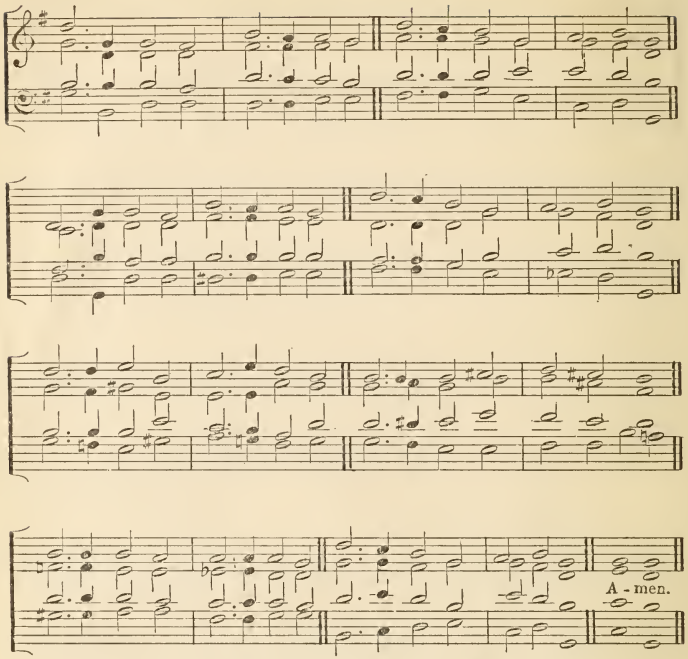
COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness:
Loosed from Pharoah's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen:
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render,
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection.

Allelulia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising. Amen.

Hymn 300. I. *Moultrie.*



"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

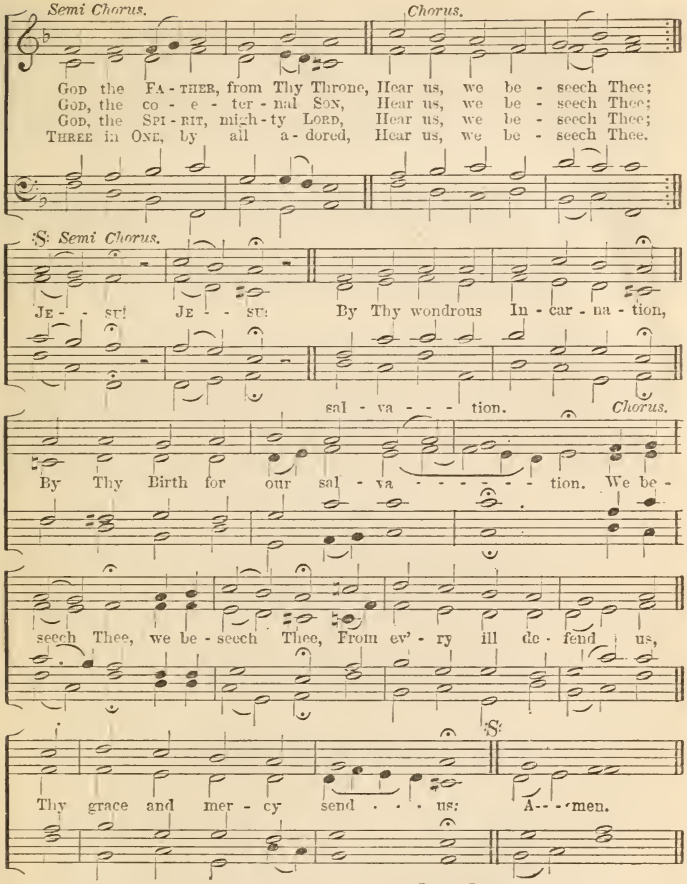
ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, Who on the Cross a Victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

Hymn 301. *Rogation Litany.*

"Ask, and it shall be given you."



Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy Fasting and Temptation,
By Thy nights of supplication,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy works of sweet compassion,
By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill, &c.

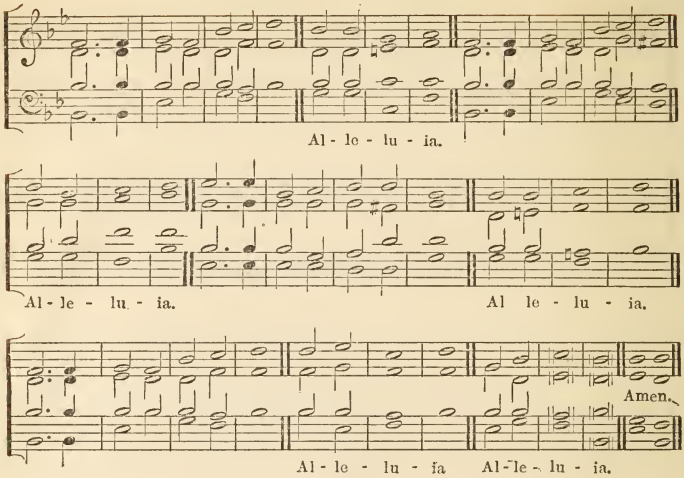
Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy Blood for sinners flowing,
By Thy Death true life bestowing,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill, &c.

Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy glorious Resurrection,
Earnest of our own perfection,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill, &c.

Jesu! Jesu!
To the Father's throne ascended,
All Thy pain and sorrows ended,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill, &c.

Jesu! Jesu!
Advocate for sinners pleading,
With the Father interceding,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us. Amen.

Hymn 302. G. *Ascension.*



"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise Alleluia!
To His Throne above the skies; Alleluia!
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

There for Him high triumph waits, Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin, Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

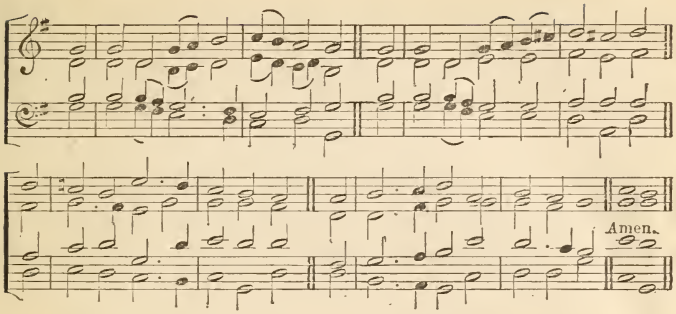
Lo, the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

See, He lifts His hands above; Alleluia!
See, He shows the prints of love: Alleluia!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

Still for us He intercedes, Alleluia!
His prevailing death He pleads, Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia!

Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 303. L. M. *Bishop.*



"By His own Blood He entered in once into the holy place."

O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God,
Ascend and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

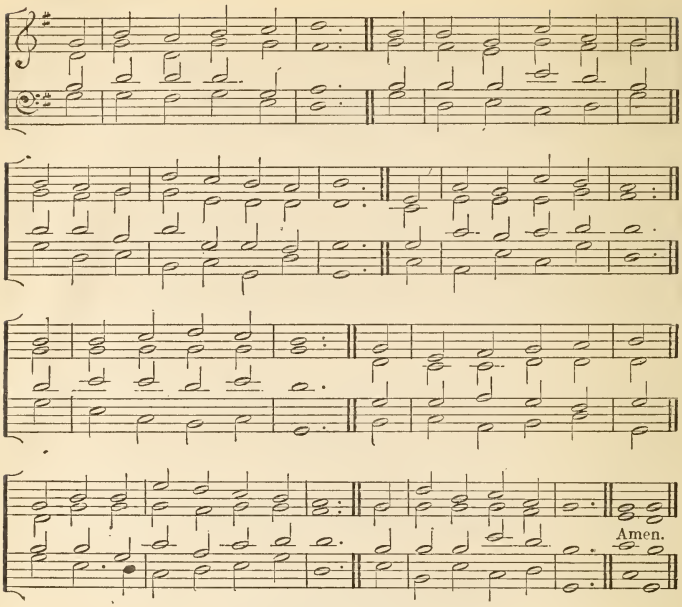
The angel-host enraptured waits;
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

Our great High-Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious Blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign. Amen.

Hymn 304. D. S. M. *Old 25th.*



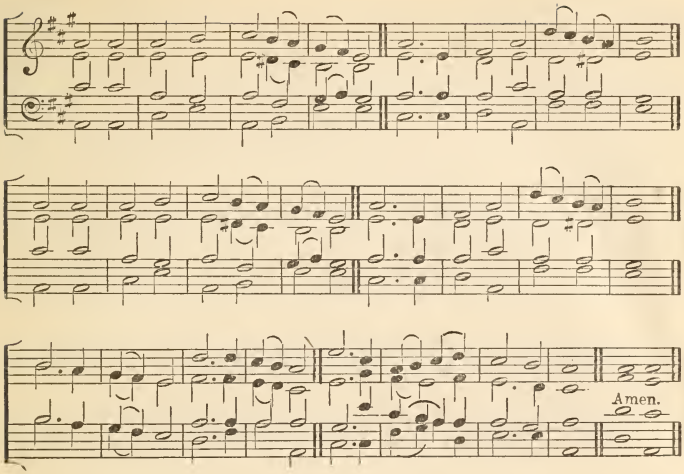
"Who is gone into heaven."

THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

Hymn 305. K. *Ingersoll.*



"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

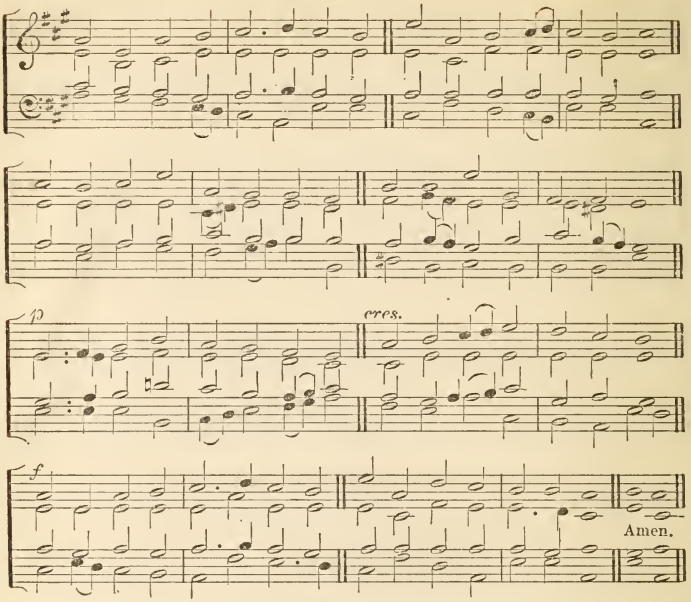
LOOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the heavenly concert rings:
Crown Him;
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels bend around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Lamb of God, our strong salvation,
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him;
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Amen.

Hymn 306. I. *Rex Gloriæ.*



"Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men."

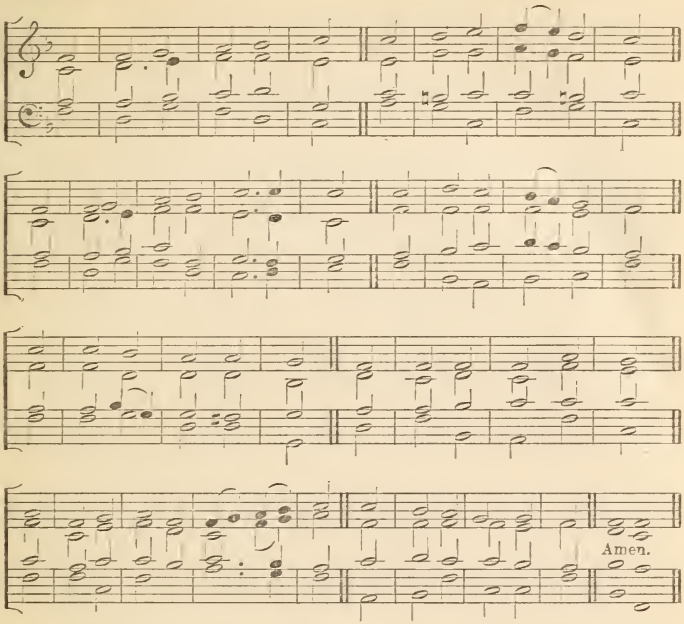
SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel voices
Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He Who on the Cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He Who walked with God, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

He has raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own. Amen.

Hymn 307. D. S. M. *Pentecost.*



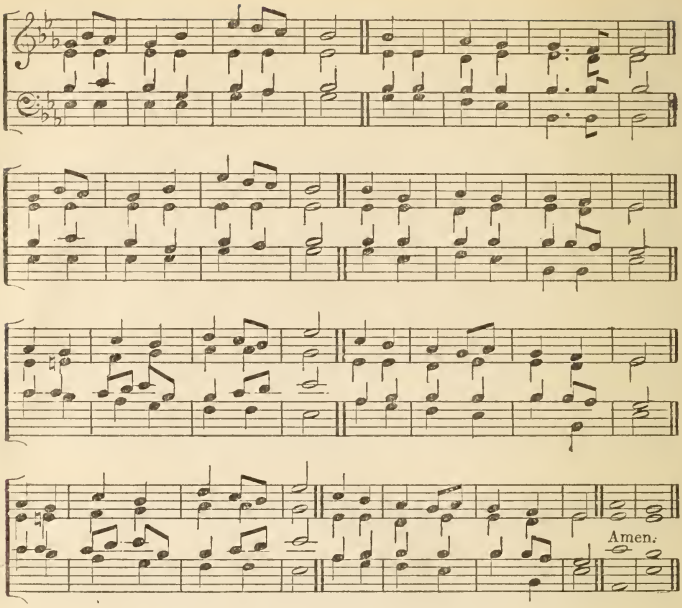
"If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power;
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.

Spirit of Light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified. Amen.

Hymn 308. G. *Chope.*



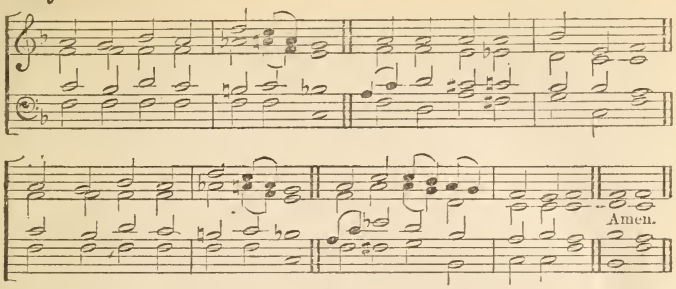
"The Comforter, Which is the Holy Ghost."

SPIRIT, pour'd on Pentecost,
Paraclete and Holy Ghost,
Resting on the Eternal Son,
Holy! uncreated One!
Breath of Life! Thine aid impart,
Waken every slumbering heart,
Every grovelling soul refine,
With Thy power and grace divine.

Sanctifier! seal our hearts
With the truth Thy Word imparts;
Sacred truths and themes instil,
And Thy pleasure all fulfil;
There let Christ replace His throne,
And possess us for His own,
Till our bodies all shall be
Temples to Thy Deity!

Everlasting Spirit! come,
Teach us life's imperfect sum;
All on earth is dark and drear,
Changeful as the changing year;
Raise our souls from things of earth,
Subjects of a better birth,
And our song shall be of Thee
Through a blest eternity! Amen.

Hymn 309. G. *Weber.*



"Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost."

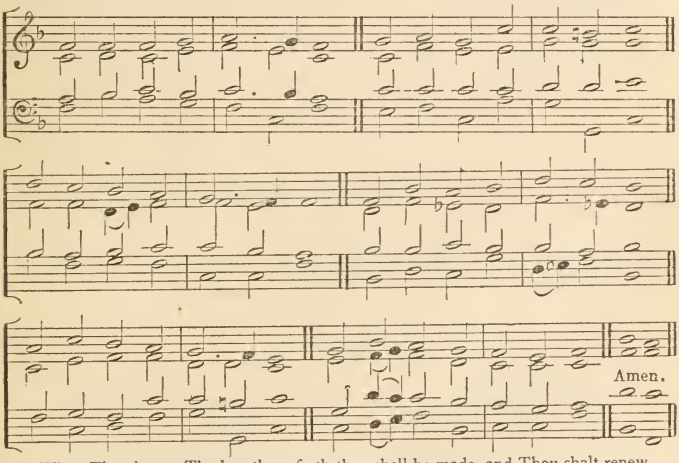
HOLY Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long hath sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine:
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Holy Ghost! Thou Lord divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone. Amen.

Hymn 310. *Veni Sancte Spiritus.*



"When Thou lettest Thy breath go forth they shall be made, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

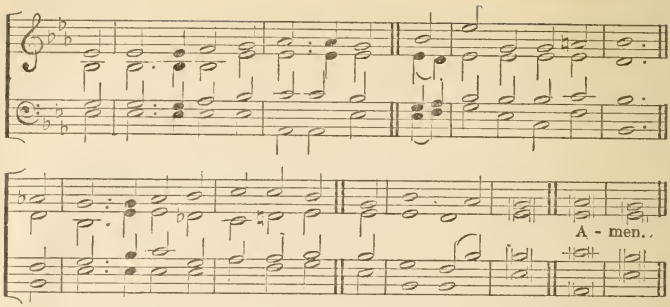
COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come,
And from Thine eternal home
Shed the ray of light divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine.

Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below!
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful shadow from the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe!

O most Blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.

On the faithful who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

Hymn 311. *St. Cuthbert.*



"If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

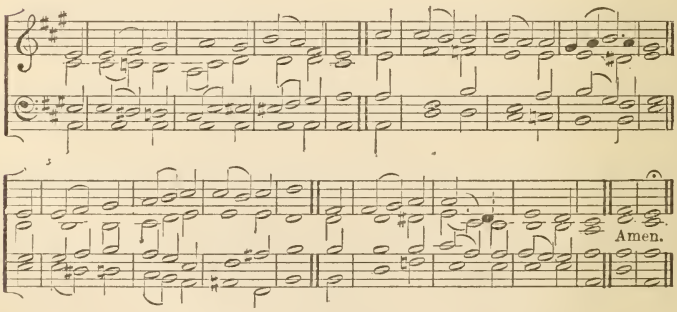
And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

Hymn 312. L. M. *Trinity.*



"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

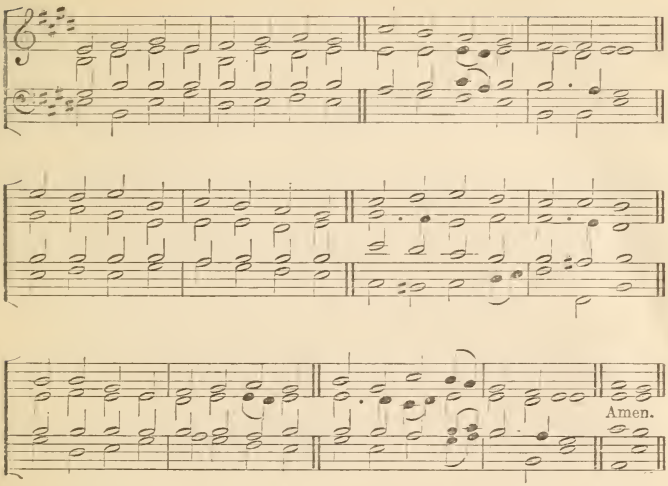
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 313. K. *Huntington.*



"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts."

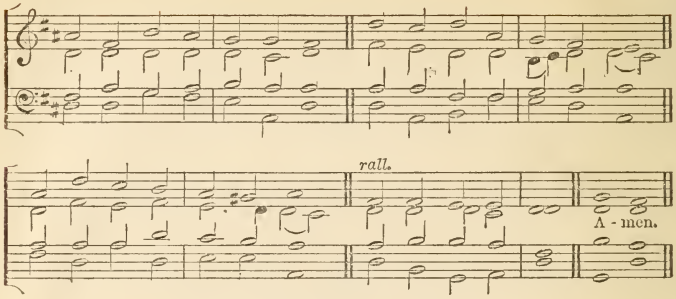
HOLY Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with His righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

Holy Jesus, Lord of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,—
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.
Amen.

Hymn 314. *Capetown.*



"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

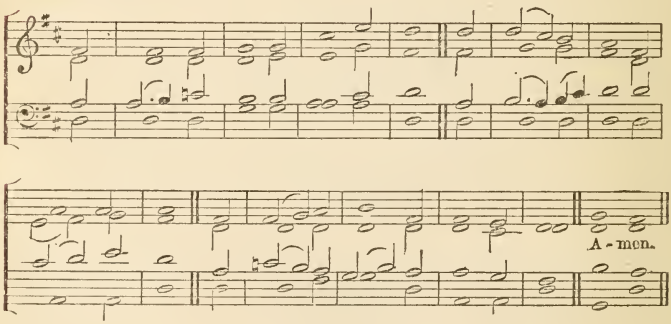
THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning, shine:
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee:
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

Hymn 315. *Grey.*



"O praise God in His holiness."

O GOD of life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

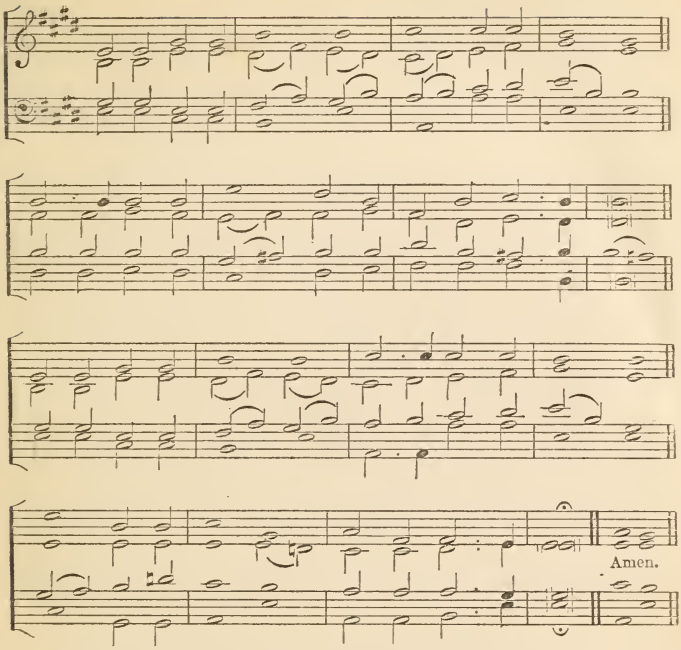
O Father, all-creating Lord,
Be Thou by every tongue implored,
Be Thou by every heart adored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O Holy Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee:
In heaven and earth exalted be. Amen.

Hymn 316. *Nicæa.*



"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."

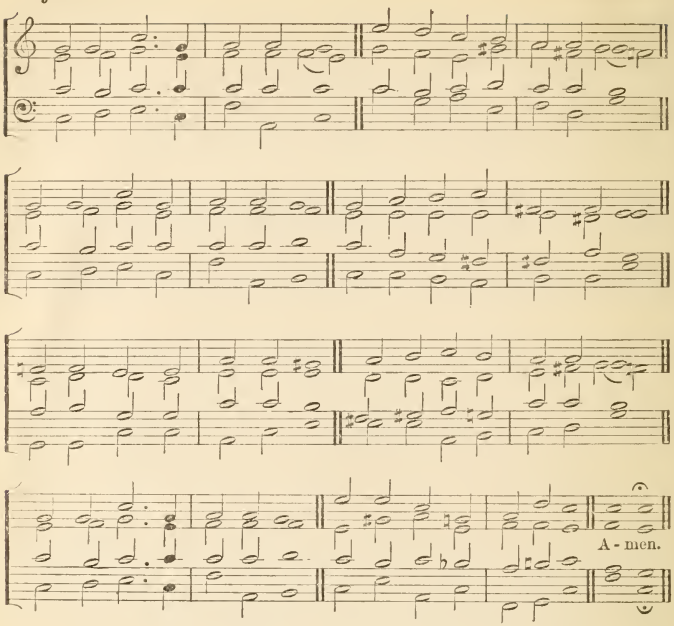
HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy. holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity! Amen.

Hymn 317. G. *Barnby.*



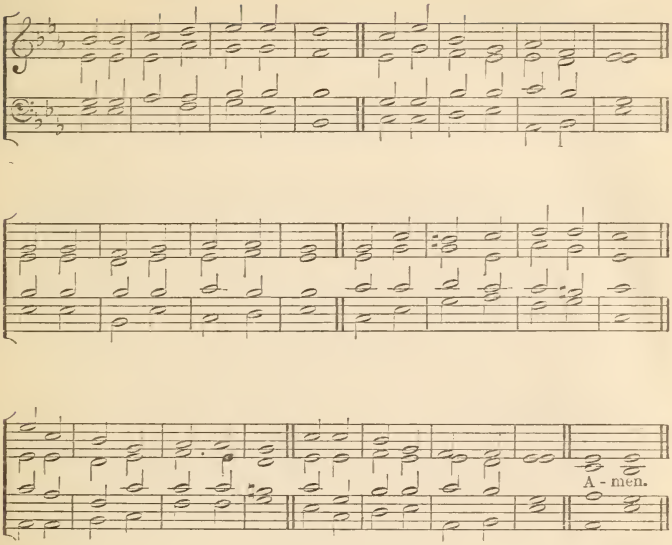
"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we
Dust and ashes, would adore
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From the world by Thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! Amen.

Hymn 318. H. *Havergal.*



(*In time of deficient crops.*)

"Although the fields shall yield no meat, * * * yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

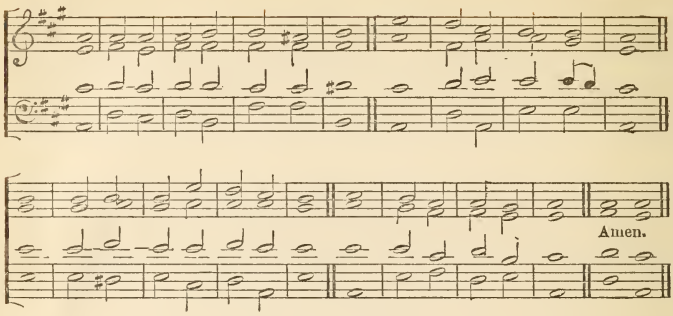
WHAT our Father does is well;
Blessed truth His children tell!
Though He send for plenty, want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

What our Father does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold,
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

What our Father does is well;
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed. Amen.

Hymn 319. C. M. *Glastonbury.*



(*In time of pestilence.*)

"Thou shalt not be afraid * * * for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day."

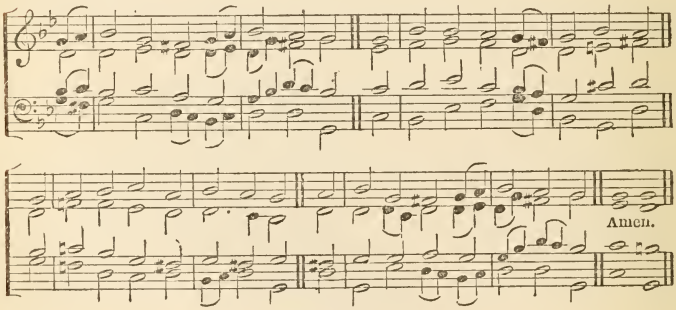
IN grief and fear to Thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us lest we die.

The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And Pestilence with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let Thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed. Amen.

Hymn 320. L. M. *War.*



(*In time of war.*)

"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

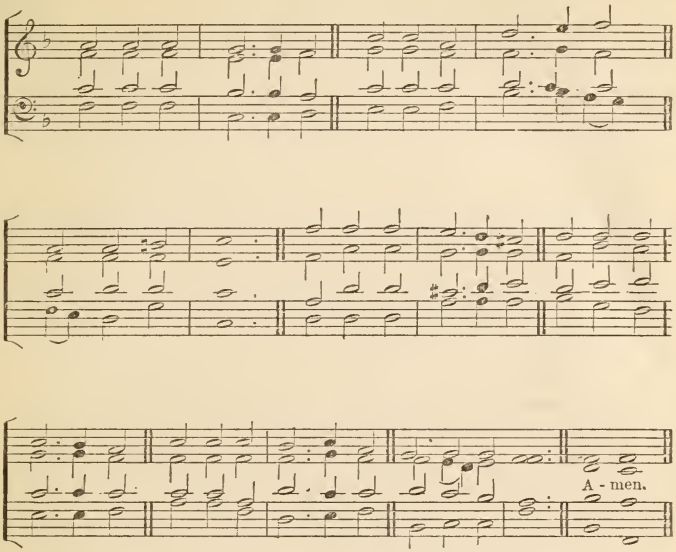
O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Remember Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Amen.

Hymn 321. N. *Harvest.*



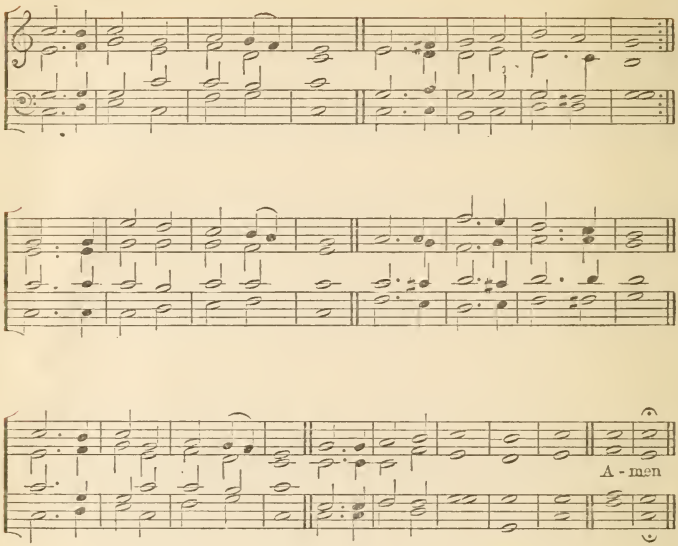
"Thou visitest the earth and blessest it: Thou makest it very plenteous."

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless His holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely—but be not
His benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord. Amen.

Hymn 322. G. *Thanksgiving.*



"They joy before Thee, according to the joy of harvest."

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

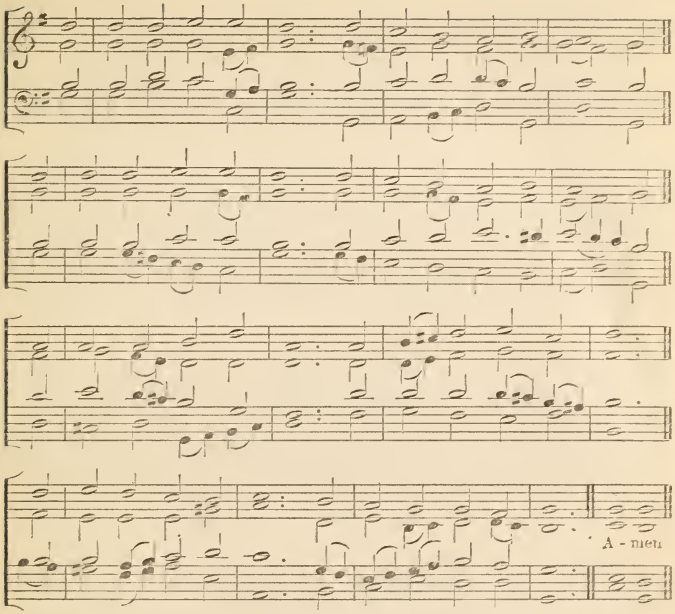
What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final harvest-hour:
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
And Thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

Come then, Lord of Mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!
Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore;
Come, with thousand angels, come;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!

Amen.

Hymn 323. *Nun danket alle Gott.*



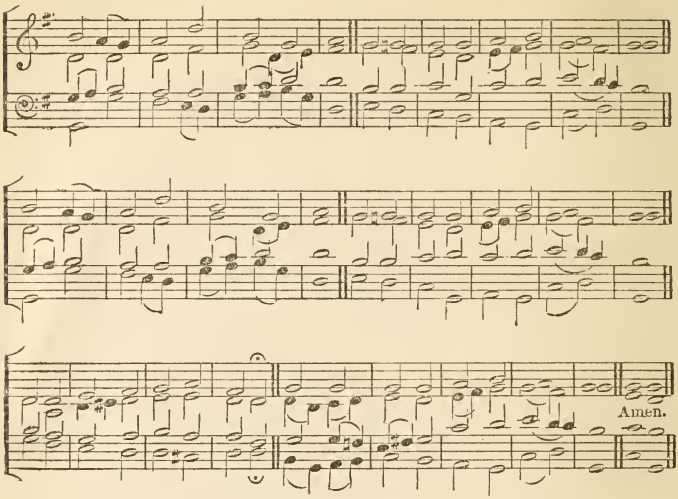
"O clap your hands together all ye people; O sing unto God with the voice of melody."

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reign
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Hymn 324. *Arnheim.*



"The washing of regeneration."

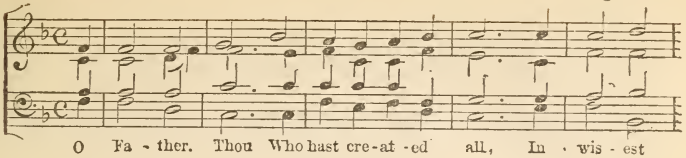
BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken,
And this child at Thy command
To the font we bring, in token
That to Thee it here is given;
For of such shall be Thy heaven.

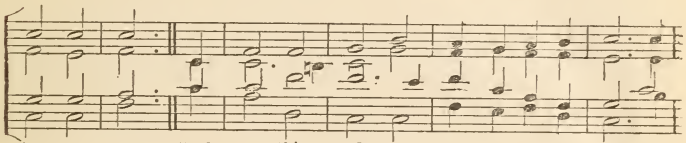
Therefore hasten we to Thee,
Take the pledge we bring, O! take it;
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never;
Thine on earth and Thine for ever.

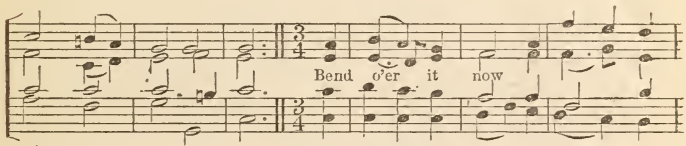
Make it, Christ, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of peace its peace be Thou;
Way of life, to heaven, O! lead it;
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Be it graff'd in Thee forever.

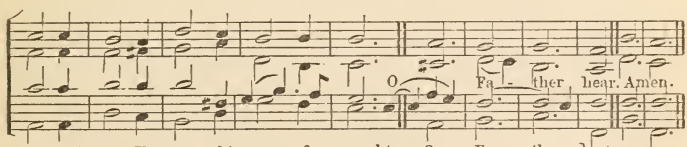
Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burden'd sighs,
Pour Thy blessings without measure;
Write the name we now have given;
Write it in the book of heaven. Amen.

Hymn 325. *Virginia.*









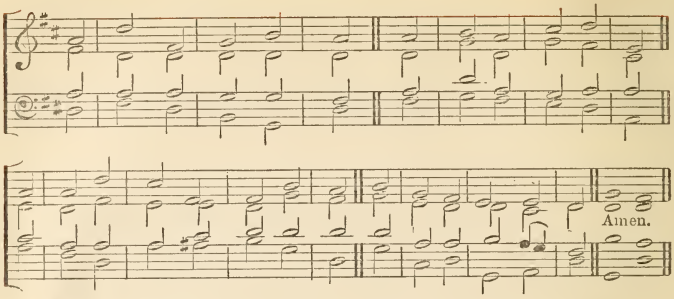
"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

O Son of God, Who diedst for us, behold
  We bring our Child to Thee,
Thou tender Shepherd take it to Thy fold,
  Thine own for aye to be;
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
  O Son of God!

O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
  Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
  With waters undefiled;
Grant it while yet a babe to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
  O Holy Ghost!

O Triune God, what Thou command'st is done.
  We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
  Yet pour on it Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
  O Triune God! Amen.

Hymn 326. S. M. *Bethlehem.*



"He took them up in His arms, put His Hands upon them, and blessed them."

GLAD sight! The holy Church
Spreads forth her wings of love
To welcome to her breast a child
Begotten from above;

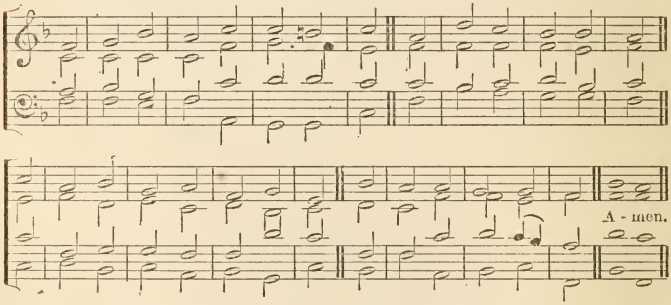
Begotten at the font
By God the Spirit's power,
A gentle lamb from Satan snatched
In childhood's helpless hour.

E'en now around the font,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Bright ministering angels watch
The wondrous mystery.

There to receive their charge
In readiness they stand,
And long to guide its feeble steps
To their own happy land.

And all the host of heaven
Rejoice before the Lord,
To see a child of fallen man
A child of God restored. Amen.

Hymn 327. C. M. *Ravenscroft.*



"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

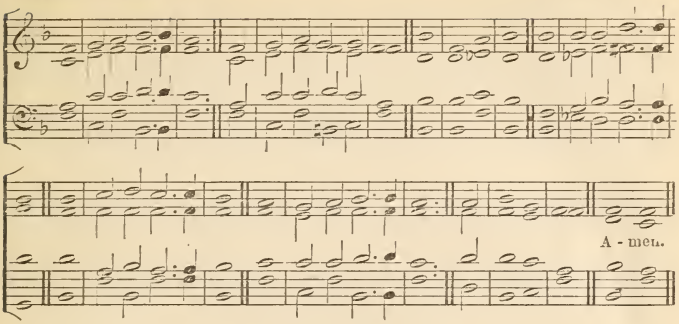
In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch,
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high.

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown. Amen.

Hymn 328. N. *St. Saviour's.*



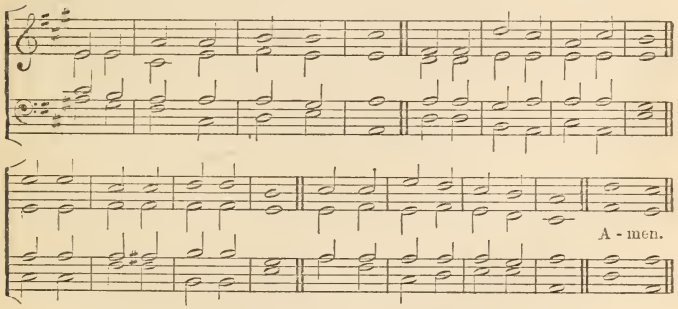
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside. Amen.

Hymn 329. G. *Triumph*



"To Him that overcometh."

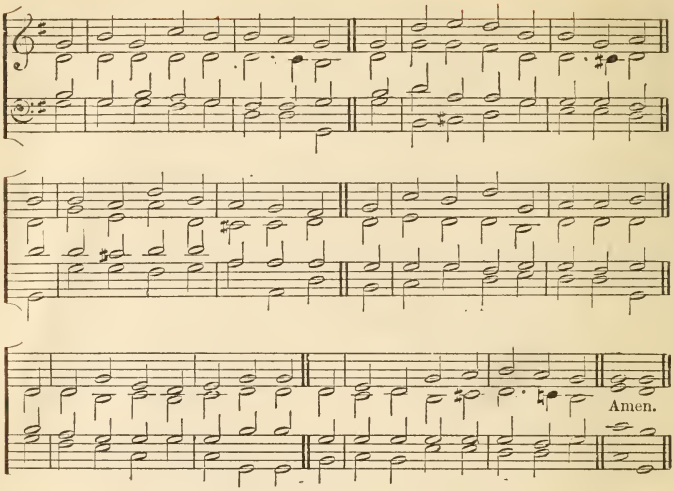
SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe;
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly Home,
Where the Blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy Reward. Amen.

Hymn 330. C. *Preston.*



"Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

BEHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met
Whom each bright angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy Throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years,
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod
Who art true Man and perfect God.

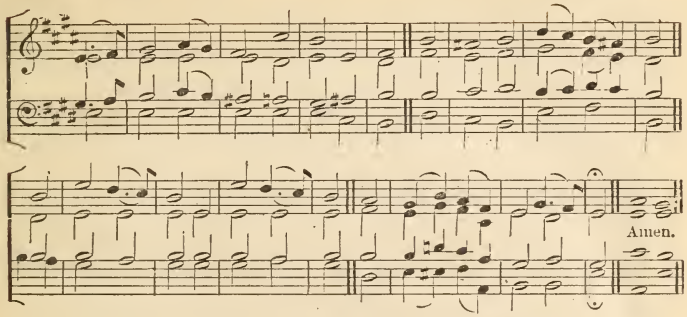
To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
Our help is in Thine own dear Name;
For who on Jesus e'er relied
And found not Jesus still the same?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,
O 'stablish well what Thou hast wrought.

From Thee was our baptismal grace;
The holy seed by Thee was sown;
And now before our Father's face,
We make the three great vows our own.
And ask, in Thine appointed way,
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight and won the crown;
We ask the help that bore them through,
We trust the Faithful and the True,

So bless us with the gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful Presence kind and sweet
Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven;
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow:
Give us Thy Spirit here and now. Amen.

Hymn 331. C. M. *Burlington.*



"With my whole heart have I sought Thee: O let me not go wrong out of Thy commandments."

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

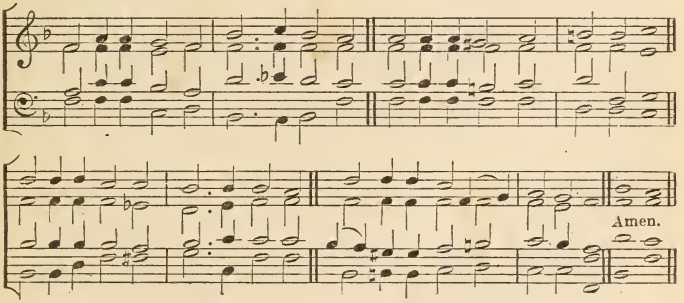
Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

Let every thought, and work and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven. Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Hymn 332. *St. Luke.*

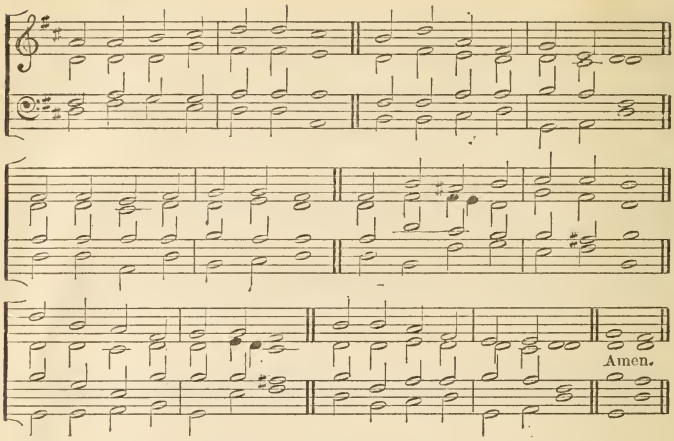


"Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life."

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead:

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy Feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

Hymn 333. H. *Ratisbon.*

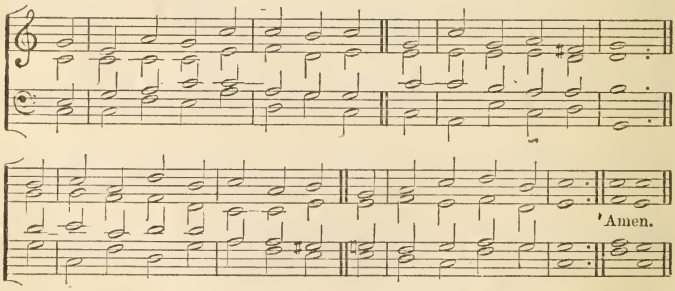


"This do in remembrance of Me."

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

Hymn 334. C. M. *St. Ann.*



"My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed."

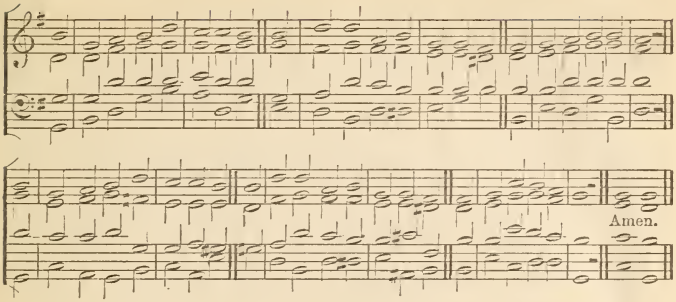
O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

Hymn 335. A. *Treves.*



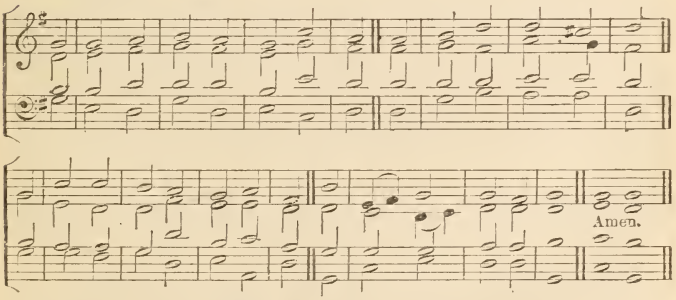
"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood dwelleth in Me and I in him."

O FOOD that weary pilgrims love,
O Bread of angel hosts above,
O Manna of the saints,
The hungry soul would feed on Thee;
Ne'er may the heart unsolaced be
Which for Thy sweetness faints.

O Fount of love, O cleansing Tide,
Which from the Saviour's piercéd side
And sacred Heart dost flow,
Be ours to drink of Thy pure rill,
Which only can our spirits fill
And all we need bestow.

Lord Jesus, Whom, by power divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward sign,
We worship and adore,
Grant, when the veil away is rolled,
With open face we may behold
Thyself for evermore. Amen.

Hymn 336. C. M. *Gloucester.*



"Come, for all things are now ready."

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy Body and Thy Blood,
That living Bread, that heavenly Wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

Hymn 337. *Ecce Panis.*

"So man did eat angel's food."

Slowly and with expression.

mf Lo! the an - gels' Food is giv - en To the pil - grim who hath

stri - ven; See the chil-dren's Bread from hea - ven, Which on

dogs may ne'er be spent: Truth the an-cient types ful - fill - ing,

I - saac bound, a vic - tim will - ing, Pas - chal Lamb its life-blood

spill - ing, Man - na to the fa - thers sent.

ORG.

pp

Ve - ry Bread, Good Shepherd, tend . . . us: Je - su, of Thy love be

cres.

- friend . . us, Thou re fresh us, Thou de - fend us.

f

Thine e - ter - nal goodness send us In the land of life to

f

Cal.

ORG. *pp* *p*

see. Thou Who all things canst and know - - est,

p

cres.

Who on earth such food be - stow - - est Grant us with Thy saints, though

cres.

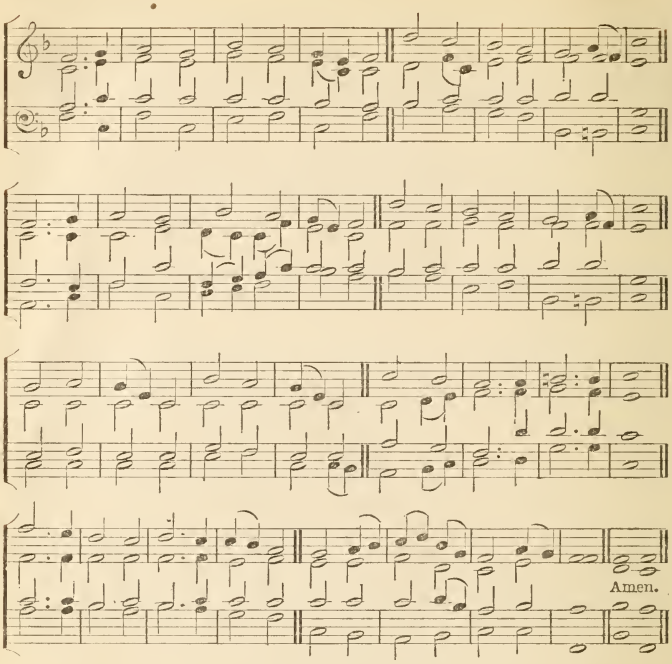
low - est, Where the heav'nly Feast Thou shew - est, Fel - low

dim. *rall.*

heirs and guests..... to be. A - - - men.

rall.

Hymn 338. I *Austria.*



"Thou art a Priest for ever."

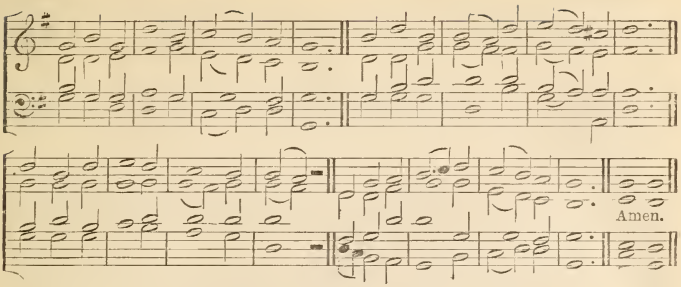
ALLELUIA, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia, His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark, the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

Alleluia, not as orphans
We are left in sorrow now;
Alleluia, He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

Alleluia, Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our stay,
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia, His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark, the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood. Amen.

Hymn 339. L. M. *Worcester.*



"Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness."

LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

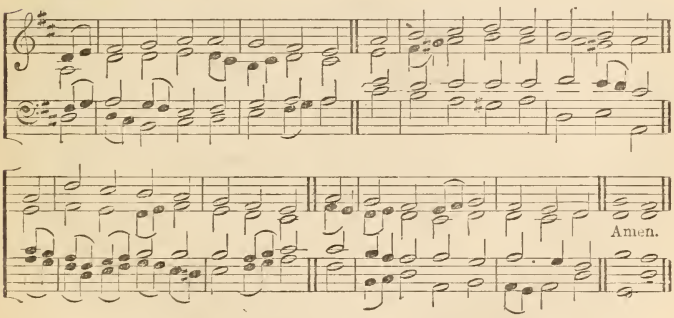
Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

Hymn 340. L. M. *Potter.*



"Unto every one of us is given grace; according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

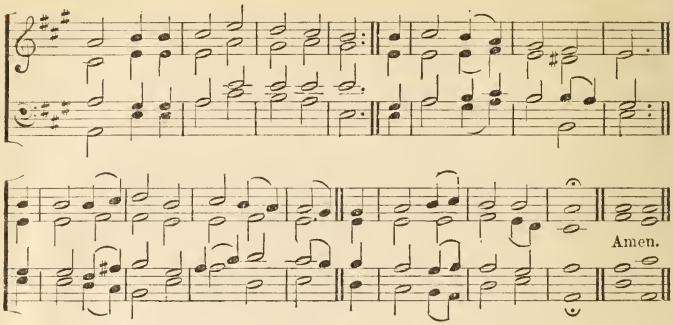
O GUARDIAN of the Church divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine,
And kindled by Thy hidden fires,
The soul to highest aims aspires.

Thy Priests with wisdom, Lord, endue,
Their hearts with love and zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O Thou the source of life and light.

Spirit of truth, on us bestow
Thy faith in all its power to know;
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.

Protect Thy Church from every foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
The glories of Thy righteousness. Amen.

Hymn 341. C. M. *Dedham.*



"As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

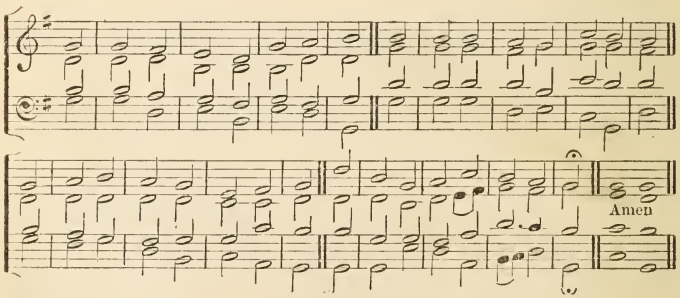
LORD, Thine appointed servants bless,
That they may faithful be,
To preach the truth in righteousness,
And sinners win to Thee.

Uphold them by almighty power,
Thy strength divine impart,
And in each dark and trying hour,
Cheer Thou their fainting heart.

In holy watchfulness and prayer,
O keep them near Thy side;
May they with loving zeal declare
A Saviour crucified!

Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,
Thy Spirit now be given;
That they who preach, and those who hear,
May sing Thy praise in heaven. Amen.

Hymn 342. L. M. *Old 100th.*



He gave some Apostles, and some Pastors and Teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ."

O THOU Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glist'ning dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by pray'r;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

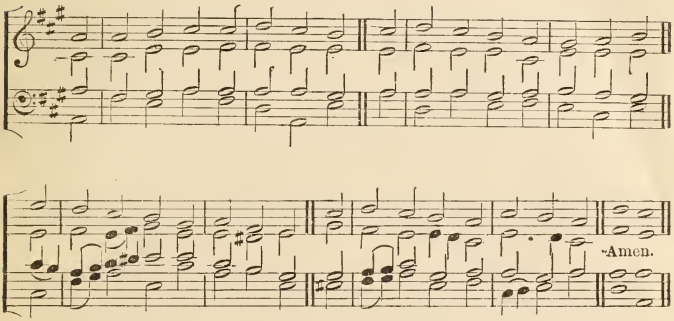
Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind:
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven,
We taste our immortality. Amen.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A CHURCH.

Hymn 343. L. M. *Commandments.*



"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary."

O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

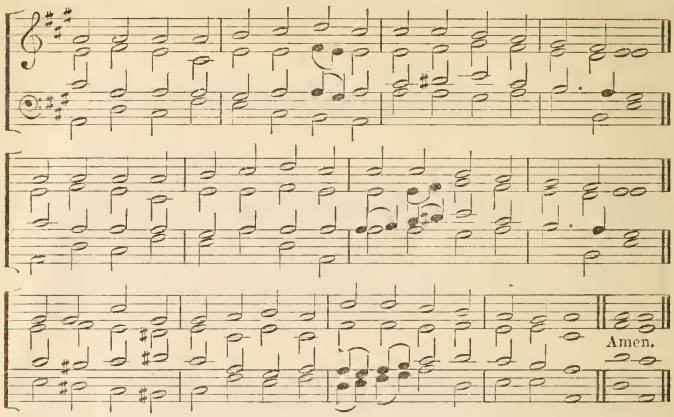
Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

The hands that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity! Amen.

Hymn 344. *Oriel.*



"Behold I lay in Zion a Chief Corner-stone, elect, precious."

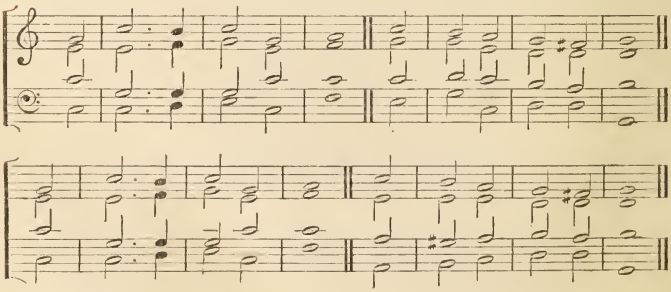
CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

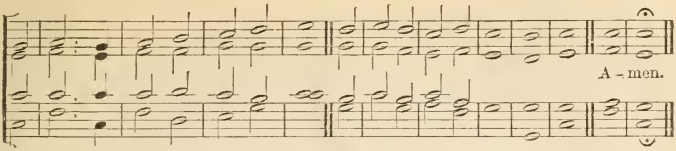
All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blesséd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign. Amen.

Hymn 345. D. *Collipriest.*





"The Lord said unto him, I have hallowed this house to put My Name there for ever, and Mine Eyes and Mine Heart shall be there perpetually."

CHRIST is our corner-stone.
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints above
The courts of heaven are filled,
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

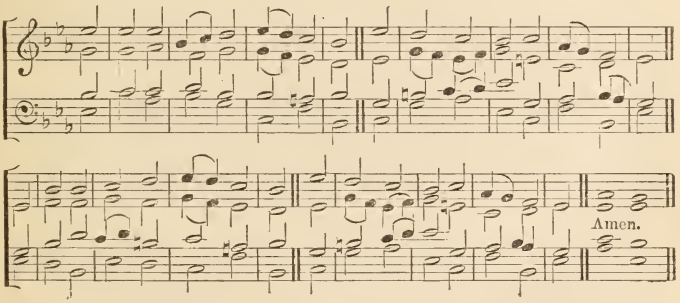
O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

Here gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away. Amen.

MISSIONS.

Hymn 346. L. M. *Coburg.*



Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion."

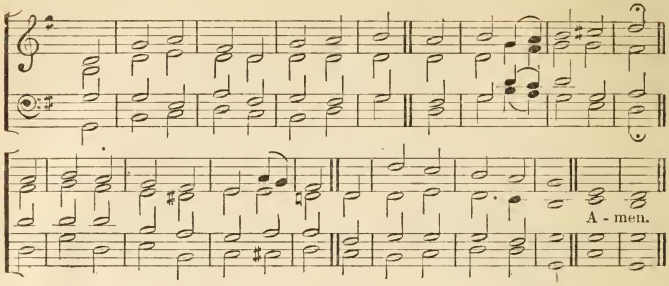
ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone!
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!
Let hostile powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

Hymn 347. C. M. *Nottingham.*



"Sing and rejoice, O Daughter of Zion."

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

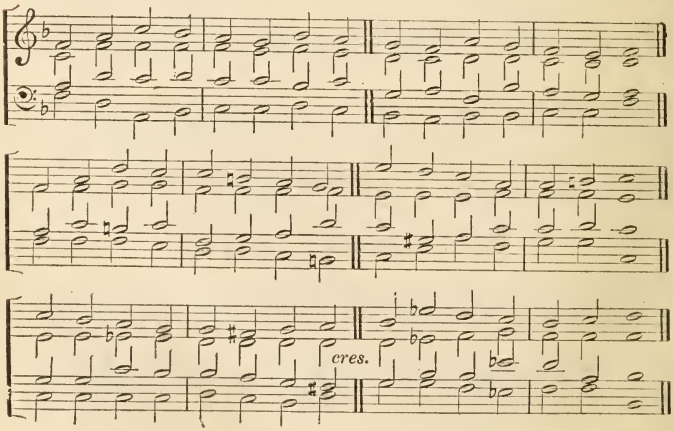
Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

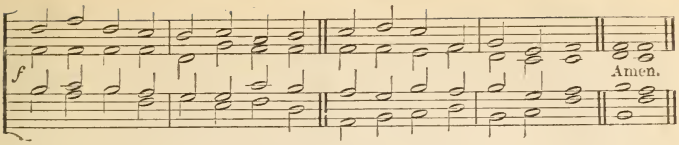
Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "give up thy charge,"
And "keep not back, O North!

They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home

Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs the ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy. Amen.

Hymn 348. I. *Iona.*





"So shall He sprinkle many nations."

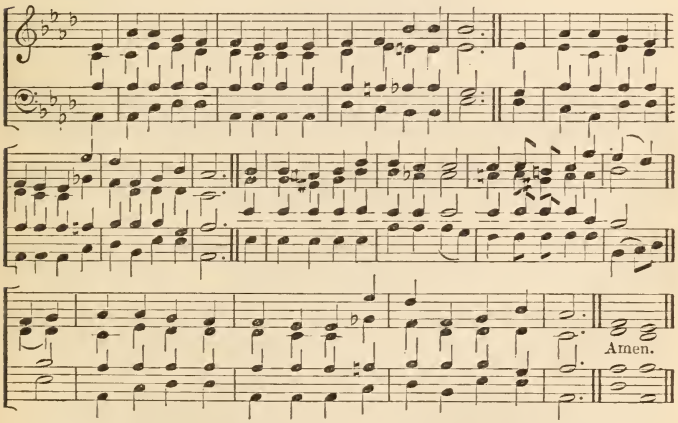
SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man, for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

Hymn 349. D. C. M. *Doane.*

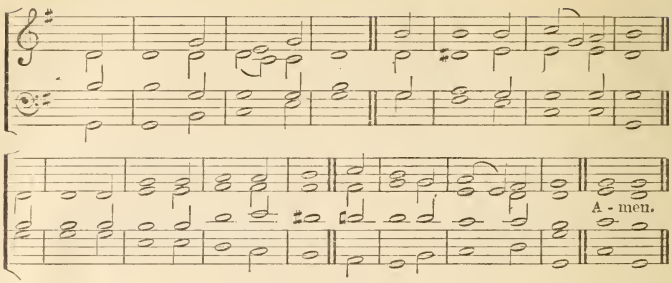


"Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His upon the poor:
Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For Thou hast plac'd us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make;
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward. Amen.

Hymn 350. S. M. *Marshall.*



"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

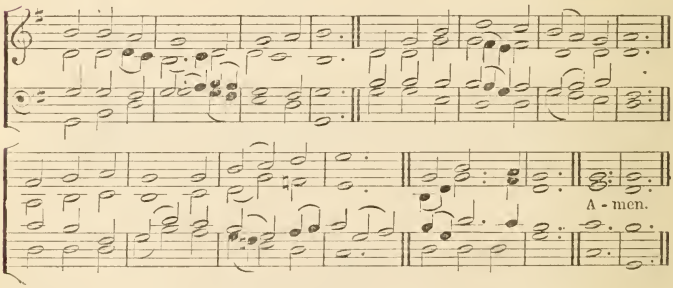
His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear:
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

God of the widow, hear!
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success. Amen.

Hymn 351. *Gratitude.*



"Freely ye have received, freely give."

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all.

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare:
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

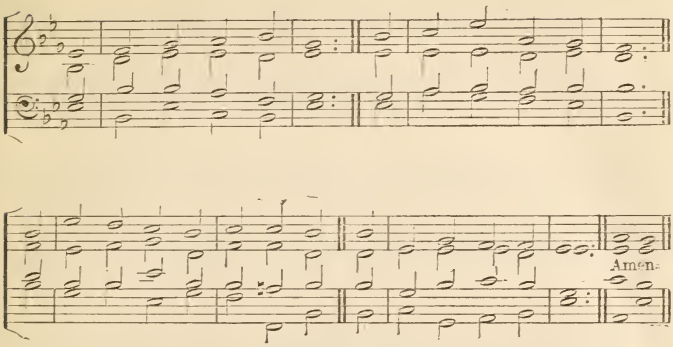
For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

Hymn 352. S. M. *Franconia.*



"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

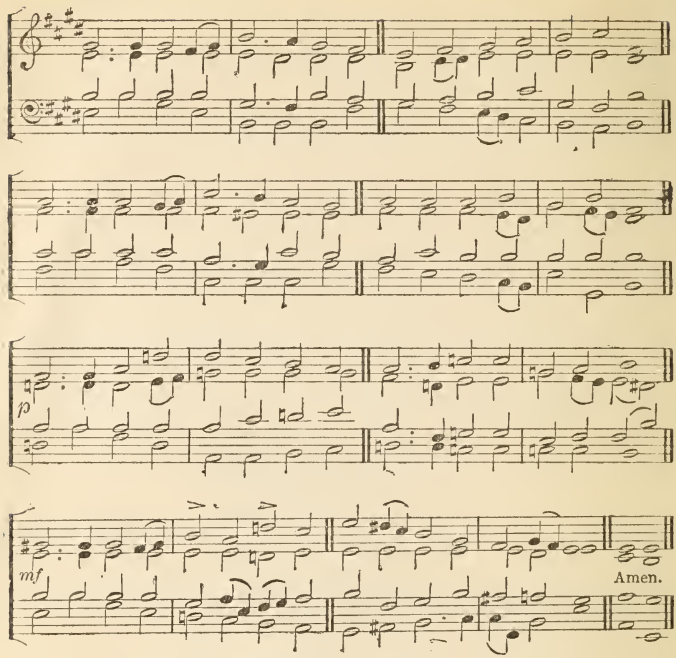
Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

Hymn 353. I. *Charitas.*



"Ye ought to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

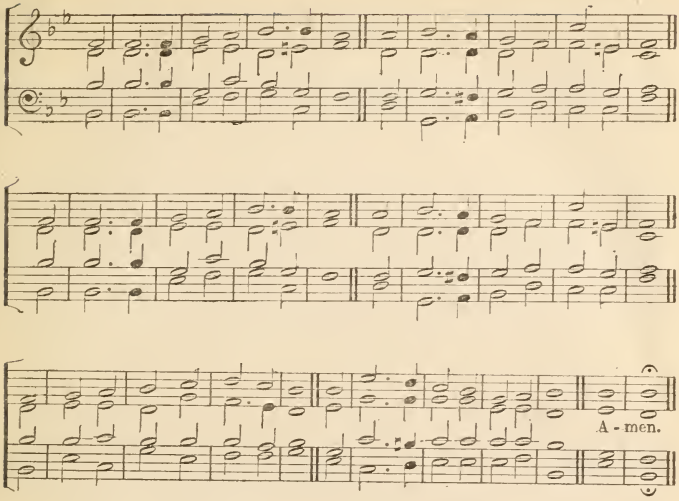
GRANT us hearts, dear Lord, to yield
Gladly, freely of Thine own; [Thee
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence
"Ye have done it unto Me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy
"Give as I have given to you?"

Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that Face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

Lord of glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us Faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But oh! best of all Thy graces
Give us Thine own Charity. Amen.

Hymn 354. C. *Raleigh.*



"These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

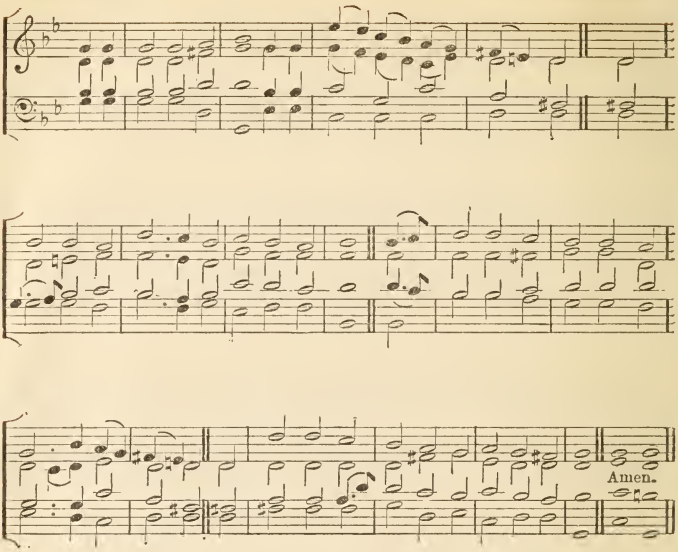
ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

Hymn 355. *Holstein.*



"Where I am, there shall also My servant be."

THOU art gone to the grave? but we will not deplore thee
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love was thy guide through the gloom.

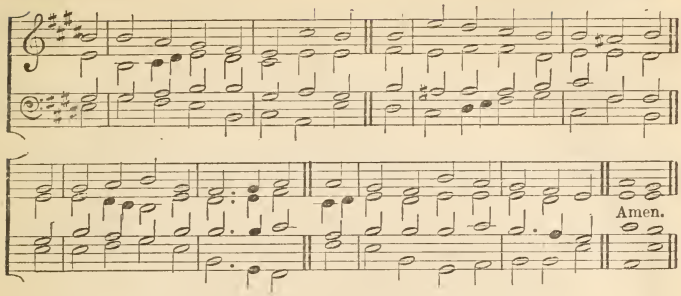
Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise dawned on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

Amen.

Hymn 356. L. M. *Melcombe.*



"They which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.'

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

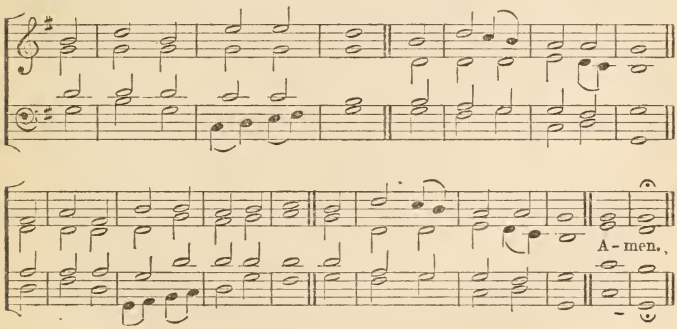
Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep. Amen.

Hymn 357. S. M. *Greenway.*



"And they glorified God in me."

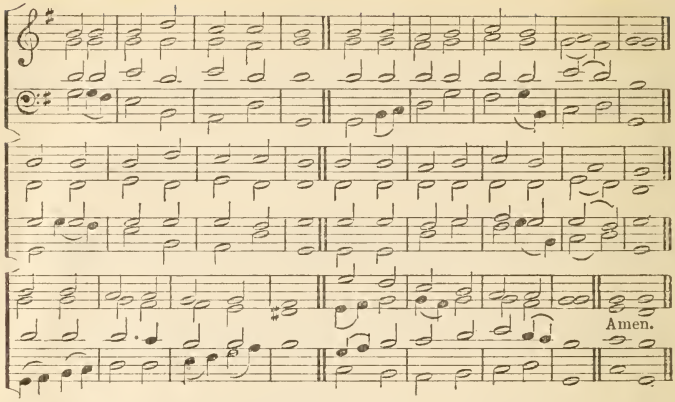
FOR Thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For Thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion knit,
One fellowship of love.

Jesus, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.
Amen.

Hymn 358. *Meinhold.*



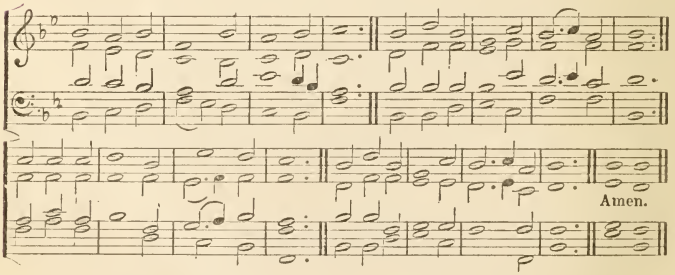
"They are in peace."

TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Tho' Thou take what most we love. Amen.

Hymn 359. L. M. APOSTLES. *German Air.*



"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb."

THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
The Apostles' glory, let us sing;
And all, with hearts of gladness, raise
Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

For they the Churches' princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war,
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

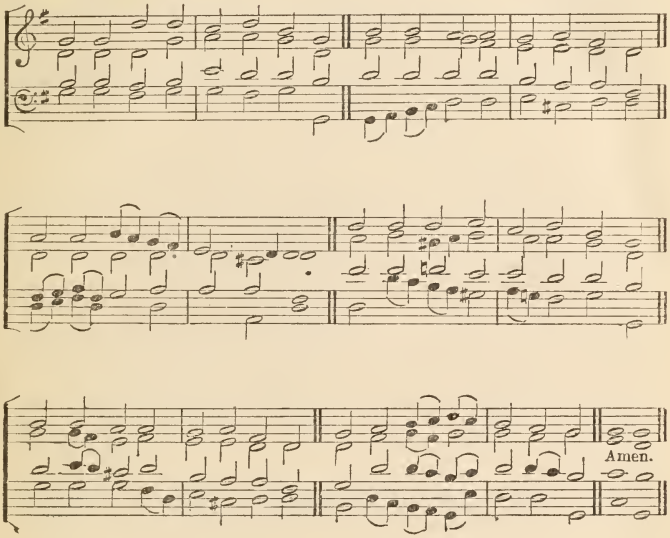
Theirs is the steadfast faith of saints,
And hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of Christ in perfect glow
That lays the prince of this world low.

In them the Father's glory shone,
In them the will of God the Son,
In them exults the Holy Ghost,
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.

To Thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
That Thou wouldst join to them on high
Thy servants, who this grace implore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

EVANGELISTS.

Hymn 360. *Evangelists.*



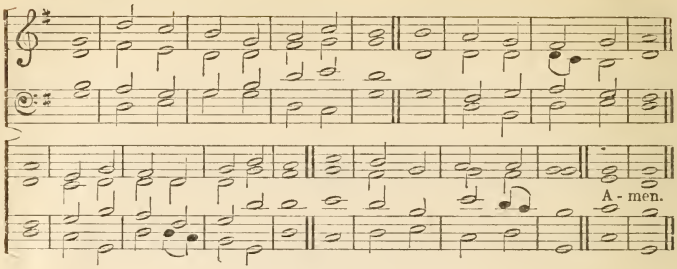
"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy gospels shrined;
Blesséd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the Fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

Oh! that we Thy truth confessing,
And Thy Holy Word possessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee, with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

Hymn 361. C. M. *Old* 132*d.*



"Fight the good fight of faith."

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear His cross below—
He follows in His train?

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

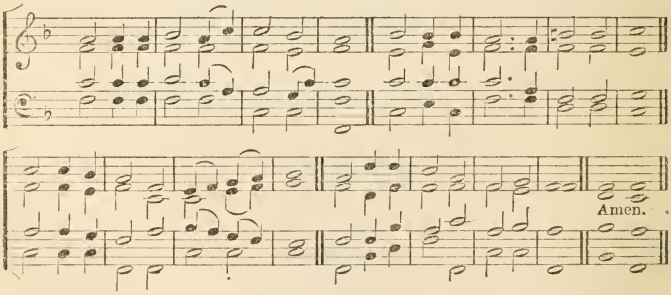
A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:

They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

Hymn 362. L. M. *Federal Street.*



"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, Him will I confess also before My Father Which is in heaven."

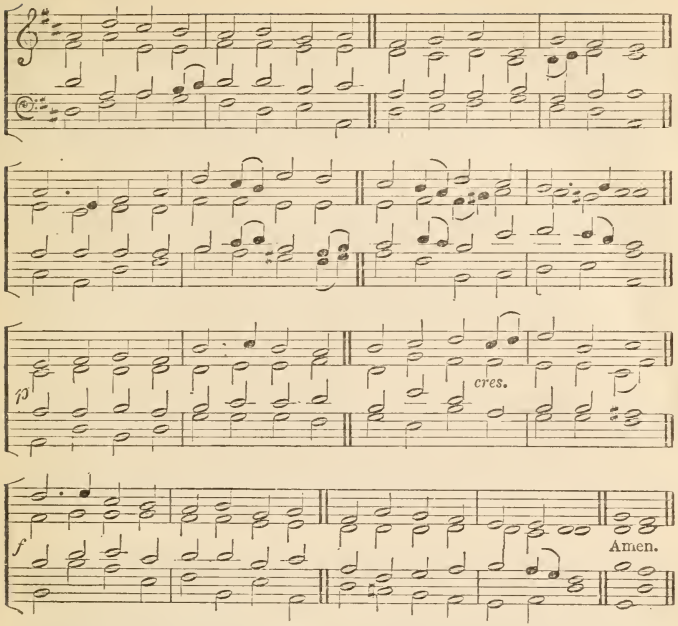
NOT by the martyr's death alone
The saint his crown in heaven has won;
There is a triumph robe on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

What though he was not called to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel?
Yet daily to the world he died:
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore?
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.

Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
Rejoice with Thee for evermore. Amen.

Hymn 363. I. *Gloria.*



"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

HARK! the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

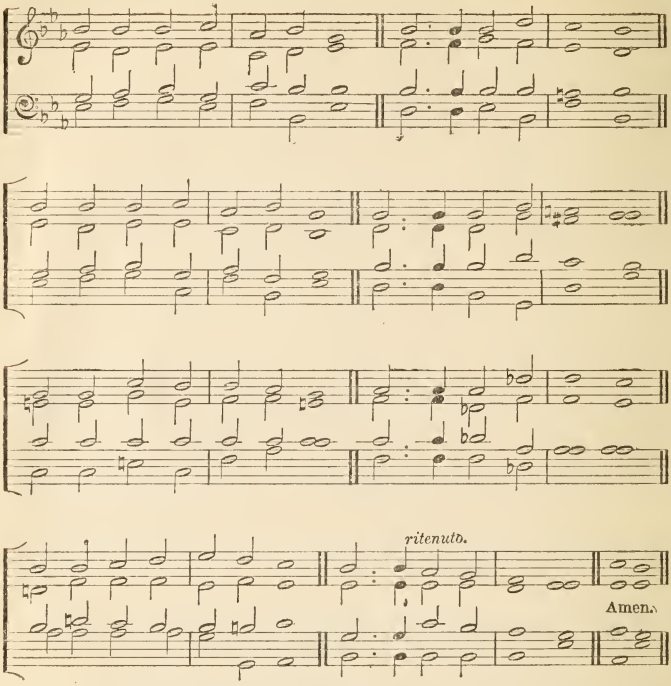
Patriarchs and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus;
Tried they were and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour, and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blesséd Trinity. Amen.

Hymn 364. *St. Joseph of the Studium.*



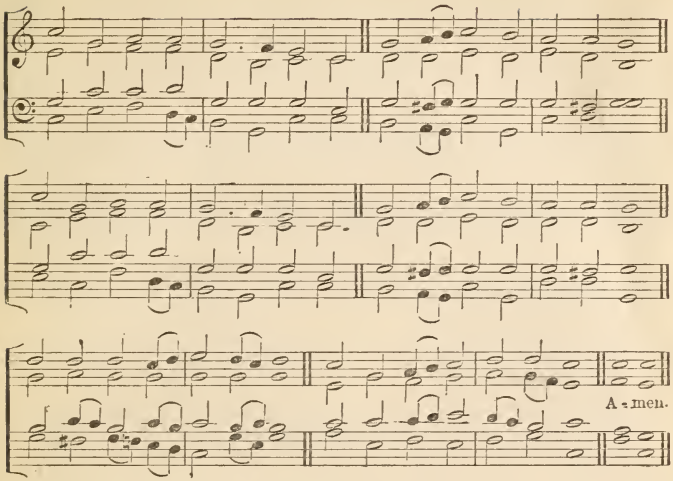
"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

LET our Choir new anthems raise,
Wake the song of gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness;
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on th' immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors, up and win it! Amen.

Hymn 365. J. *All Saints.*



"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

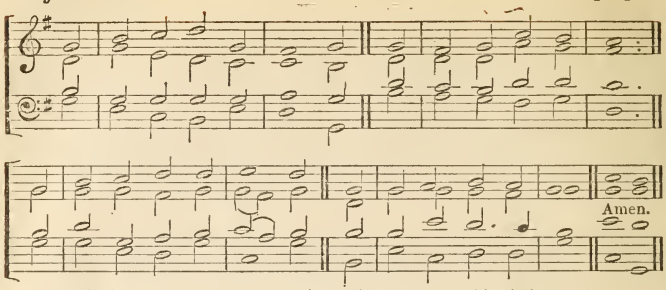
Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.
Amen.

Hymn 366. *St. Alphege.*



"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blesséd are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

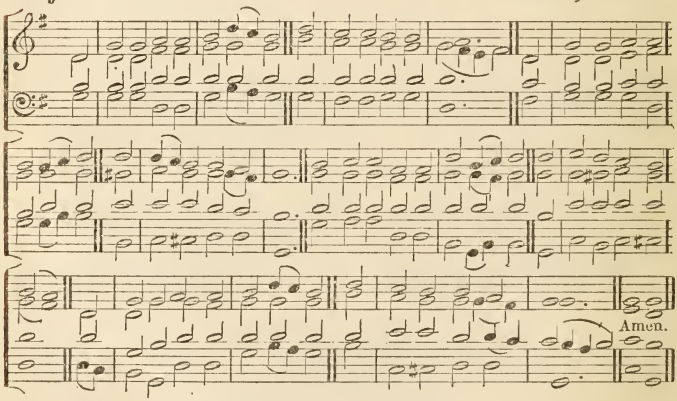
Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb the Light that shineth
And never goeth down.

Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end. Amen.

Hymn 367. D. C. M. *Heavenly Home.*



"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

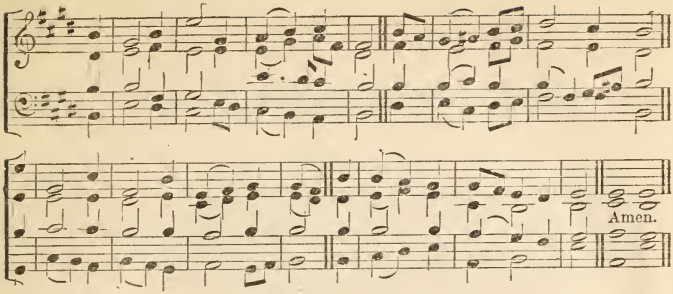
HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
Lo, these are they, from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light:
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day,

The Lamb, Who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

Hymn 368. C. M. *Horsley.*



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress:

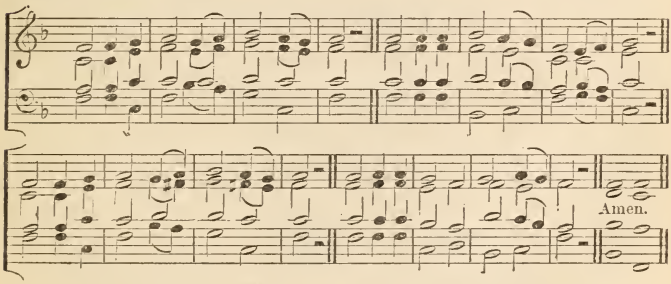
Jesus, Who gave Himself for you,
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His sacred Heart:
Oh! to that Heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly He invites;
Ye hear His words so blest;
"All ye that labour, come to me,
And I will give you rest."

O Jesus! joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here;
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

Hymn 369. L. M. *Hamburgh.*



"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

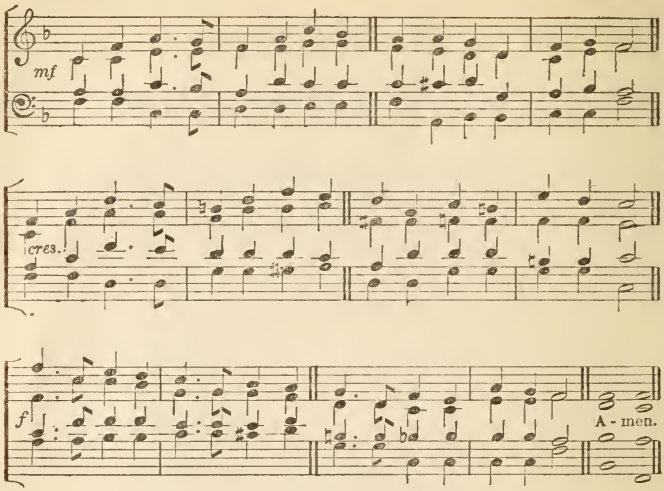
Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave:
'T will guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he, who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown. Amen.

Hymn 370. K. *Tilleard.*



"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
And His heart with love runs o'er;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

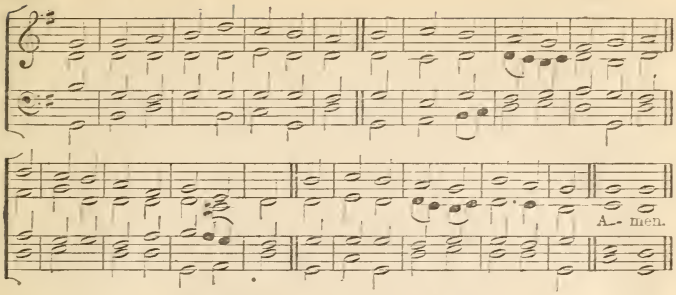
Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the Fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.
It is finish'd!
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merits of His Blood;
Venture on Him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Amen.

Hymn 371. L. M. *Playford.*



"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

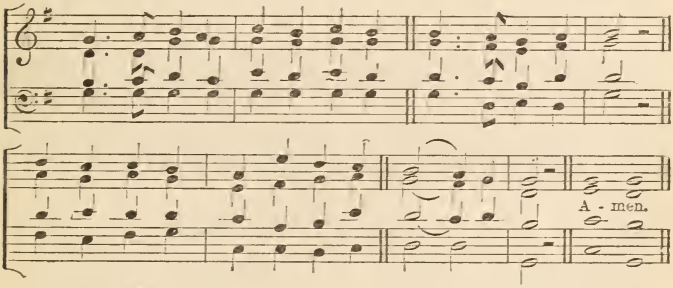
BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

O lovely Visitor! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness, for He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

But will He prove my friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the Heavenly Stranger in. Amen.

Hymn 372. *Invitation.*



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me" saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Hath He Diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

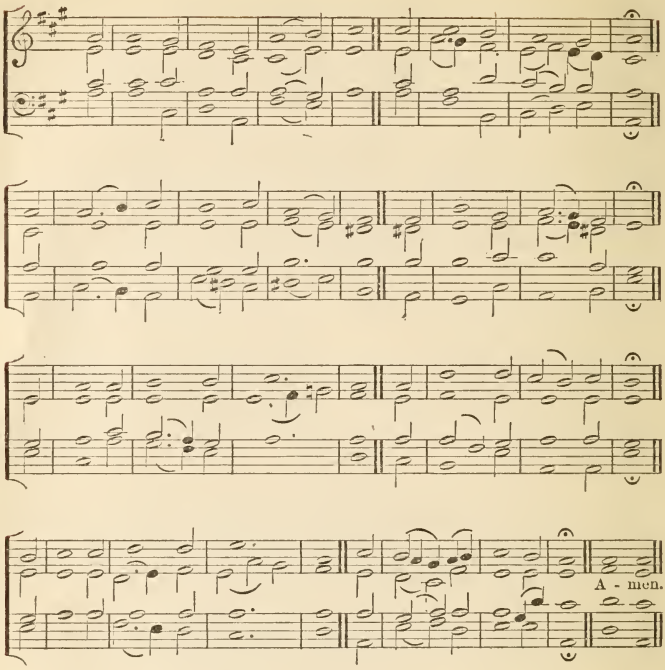
If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!" Amen.

Hymn 373. F. *Cluny.*



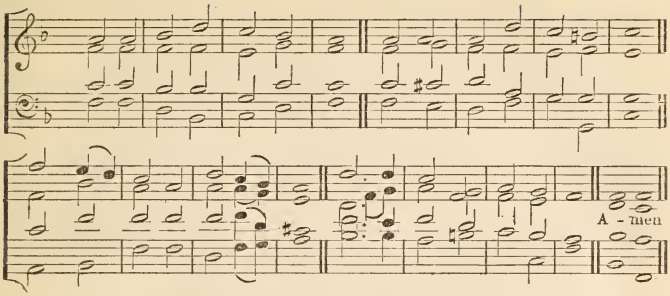
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there.

O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait;
Oh sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And still ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

Hymn 374. G. *Chalmondeley.*



"God be merciful to me, a sinner."

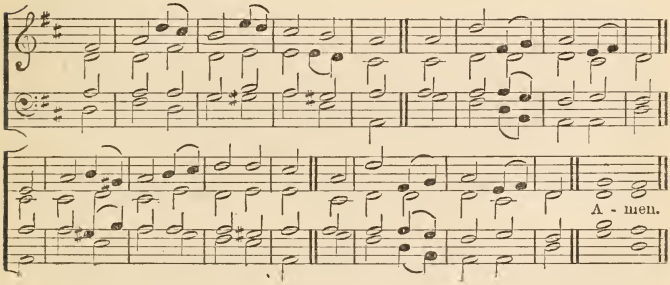
DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.

Lo! for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is Love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still. Amen.

Hymn 375. C. M. *Jackson.*



"Lord, help me."

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of Thy grace,
Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

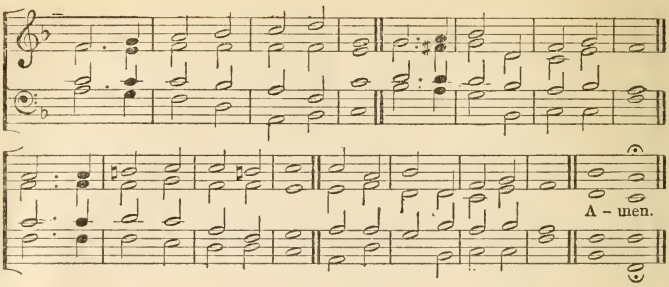
Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betray'd,
From Jesus to depart.

But He for His own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
The deep, repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in Thine eye.

Then shall the mourner at Thy feet
Rejoice to see Thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace. Amen.

Hymn 376. G. *Devon.*



"Pray without ceasing."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

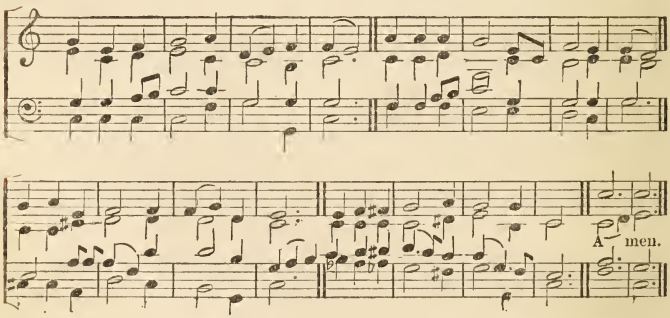
With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.

Hymn 377. L. M. *De Veaux.*



"God is our hope and strength,"

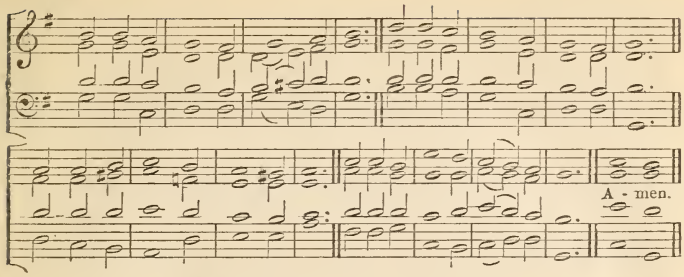
FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

Hymn 378. L. M. *St. Polycarp.*



"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

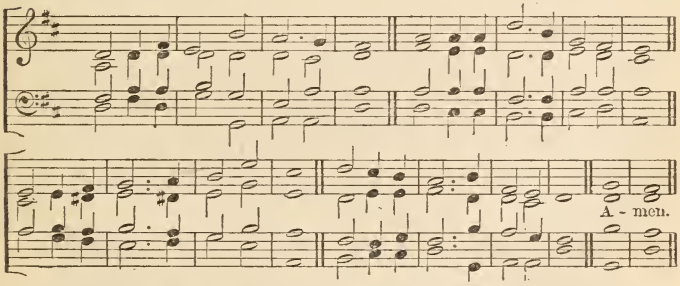
Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words? Ah! think again
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me." Amen.

Hymn 379. L. M. *Newmarket.*



"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous."

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

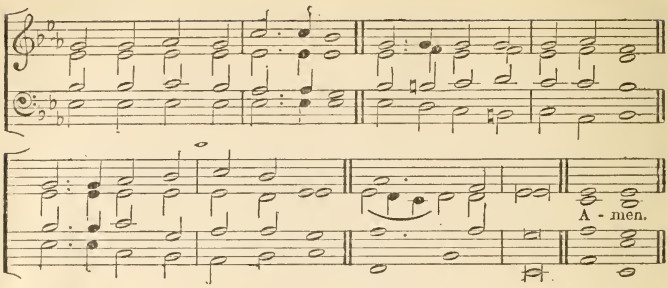
O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the Blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that Blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand:
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me. Amen.

Hymn 380. *Vigilate.*



"Watch and pray."

"CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
"Watch and pray."

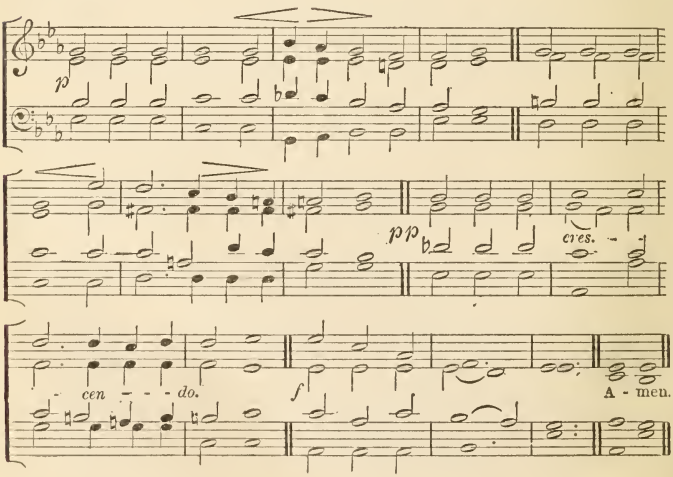
Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word.
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray." Amen.

Hymn 381. *Cloisters.*



Hymn 381. *Cloisters.*

"Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy Name."

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty

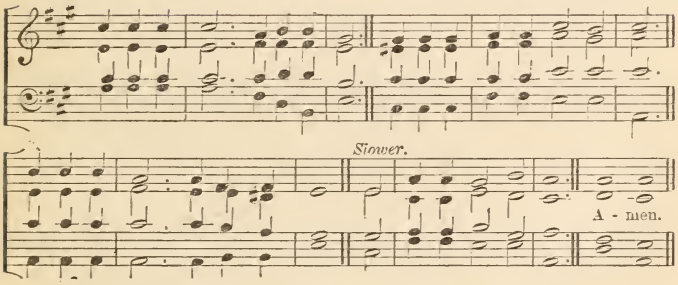
See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth.
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth.
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven. Amen.

FAITH.

Hymn 382. *Emmaus.*



"To whom shall we go but unto Thee?

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come.

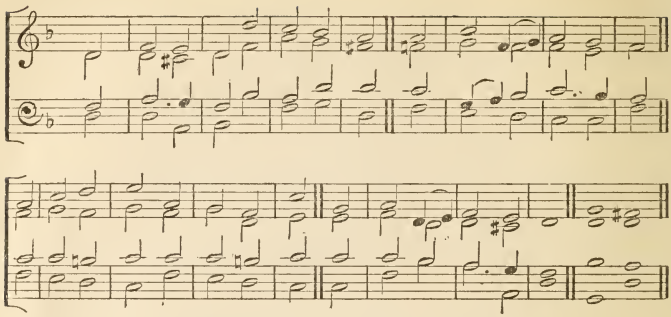
Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

Hymn 383. C. M. *St. Mary.*



"The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

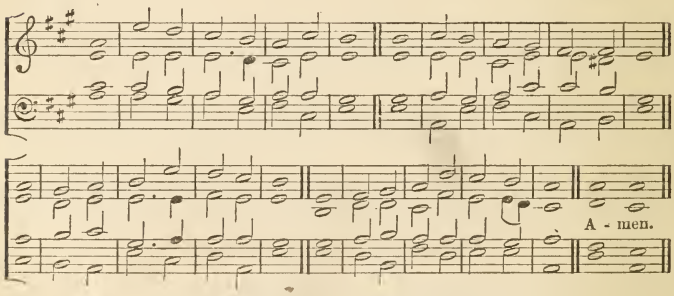
FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of Thy Blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love. Amen.

Hymn 384. L. M. *Scripture.*



"Unto you which believe He is precious."

JESUS! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet:
But oh! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His presence are.

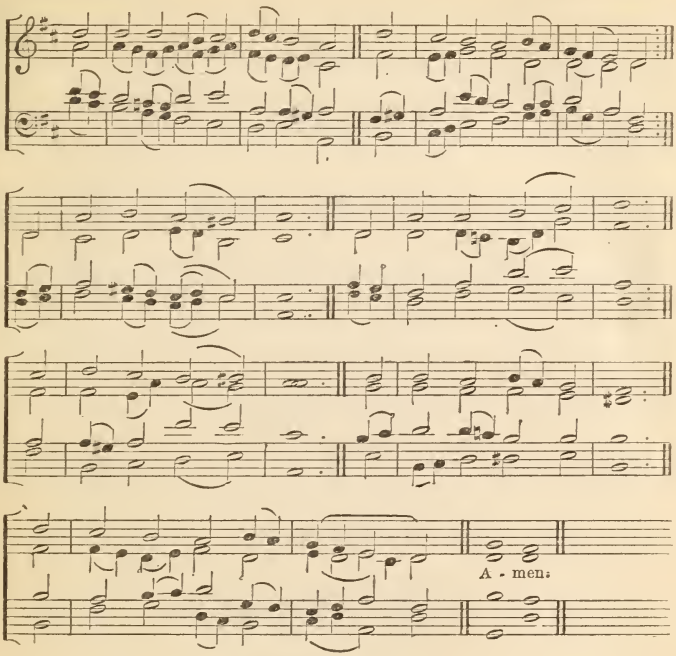
No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most High.

Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

O Jesus, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfil us with Thy grace we pray;
And with Thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls from sin and darkness freed. Amen.

Hymn 385. *Ein' feste Burg.*



"The Lord is our defence."

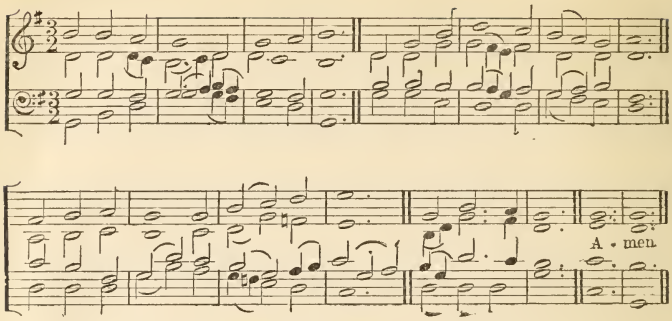
A MOUNTAIN fastness is our God,
On which our souls are planted;
And though the fierce foe rage abroad,
Our hearts are nothing daunted.
What though he beset,
With weapon and net,
Array'd in death-strife?
In God are help and life:
He is our sword and armour.

By our own might we nought can do;
To trust it were sure losing;
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask for His Name?
Christ Jesus we claim;
The Lord God of hosts;
The only God:—vain boasts
Of others fall before Him.

What though the troops of Satan fill'd
The world with hostile forces?
E'en then our fears should all be still'd;
In God are our resources.
The world and its king
No terrors can bring;
Their threats are no worth;
Their doom is now gone forth:
A single word can quell them.

God's Word through all shall have free sway,
And ask no man's permission:
The Spirit and His gifts convey
Strength to defy perdition.
The body to kill,
Wife, children, at will,
The wicked have power:
Yet lasts it but an hour!
The kingdom 's ours for ever! Amen.

Hymn 386. *Jesus, my All.*



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me!
For I am weary and opprest:
I come to cast myself on Thee;
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid Omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.

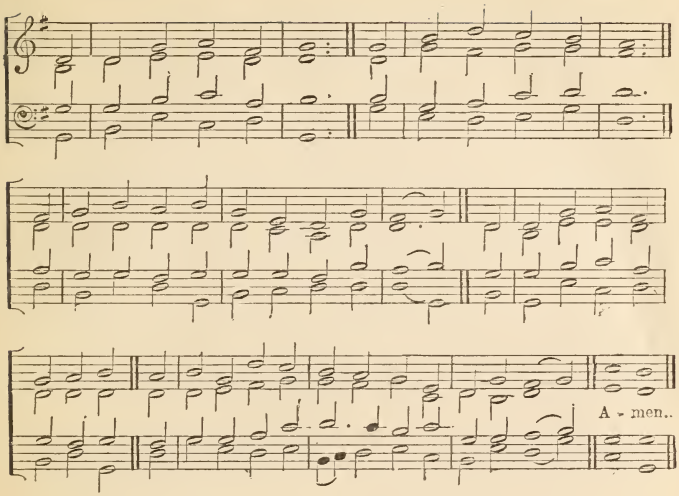
I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh! shed Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light.

I hear the storms around me rise,
But, when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies;
Thou art my Rock.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

Hymn 387. *St. John.*



"Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sins of the world."

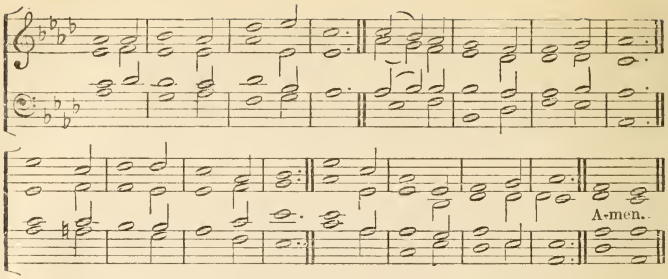
BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy piercéd Side.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious Blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blesséd Saints
Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone.
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love. Amen.

Hymn 388. G. *Winne.*



"Thou art a place to hide me in."

JESUS, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded side.

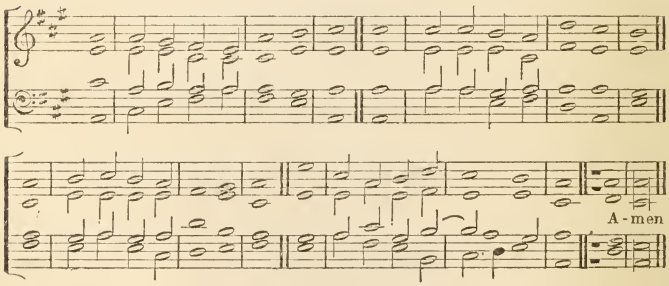
If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear, when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

Death will come one day to me;
Jesus, cast me not from Thee.
Dying, let me still abide
In Thy heart and wounded side. Amen.

HOPE.

Hymn 389. L. M. *Savoy.*



"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

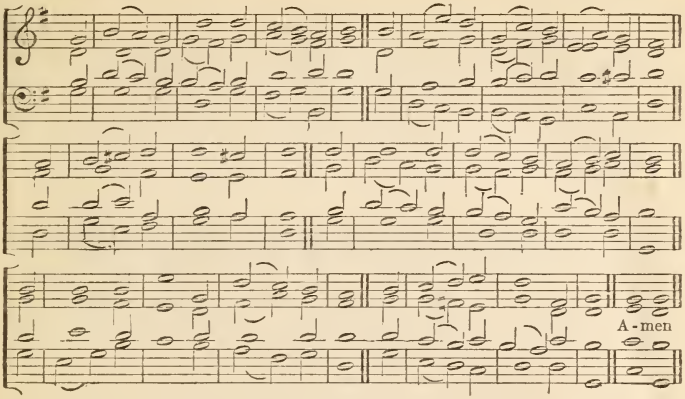
WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. Amen.

Hymn 390. A *Pembroke.*



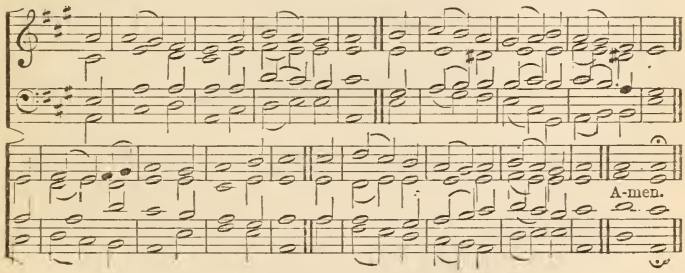
"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."

OH, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for a moment feast
With Christ, His priests, and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow:

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest. Amen.

Hymn 391. L. M. *Wareham.*



"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

LET every heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesus' Name of bliss;
With every pure delight replete
And passing sweet its music is.

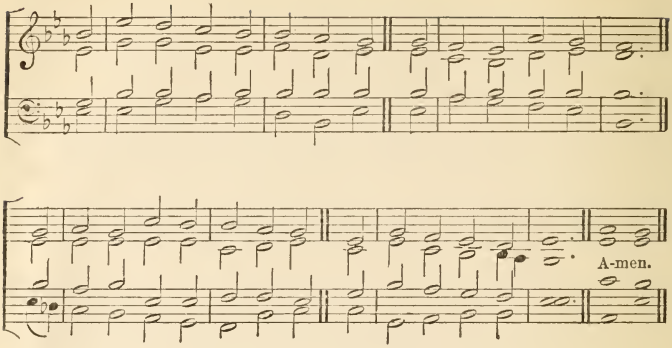
Jesus the comfortless consoles,
Jesus each sinful fever quells,
Jesus the power of hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.

O speak His glorious Name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess,
Let every heart and voice accord
The Healer of our souls to bless.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
In mercy our transgressions spare.

All might, all glory be to Thee,
Refulgent with this Name Divine;
All honour, worship, majesty,
Jesus, for evermore be Thine. Amen.

Hymn 392. C. M. *St. Peter.*



"Unto you which believe, He is precious."

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

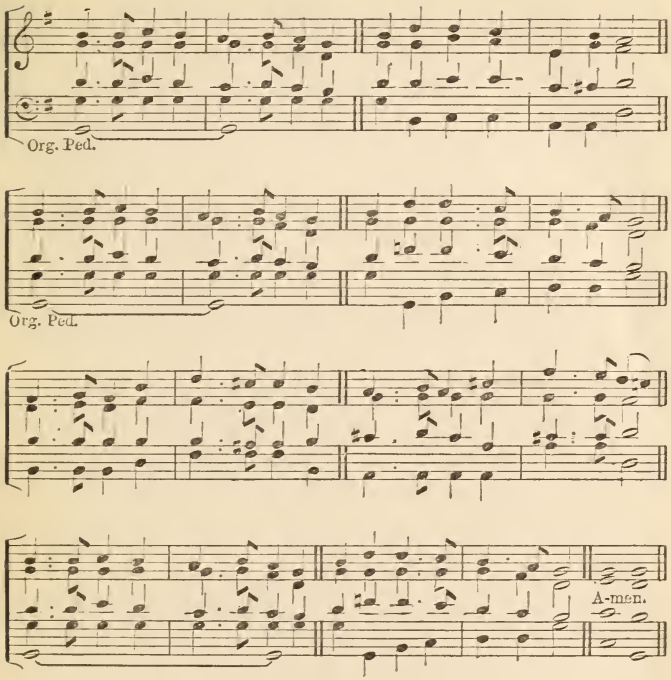
Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

Hymn 393. I. *Weston.*



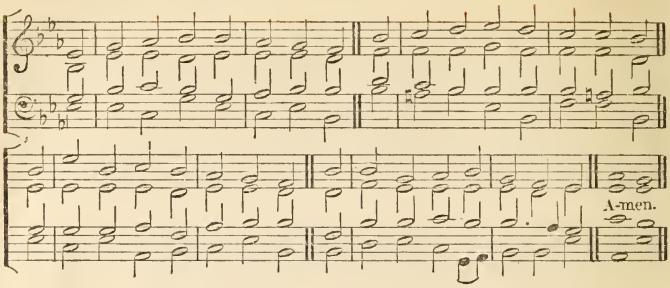
"The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
  Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Live in us Thy humble dwelling,
  All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
  Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
  Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, oh! breathe Thy loving Spirit
  Into every troubled breast!
Let us all Thy peace inherit,
  Let us find Thy promised rest.
Thee we would be always blessing,
  Serve Thee as Thine host above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
  Glory in Thy boundless love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation,
  Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see our whole salvation
  Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory unto glory,
  Till in heaven our songs we raise;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

Hymn 394. L. M. *Leipsic.*



"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

O LOVE, how deep! how broad! how [high
It fills the heart with ecstacy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

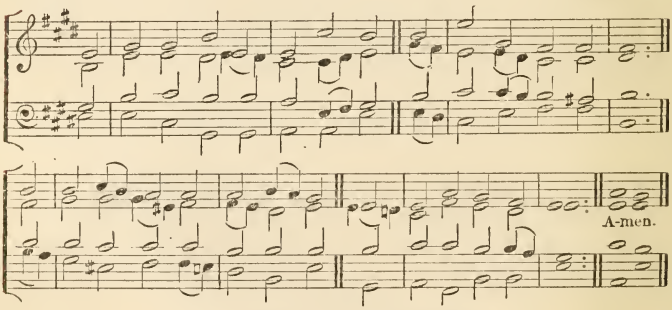
For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful Cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To Him Whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father, glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

Hymn 395. C. M. *Southwell.*



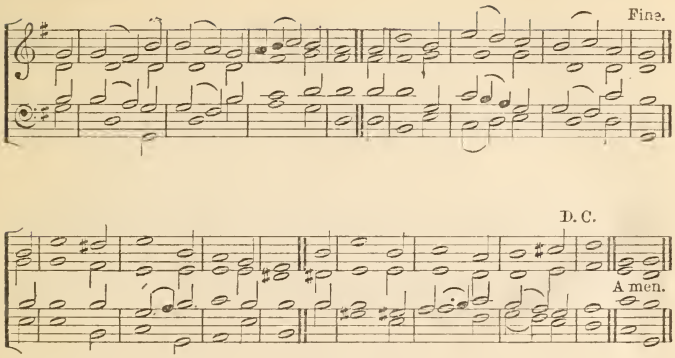
"The communion of the Holy Ghost."

O HOLY Spirit, Lord of grace,
Eternal fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from heaven above.

As Thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love,
And knit our hearts in one.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory to the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Hymn 396. C. *Maccabæus.*



"God is Love."

O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

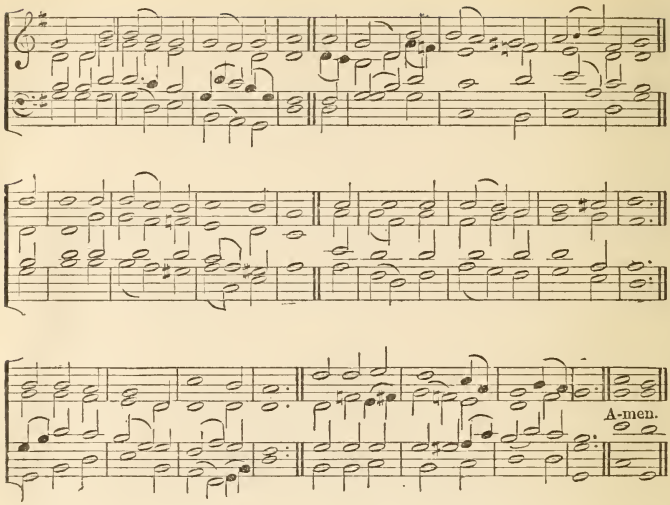
O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as man was born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be. Amen.

Hymn 397. C. *Adoration.*



"Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."

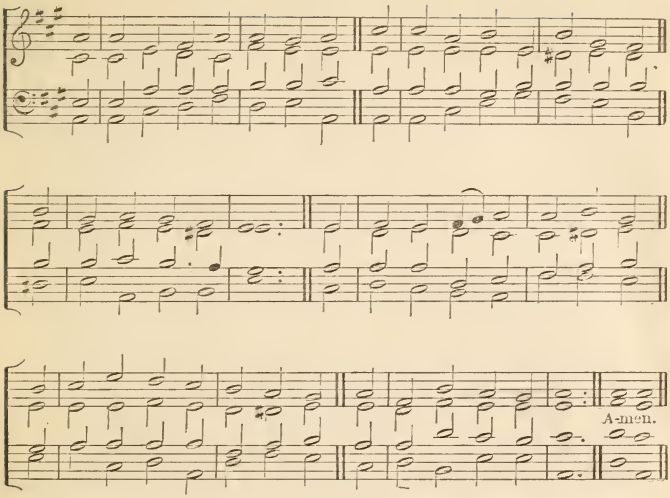
JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.
Amen.

Hymn 398. A. *Purleigh.*



"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

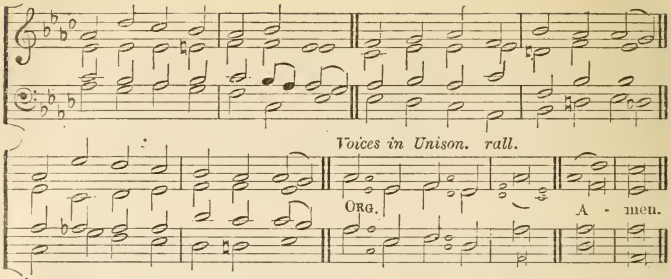
O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice. Amen.

Hymn 399. *Charity.*



"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.

Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

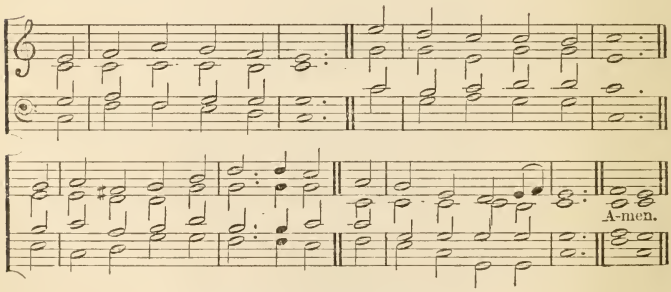
Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing.
Holy, heavenly Love. Amen.

JOY.

Hymn 400. S. M. *Concord.*



"Sing unto the Lord a new song."

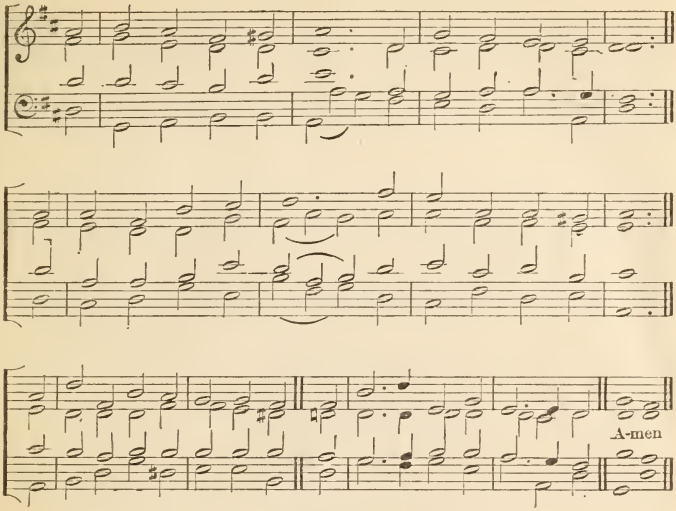
AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of His dying love,
Who liveth evermore;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
Amen

Hymn 401. D. *Gopsal.*



"Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice."

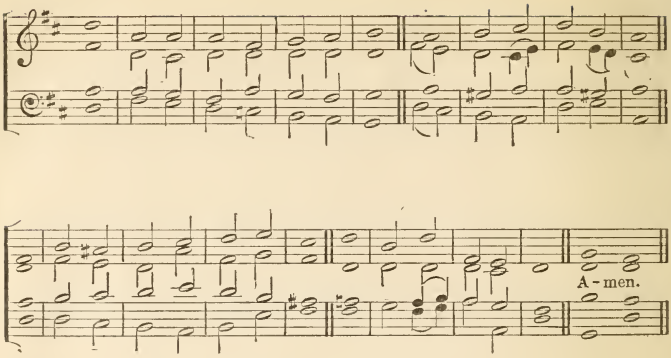
REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fall;
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Amen.

Hymn 402. C. M. *Damer.*



"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the Altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

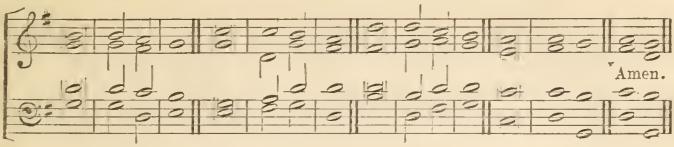
Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him—Lord of all!

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the Fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him—Lord of all. Amen.

Hymn 403. *"The Strain Upraise."*



"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."

THE strain upraise Of joy and praise, Alle- | lu- — | ia. | To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed | people | sing,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

And the choirs that | dwell on | high | Shall re-echo | through the | sky,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

They in the rest of | Paradise who | dwell, || The blesséd ones, with joy the | chorus | swell,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

The planets beaming on their | heavenly | way, || The shining constellations | join, and | say,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on | pinions | light, | Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings | wildly | bright,
In sweet con- | sent u- | nite || Your Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and | winter | snow, || Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar-frost and | summer | glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious | forests | sing, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

First let the birds with painted | plumage | gay, || Exalt their great Creator's | praise, and | say,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Then let the beasts of earth, with | varying | strain, || Join in creation's hymn, and | cry a- | gain,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | no- — | rous || Alle- | lu- — | ia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler | cho- — | rus, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean, | cry || Alle- | lu- — | ia.
Ye tracts of earth and conti- | nents re- | ply, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

To God, Who all cre- | ation | made, || The frequent hymn be | duly | paid:
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

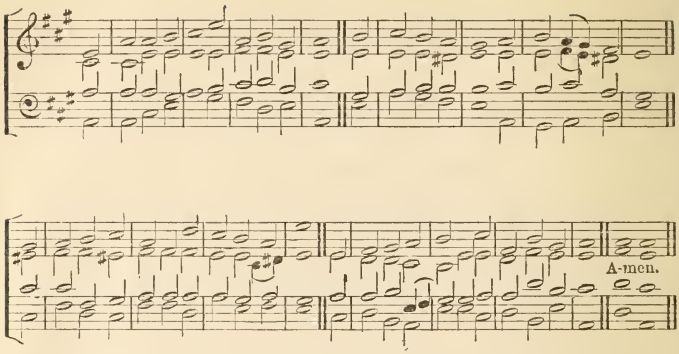
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | mighty | loves: || Alle- | lu- — | ia.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the | King ap- | proves: || Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | wak- — | ing, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.
And children's voices echo, answer | mak- — | ing, || Alle- | lu — | ia.

Now from all men | be out- | poured || Alleluia | to the | Lord:
With Alleluia | ever | more, || The Son and Spirit | we a- | dore.

Praise be done To the | Three in | One, || Alle- | lu- — | ia.
Alle- | lu- — | ia, || Alle- | lu- — | ia. || A- | men.

Hymn 404. L. *Hanover.*



"Praise the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour."

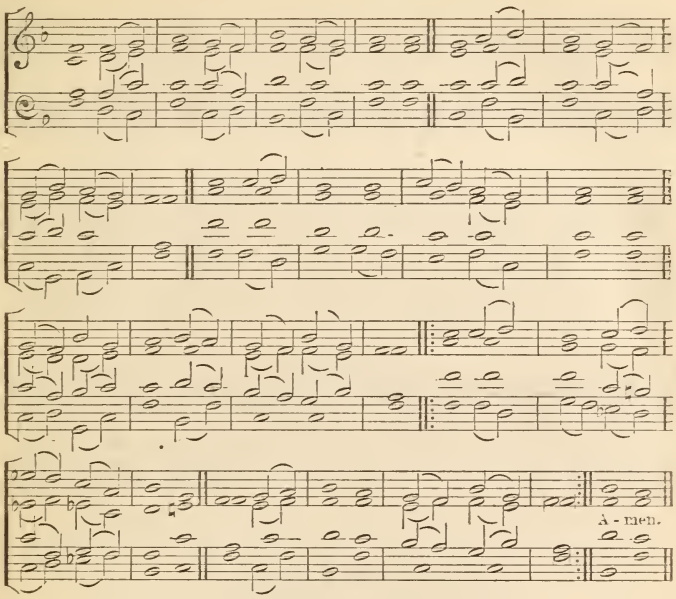
O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love:
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.
Amen.

Hymn 405. I. *Alla Trinita beata.*

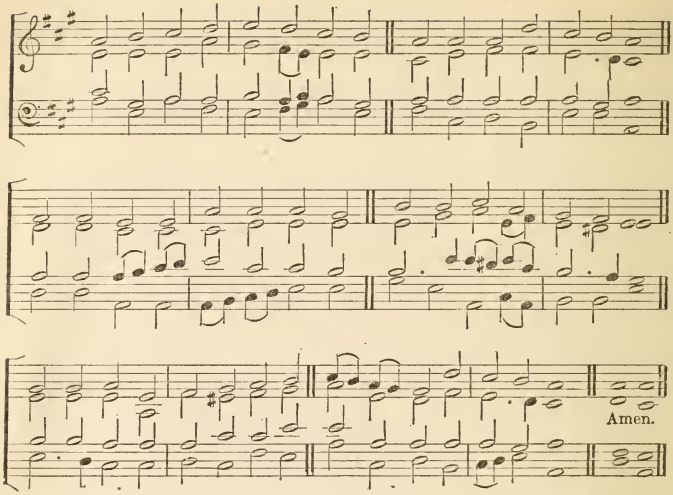


"O praise the Lord of heaven; praise Him in the height."

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name! Amen.

Hymn 406. K. *Benediction.*



"Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name."

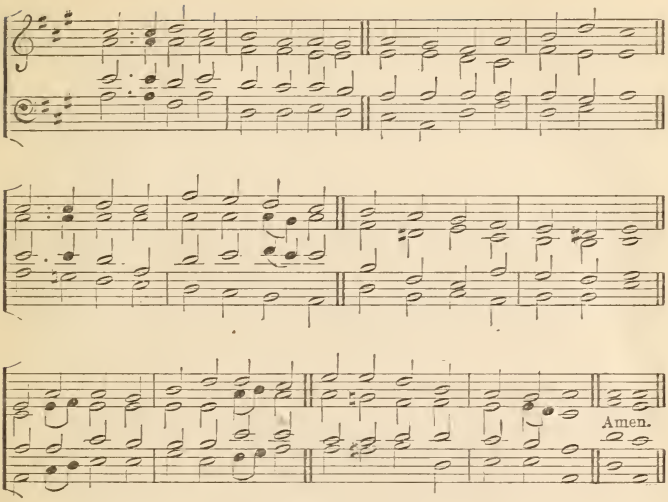
PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring,
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in their height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. **Amen.**

Hymn 407. *Song of Sweetness.*



"And again they said, Alleluia."

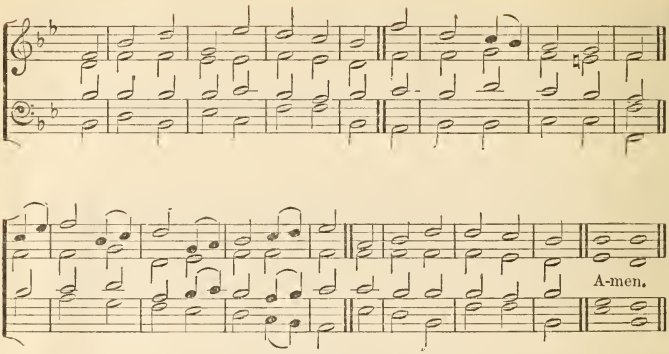
ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die:
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee:
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, Blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky:
There to Thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

Hymn 408. C. M. *Bristol.*



"To Him be glory and dominion."

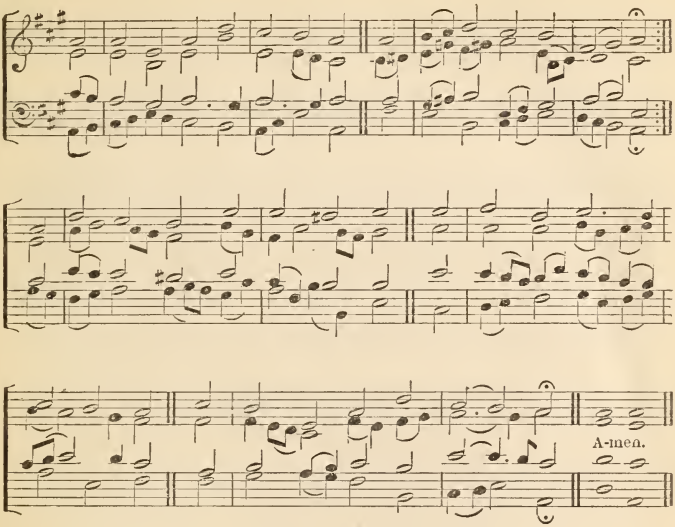
COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one,
To bless the glorious Name
Of Him That sitteth on the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

Hymn 409. *Erk.*



"O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness."

SING praise to God Who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills
To God all praise and glory.

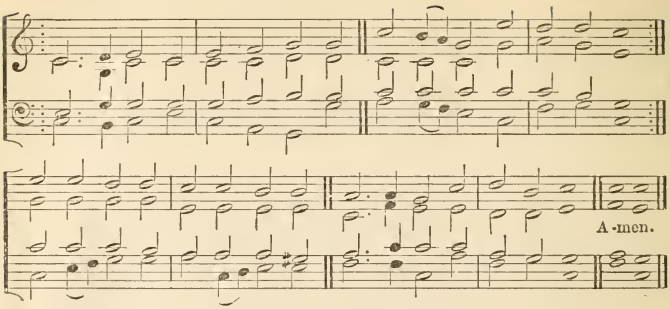
The angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things,
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore Thy wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan;
To God all praise and glory.

What God's Almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth:
Within the kingdom of His might
Lo! all is just and all is right;
To God all praise and glory.

The Lord is never far away;
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing:
As with a mother's tender hand
He leads His own, His chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.

Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory. Amen.

Hymn 410. K. *Neander.*



"The four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of Saints."

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
God of God, the Word Incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

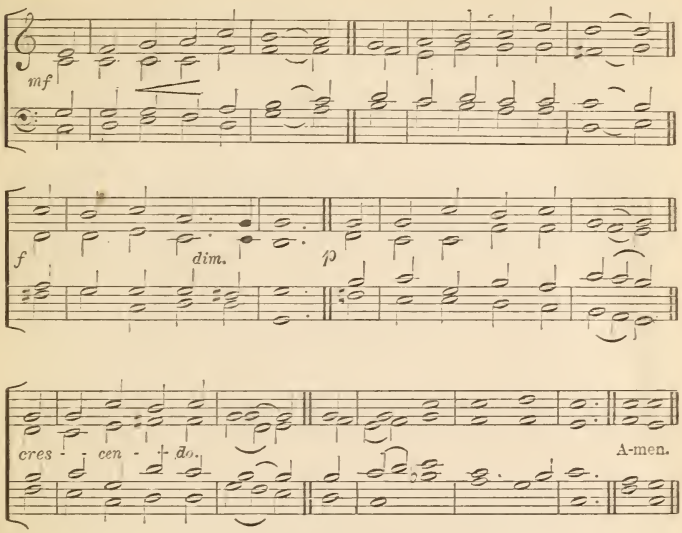
Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the Lord of Life to die,
Fore-ordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

There for us and our redemption,
See Him all His life-blood pour!
There He wins our full salvation,
Dies that we may die no more:
Then, arising, lives for ever,
Reigning where He was before.

High on yon celestial mountains
Stands His gem-built throne, all bright,
Midst unending Alleluias
Bursting from the sons of light;
Sion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

Bring your harps and bring your odours,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day;
He the Lamb once slain is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye. Amen.

Hymn 411. *Laudes Domini.*



"In everything give thanks."

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised,
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

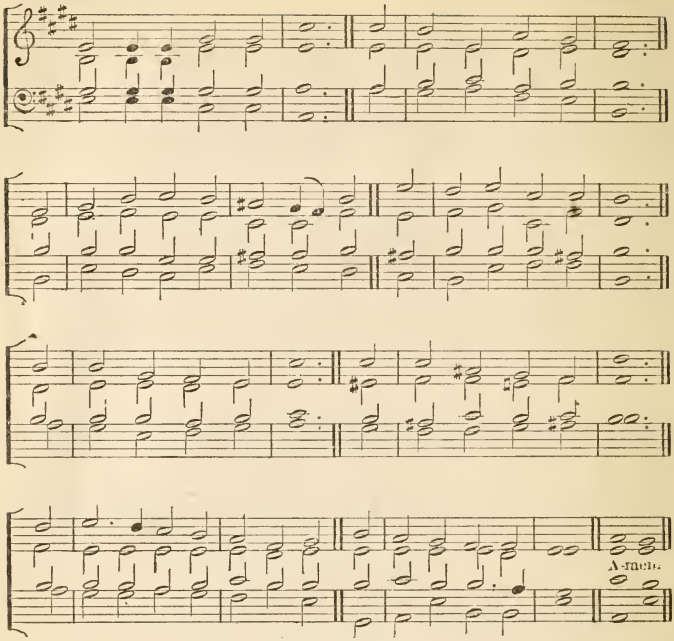
When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs
May Jesus Christ be praised:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised. Amen.

Hymn 412. D. S. M. *Diademata.*



"And on His Head were many crowns."

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

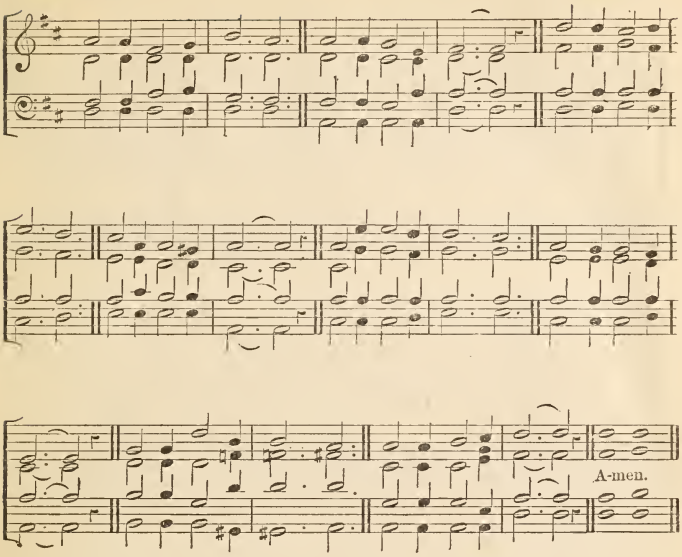
Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the Lord of Love:
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

Hymn 413. *"Saviour, Blesséd Saviour."*



"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever."

SAVIOUR, Blesséd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blesséd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul
Earthly toils forgetting
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

Hymn 414. *The Endless Alleluia.*

"And all her streets shall say 'Alleluia.'"

f *cres.*

FULL. 1. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise, O citizens of heaven; and
2. Ye next, who stand before th' E-ter-nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo
DEC. 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding
CAN. 4. In blissful antiphons ye thus re-joice To render to the Lord with

f *cres.*

mf *cres.*

DEC. 5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall
CAN. 6. There, in one grand acclaim, for e - ver ring The strains which tell the honour

mf *cres.*

p *cres.*

DEC. 7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back; This is the food and drink which

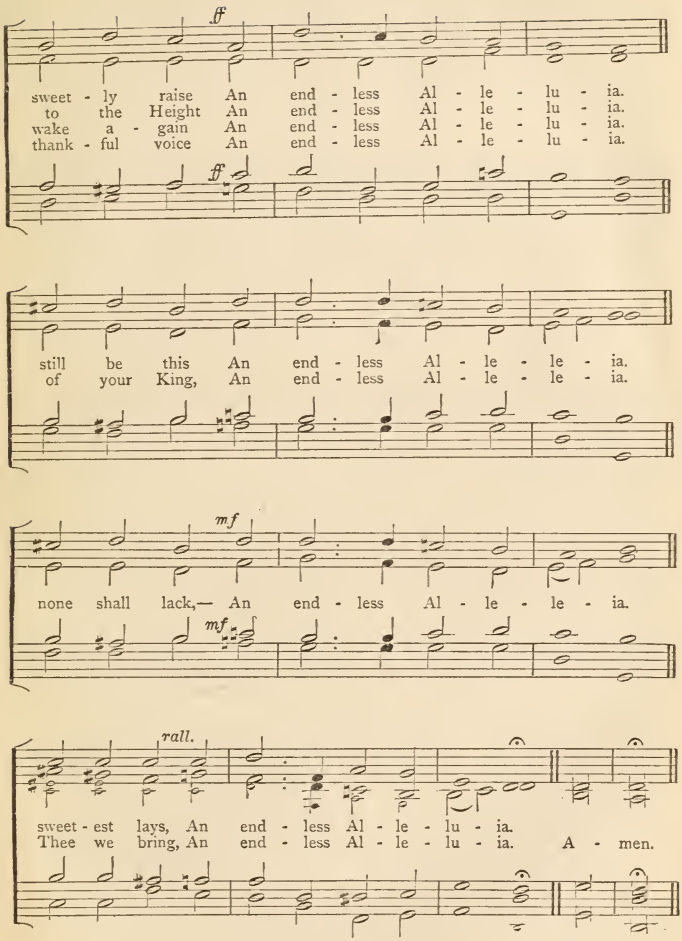
p *cres.*

ff

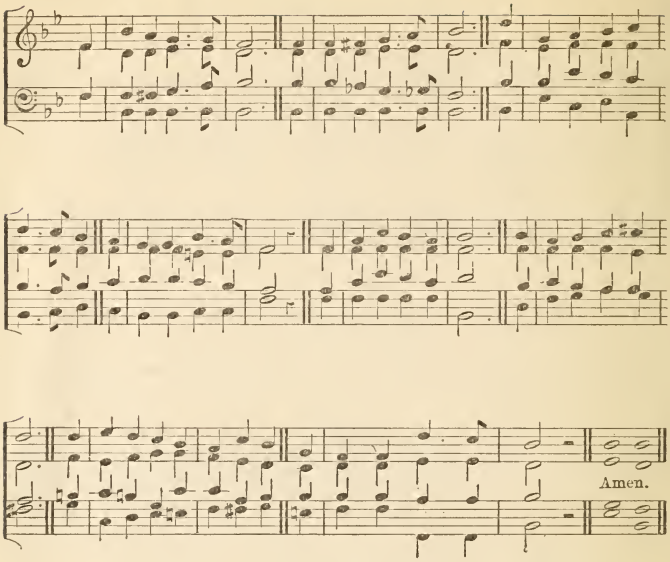
Org.

FULL. 8. While Thee, by Whom were } made, we praise For ever, and tell out in
all things }
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore: to

ff


ff
sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
to the Height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
ff
still be this An end - less Al - le - le - ia.
of your King, An end - less Al - le - le - ia.
mf
none shall lack,— An end - less Al - le - le - ia.
mf
rall.
sweet - est lays, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
Thee we bring, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

Hymn 415. D. S. M. *Benedict.*



"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord."

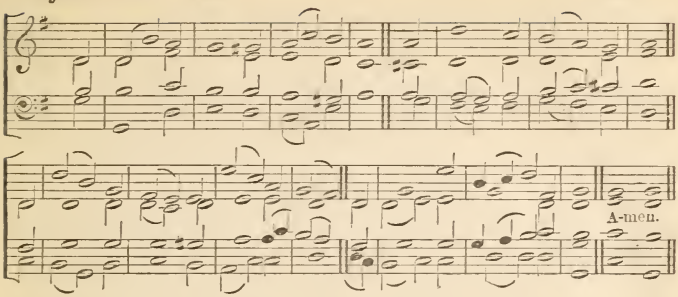
REJOICE ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.
Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Thro' gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.
With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's House,
Jerusalem the blest.
Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King. Amen.

Hymn 416. C. M. *Attwood.*



"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy Blood,
So freely spilt for me;

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

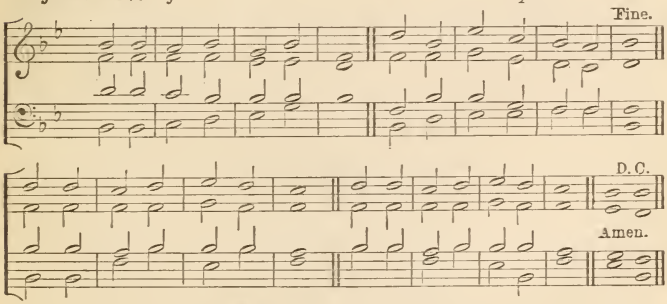
An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him That dwells within;

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Amen.

Hymn 417. J. *Spanish Chant.*



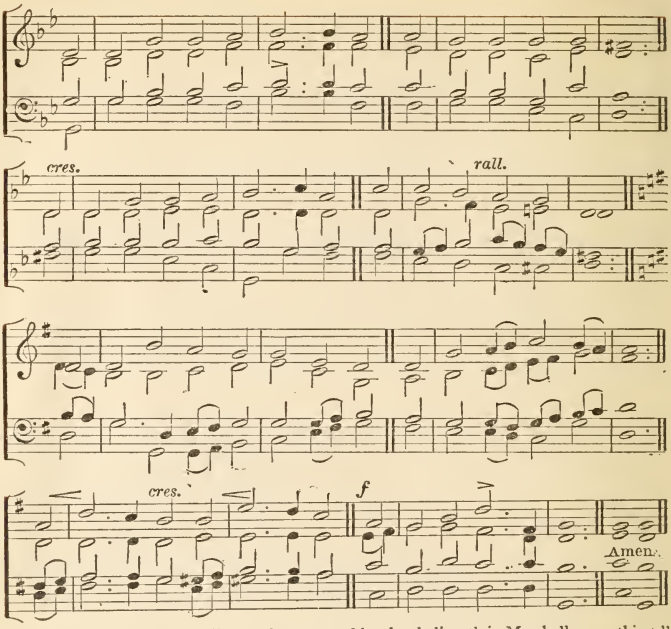
"My peace I give unto you."

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide. Amen.

Hymn 418. D. C. M. *Vox Dilecti.*



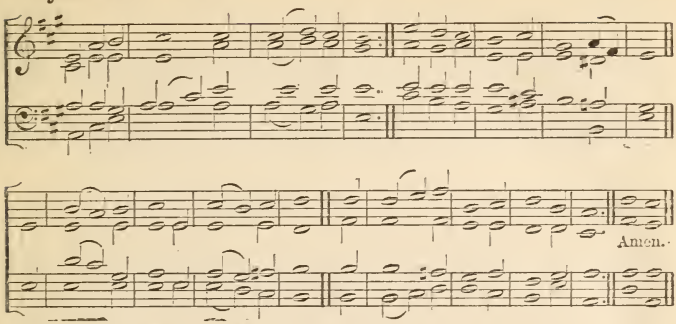
"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright:"
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

Hymn 419. L. M. *Bonn.*



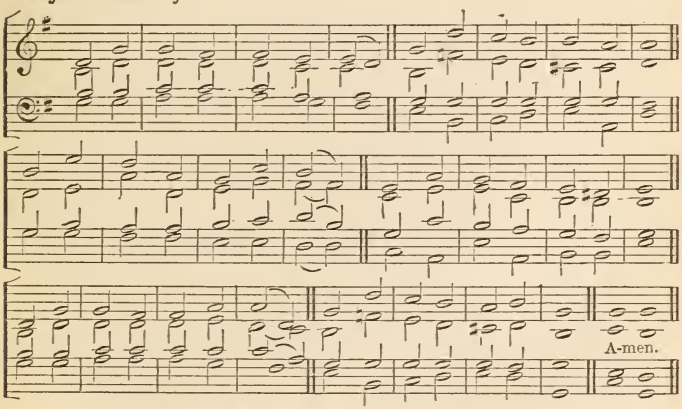
"I have set God always before me; for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall."

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to that glorious day.

Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven. Amen.

Hymn 420. J. *Verona.*



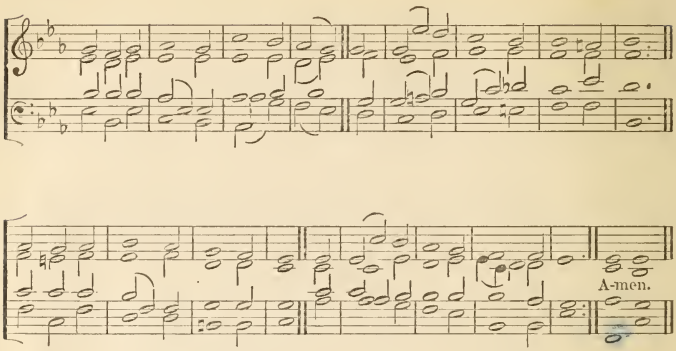
"Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

Hymn 421. L. M. *Thurston.*



"His compassions fail not; they are new every morning."

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

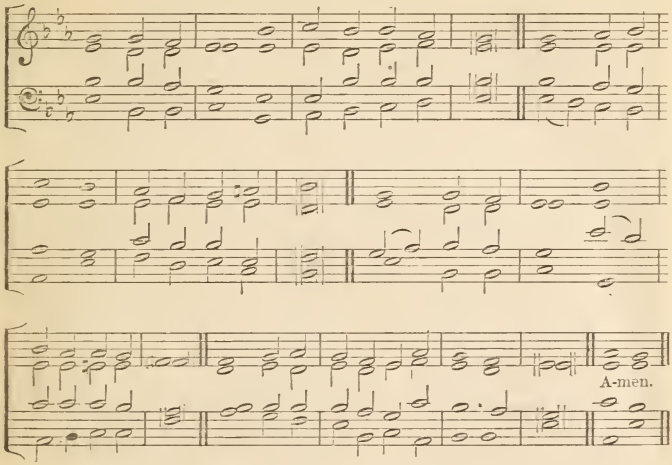
New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above:
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

Hymn 422. E. *Eventide.*



"Abide with us; for it is toward evening and the day is far spent."

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

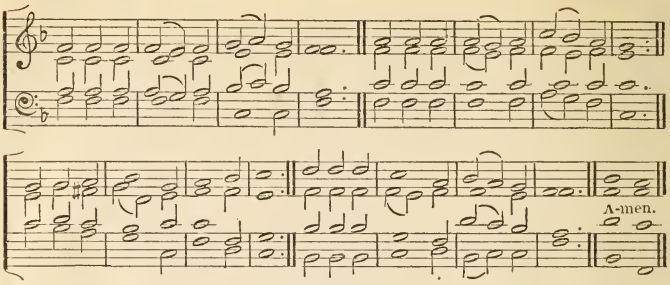
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

Hymn 423. L. M. *Hursley.*



"Abide with us."

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

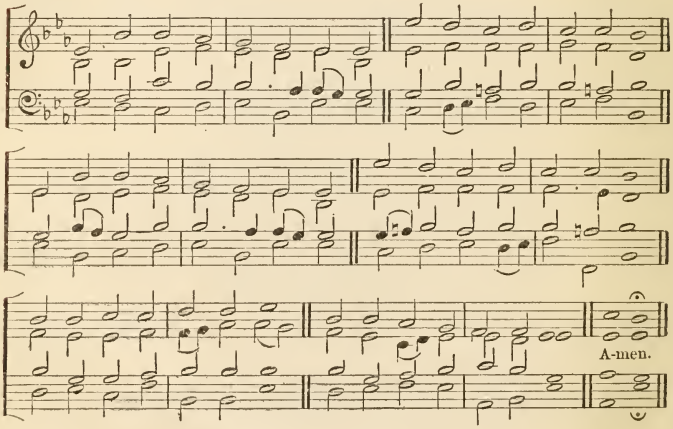
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

Hymn 424. *Dretzel.*

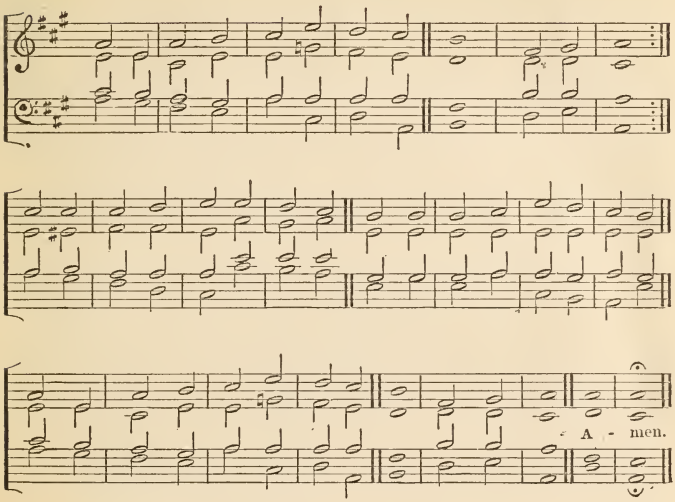


"I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest."

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

Hymn 425. *Southgate's.*

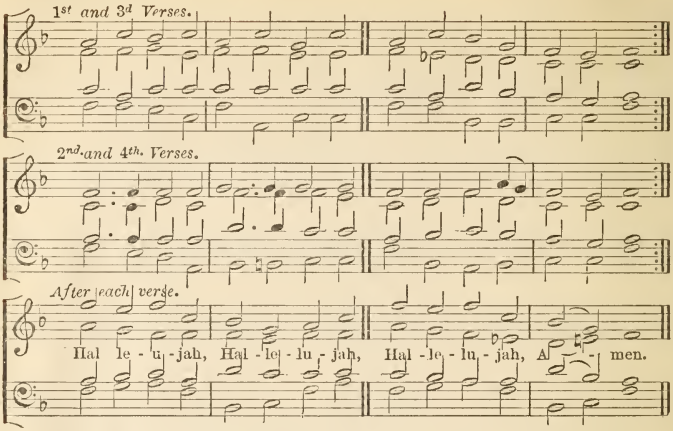


"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

GOD, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

Hymn 426. I. *Russian Hymn.*



"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

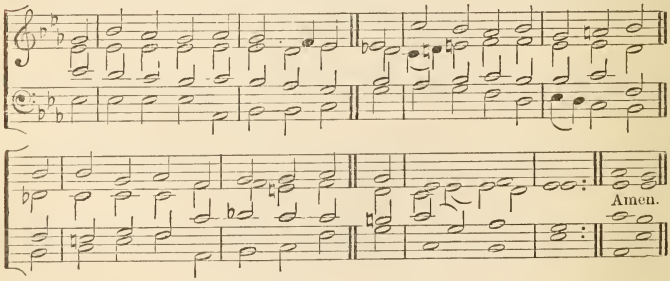
SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom. Amen.

Hymn 427. *St. Gabriel.*



"The Lord shall be thine everlasting Light."

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store:
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

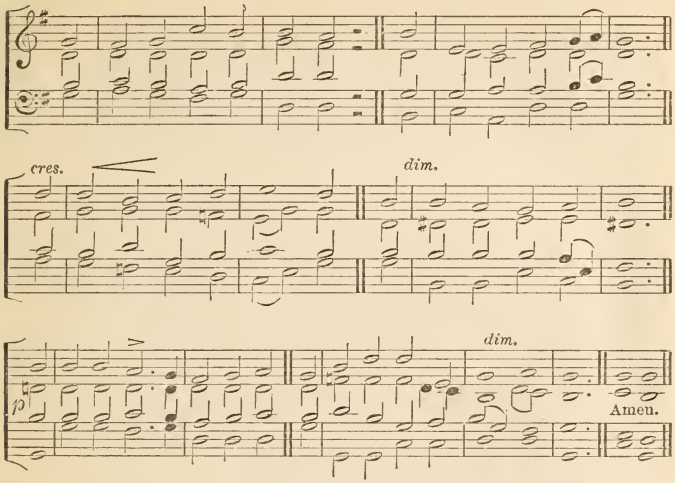
Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

Where light, and love, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

Hymn 428. *St. Anatolius.*



"It is Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety."

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

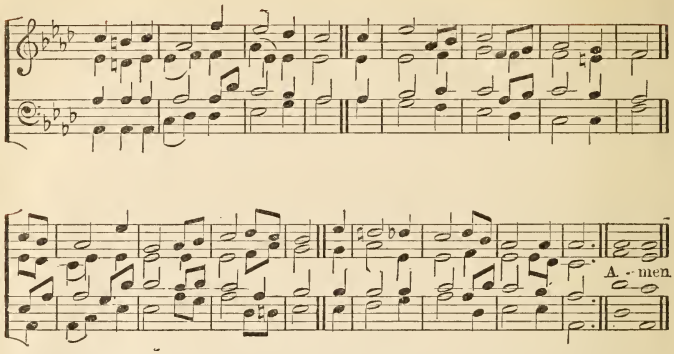
The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"Against him I have now prevailed:
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesu, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

Hymn 429. L. M. *Hoyt.*



"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and all that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door."

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

Hymn 430. *Hail, Gladdening Light.*

Slow, and with spirit.

f Hail! gladd'ning Light, of His pure glory poured, Who is th immortal FA-THER

Heav'nly, Blest, Ho-li-est of Ho-lies, JESU CHRIST, our LORD! Now we are

dim. *pp* *cres.* *f*

come to the sun's hour of rest' The lights of ev'ning round us shine, We hymn the

SON, . . and HO-LY.

ff

FATHER, SON, and Ho - - LY SPIRIT Di-vine. Worthi-est art Thou at

ff

SON. . . and HO-LY.

dim. *cres.*

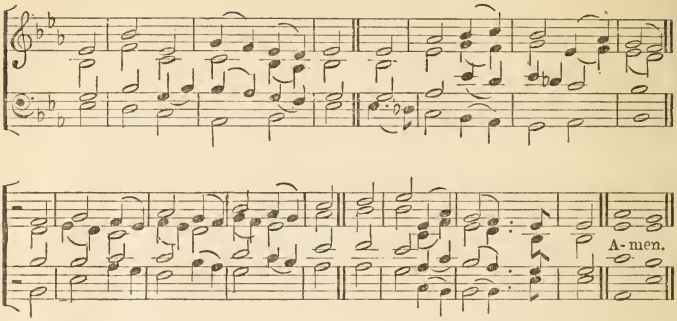
ll times to be sung with un-de - fil - ed tongue. SON of our GOD Giv-er of

ff

life, A-lone; Therefore in all the world Thy glories, LORD, they own. A-men.

LORD, . they own.

Hymn 431. S. M. *Carlisle.*



"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

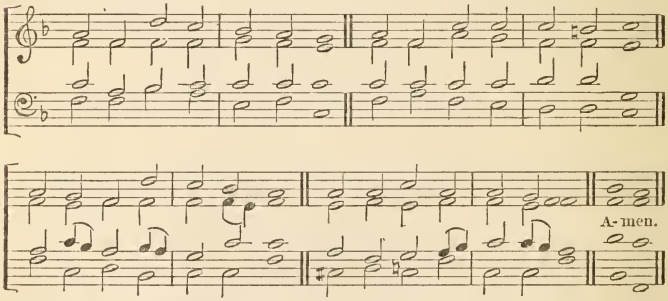
BLEST are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

Hymn 432. G. *University College.*



"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

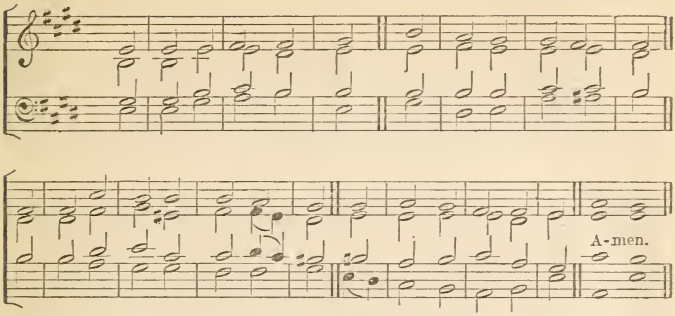
OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go! Amen.

Hymn 433. S. M. *Thetford.*



"My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee; in a barren and dry land where no water is."

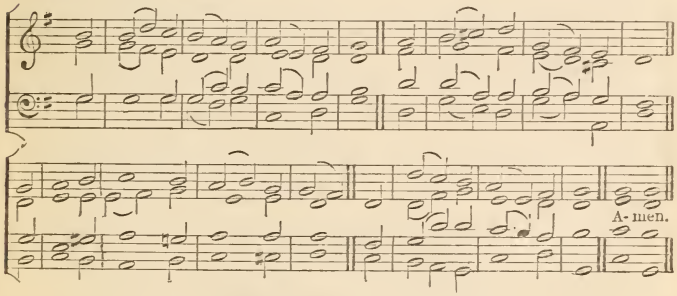
FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near,
On Thee my hopes I cast,
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

Hymn 434. C. M. *Dublin.*



"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

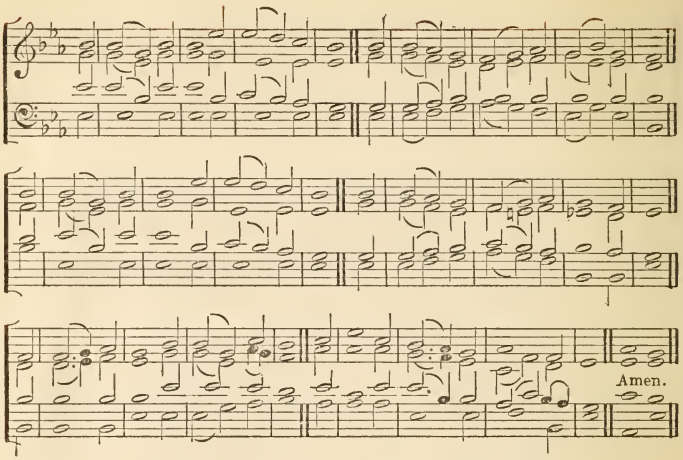
Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

Hymn 435. C. *Stella.*



In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men."

O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.

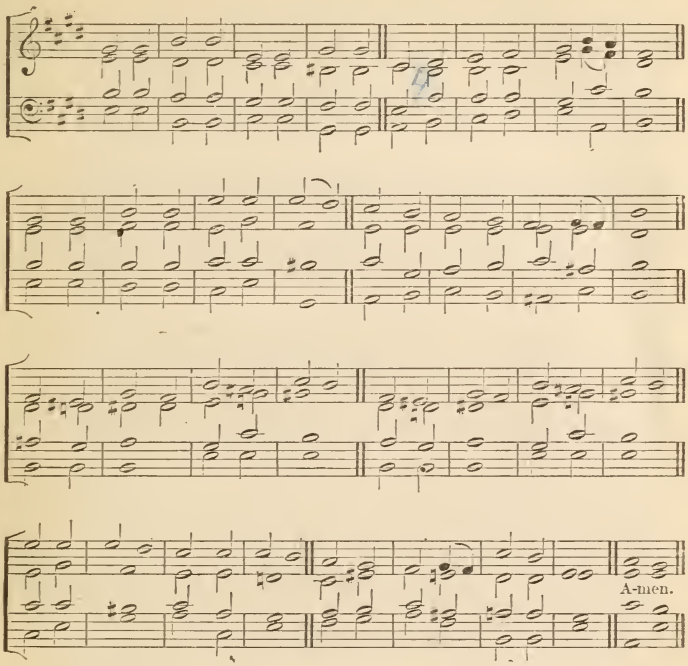
O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal Home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the Well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

Hymn 436. I. *Sorrento.*



"He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."

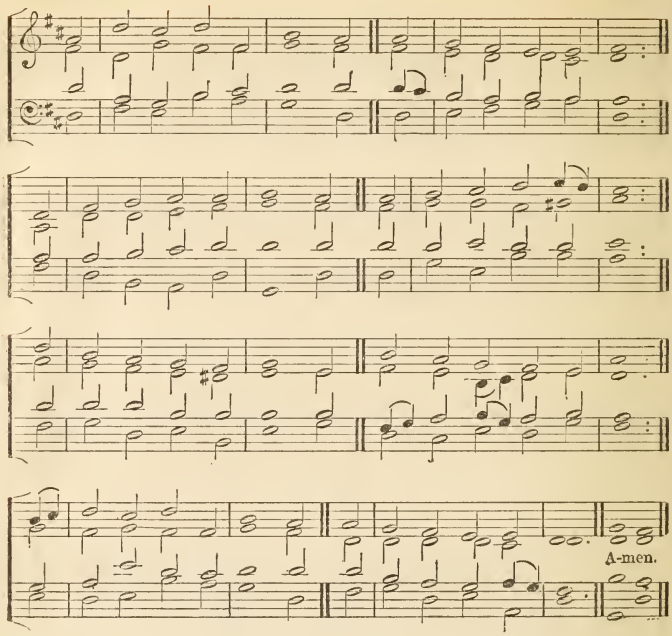
JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Men may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Amen.

Hymn 437. *Pearsall.*



"Work your work betimes, and in His time He will give you your reward."

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge Who comes in mercy,
The Judge Who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

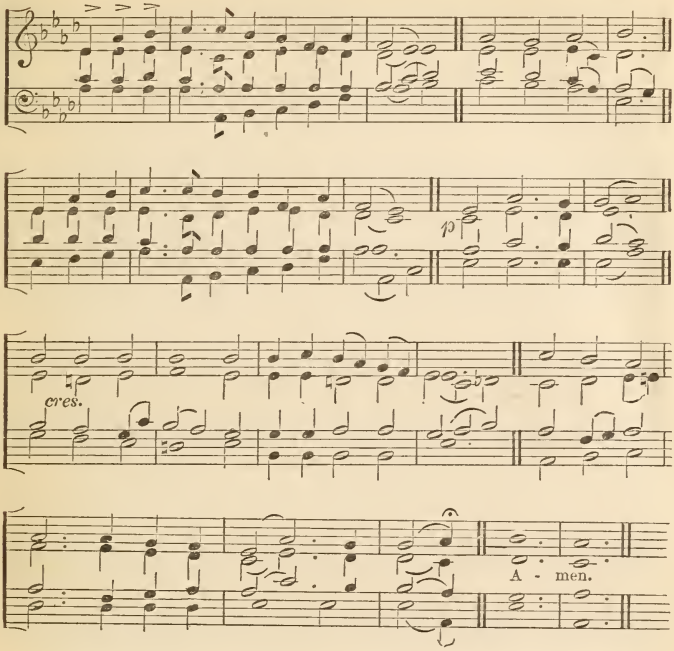
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest:
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blesséd country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blesséd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 438. *Lux Benigna.*



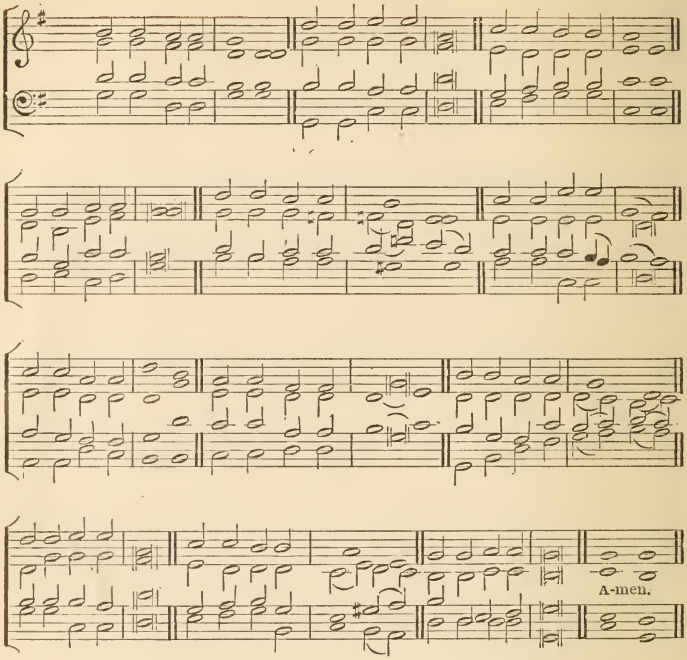
"In the day time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night through with the light of fire."

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

Hymn 439. *St. Alban.*



"Behold, I have given Him * * * for a Leader and Commander for the people."

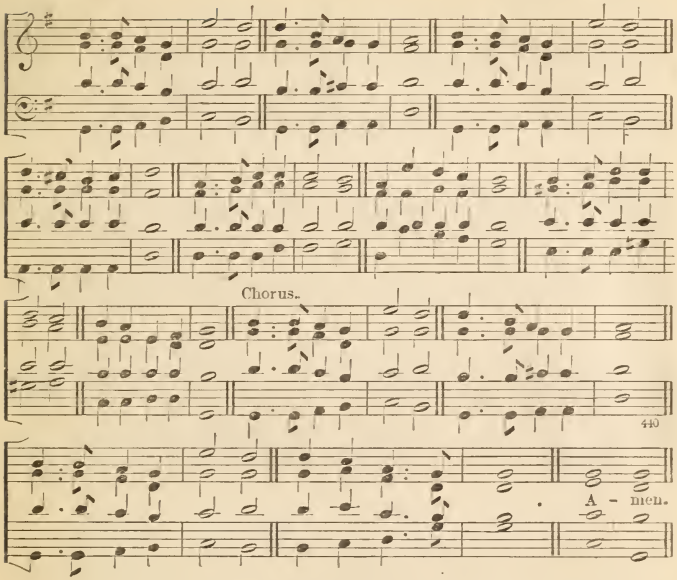
BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus, in His Beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Amen.

Hymn 440. *Christian Soldiers.*



"Be strong and of good courage. * * * And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

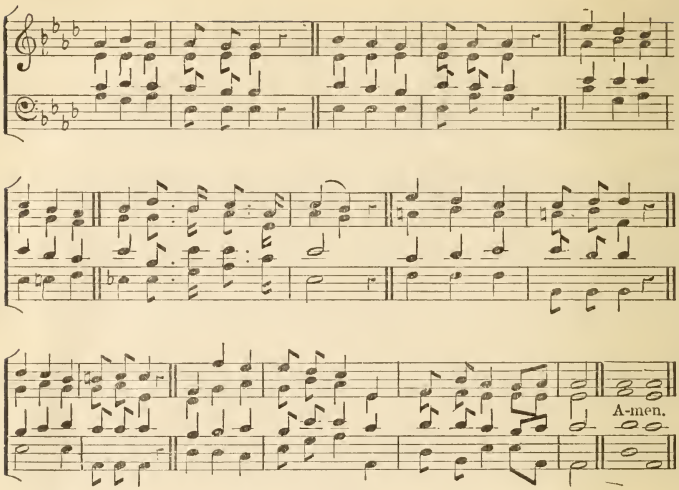
At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song:
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before. Amen.

Hymn 441. F. *Submission.*



"Thy will be done."

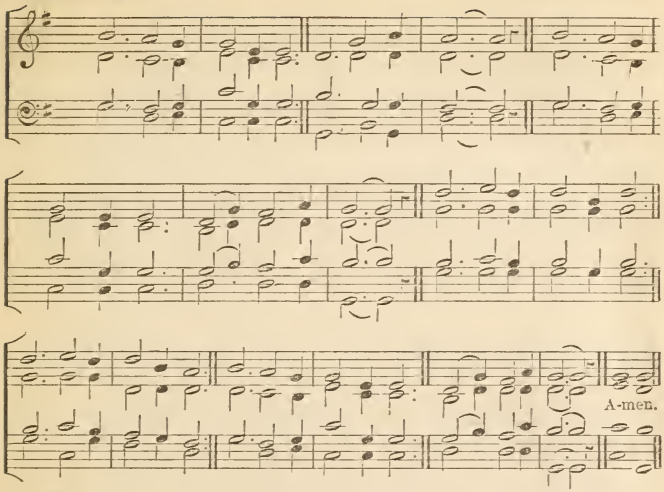
MY Saviour, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy Word
Let my soul feed upon:
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done! Amen.

Hymn 442. *"Nearer to Thee."*



"Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."

NEARER, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

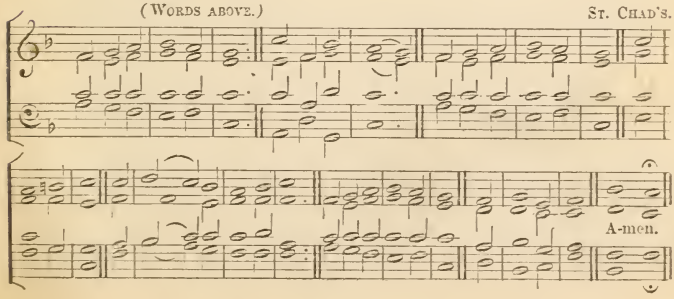
Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

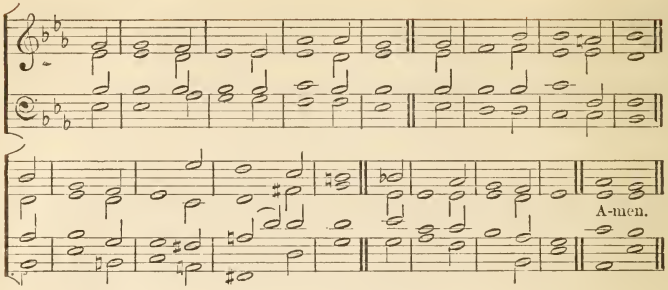
Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Amen.

(WORDS ABOVE.) ST. CHAD'S.



Hymn 443. C. M. *Palestine.*



"Thou art a place to hide me in."

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

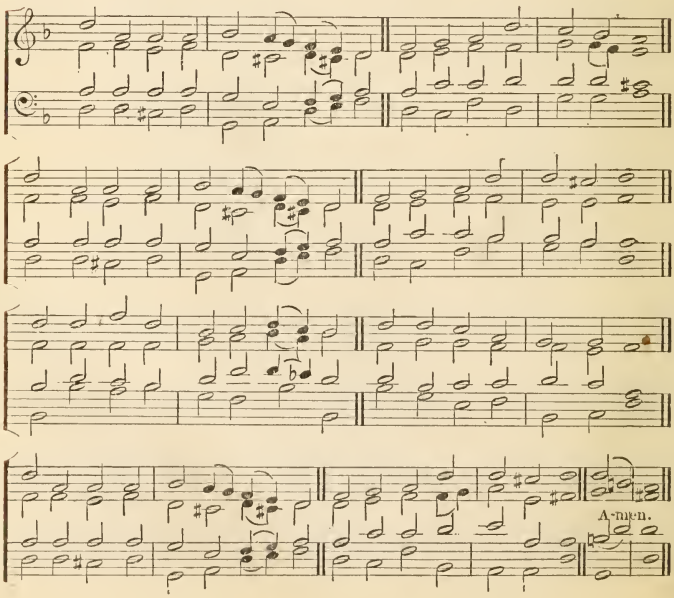
To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet. Amen.

Hymn 444. I. *Hopkins.*



Hymn 444.

Hopkins.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty Lord of my salvation,
I Thy timely aid implore;
By Thy suffering, O be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.

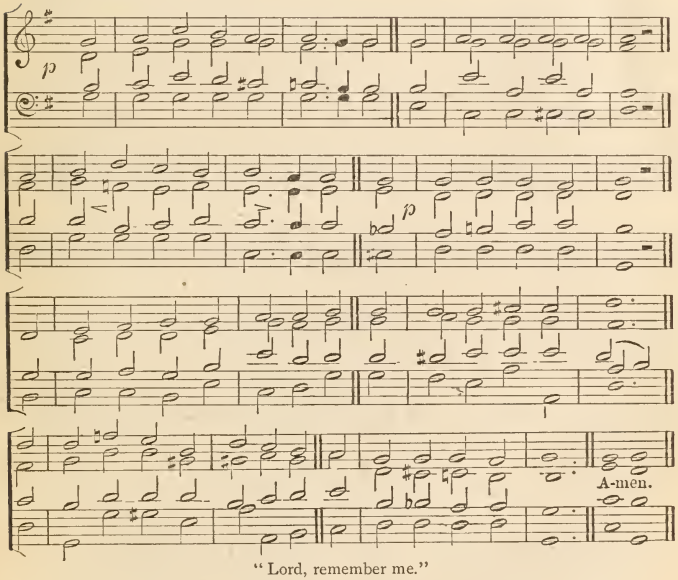
Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In the days of flesh below;
When Thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
Bruised beneath the hand of God.

By Thy dread, unknown temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour;
By Thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the tempter's power.
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of Thy Spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me!
By Thy precious death assuring,
My poor dying soul befriend,
And with patience, all enduring,
Make me faithful to the end. Amen.

Hymn 445. D. C. M.

St. Leonard.



"Lord, remember me."

O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
If on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
Good Lord, remember me.

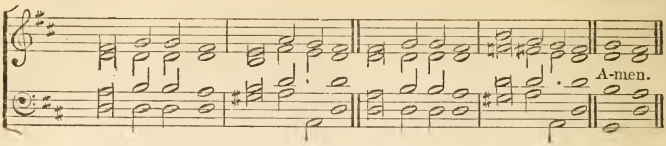
If trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day:
Good Lord, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Good Lord, remember me.

And oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Jesus, receive my parting breath:
Good Lord, remember me.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Hymn 446.

Neely.



"Thy will be done."

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say
"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

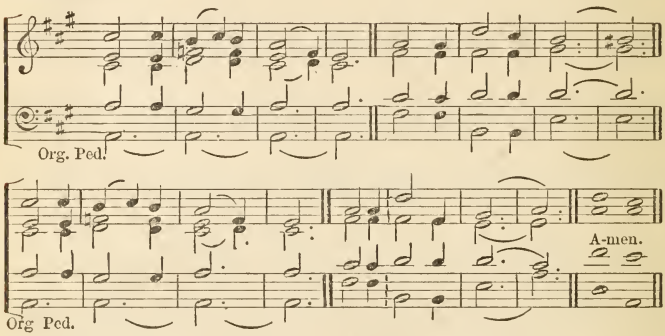
If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done." Amen.

Hymn 447.

Merriel.



"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

O LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping
Though none else is near.

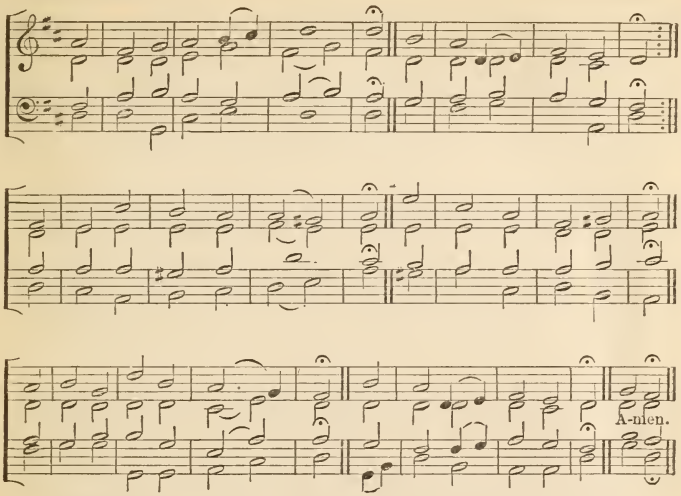
God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness
In this world below
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know. Amen.

Hymn 448. F. *Bertha.*



"Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress."

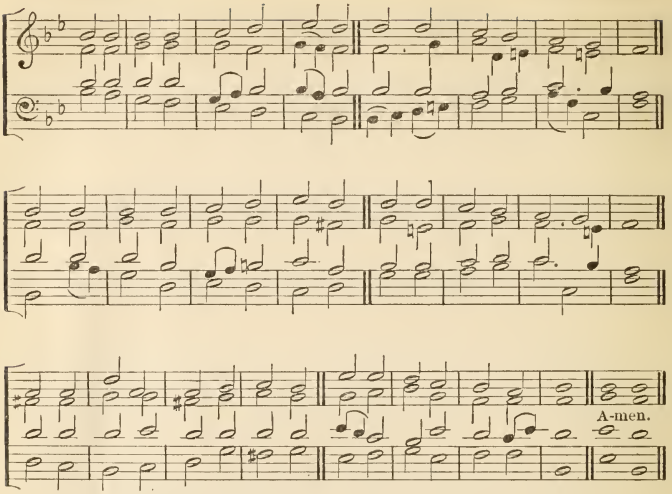
I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need Thee, day by day,
To fill me with thy fulness,
To lead me on my way;
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
And point me to the Lamb.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

Hymn 449. K. *Supplication.*



"Let my supplication come before Thee; deliver me, according to Thy Word."

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

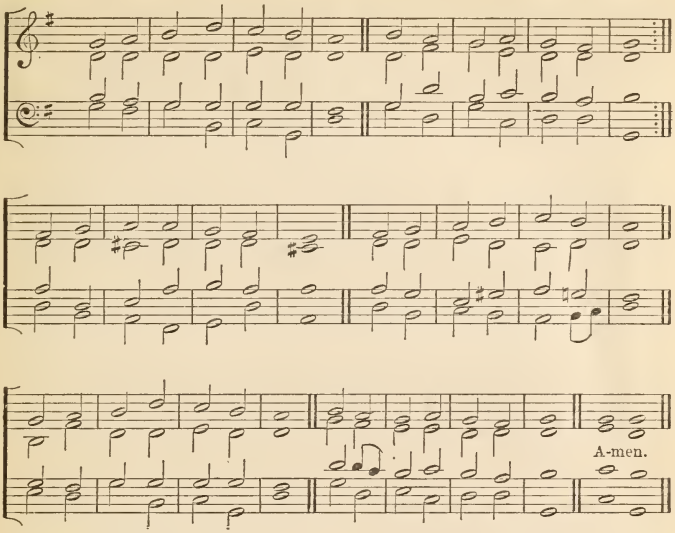
When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the weary house of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord. Amen.

Hymn 450. G. *Cassel.*

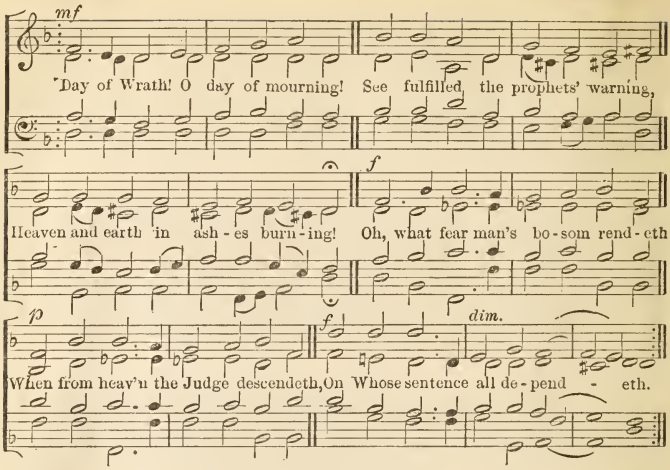


"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

HARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath open'd mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd and made meet for heaven.
Amen.

Hymn 451. *Dies Iræ.*



"Upon the ungodly He shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest. * * He cometh, He cometh to judge the earth."

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.
Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an·answer making.

Lo, the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

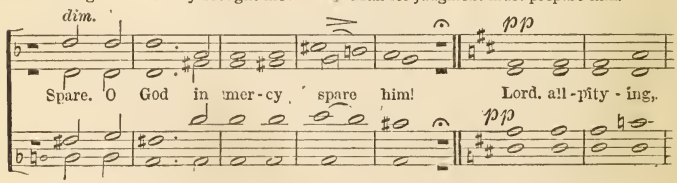
Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

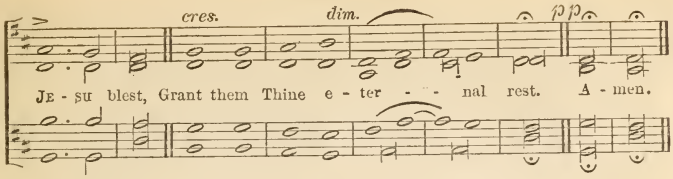
Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

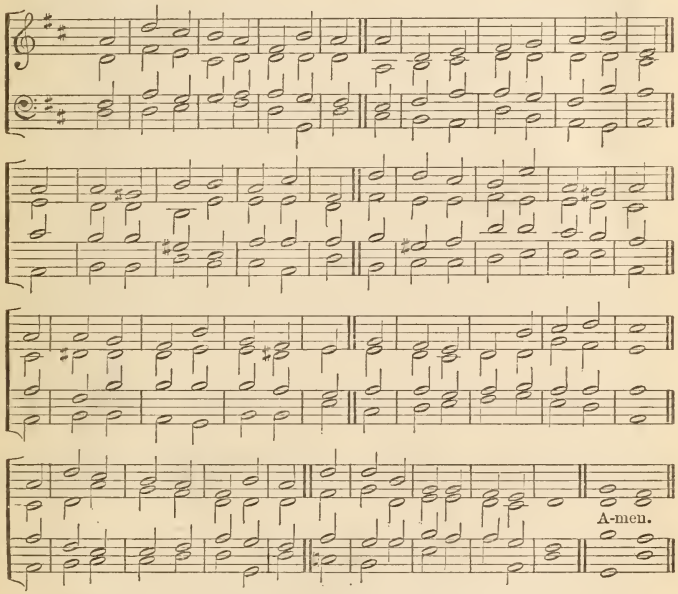
Low I kneel, with heart submission;
See, like ashes my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.
Ah! that day of tears and mourning,
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.





ETERNITY.

Hymn 452. *St. Cyprian.*



"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

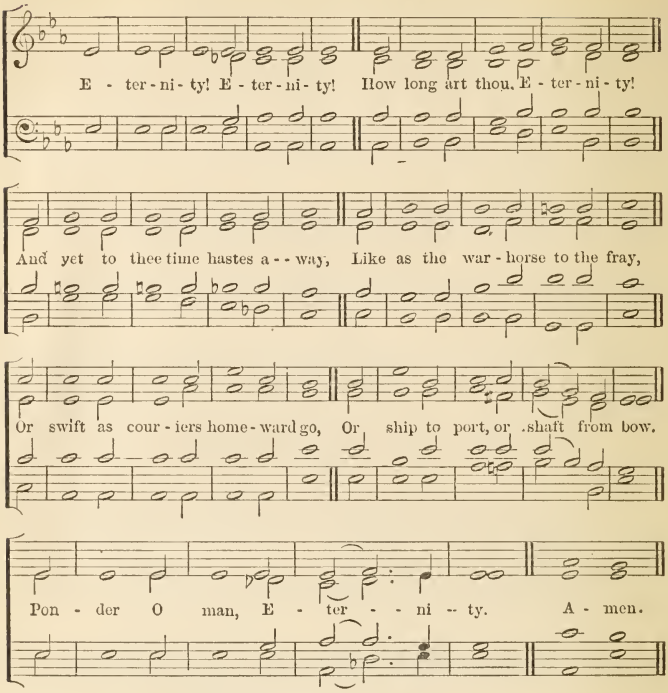
LET me not, Thou King Eternal,
Enter hell's domain infernal!
Where is grieving, where is sadness,
Where is sorrow, where is madness,
Where despair is ever sighing,
Where the worm is never dying,
Where the shameless are astounded,
Where the guilty are confounded.

Me, may Zion welcome saved;
Tranquil city, seat of David;
God its builder, light immortal:
Orient pearl each blazing portal:
Crystal gold its streets; the nation
Of the blest its population;
Living rock the walls that bound it,
Christ the Guard that dwells around it.

With what joyous gratulations
Throng thy gates the festive nations!
What the warmth of their embracing!
What the gems thy walls enchasing!
Through that city's streets are wending,
Holy throngs, their anthems blending;
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant thy praise in psalms victorious! Amen.

Hymn 453. *Eternity.*

"What shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life."

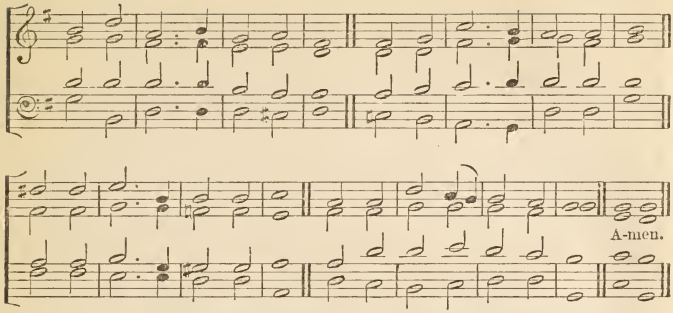


Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Even as on a perfect sphere,
Nor end nor outset can appear,
E'en so, Eternity, in thee,
Entrance nor exit can there be.
  Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
A little bird with fretting beak,
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet leave thee then, as now the same.
  Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
How terrible art thou in woe,
How blest where joys forever flow!
God's mercy shedding gladness bright,
His judgment, bitterness and night.
  Ponder, O man, Eternity! Amen.

Hymn 454. G *Evermore.*



"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

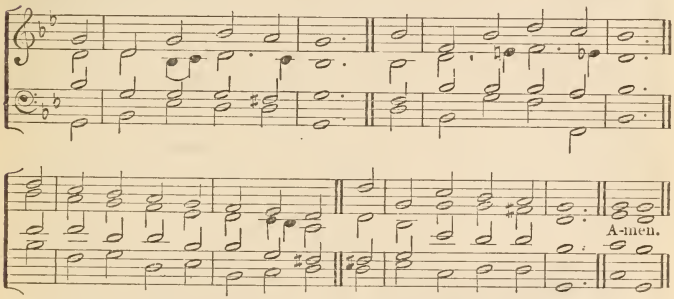
Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

HEAVEN.

Hymn 455. S. M. *St. Bride.*



"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

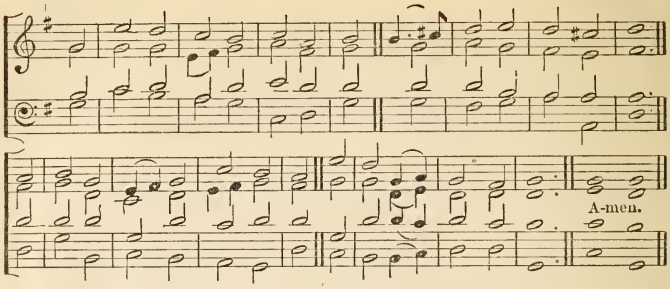
My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's illumined eye
The golden gates appear!

Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Lord, bid the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expand Thy bow of peace. Amen.

Hymn 456. C. M. *Ladbroke.*



"When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

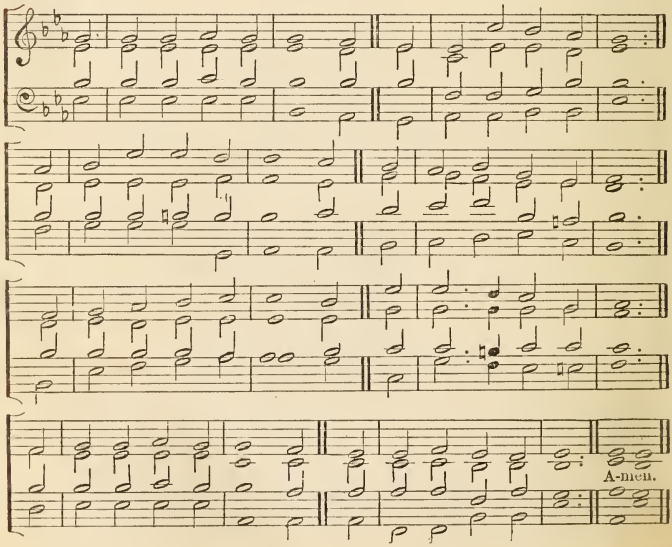
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above. Amen.

Hymn 457. *Aurelia.*



Hymn 457.

Aurelia.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

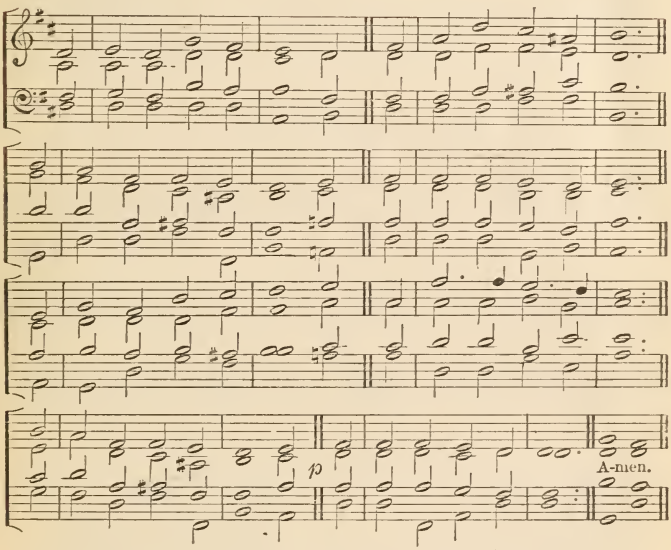
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 458.

Ewing.



"And he shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God."

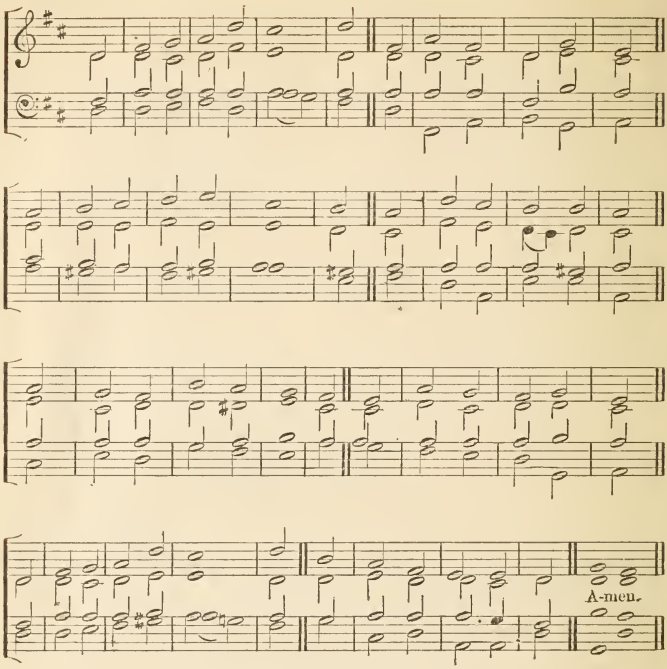
JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await me there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they, who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

Oh, sweet and blessed country
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 459. *O Bona Patria.*



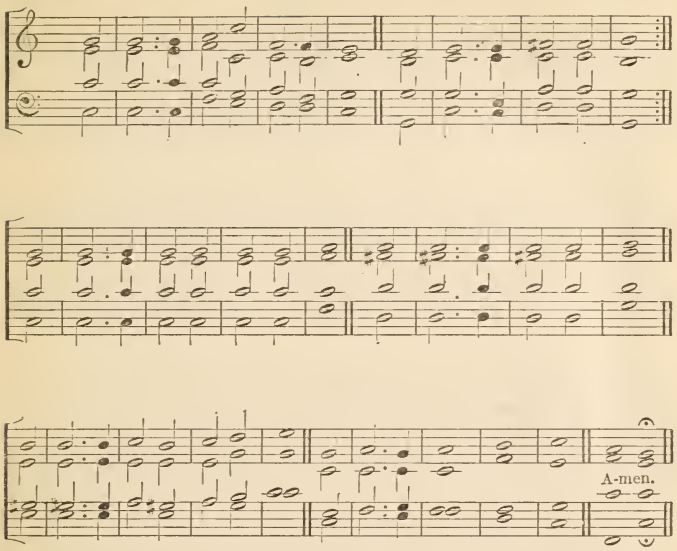
"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

Oh one, oh only mansion:
Oh Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Thou hast no shores, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Hymn 460. D. C. M. *Compton.*



"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

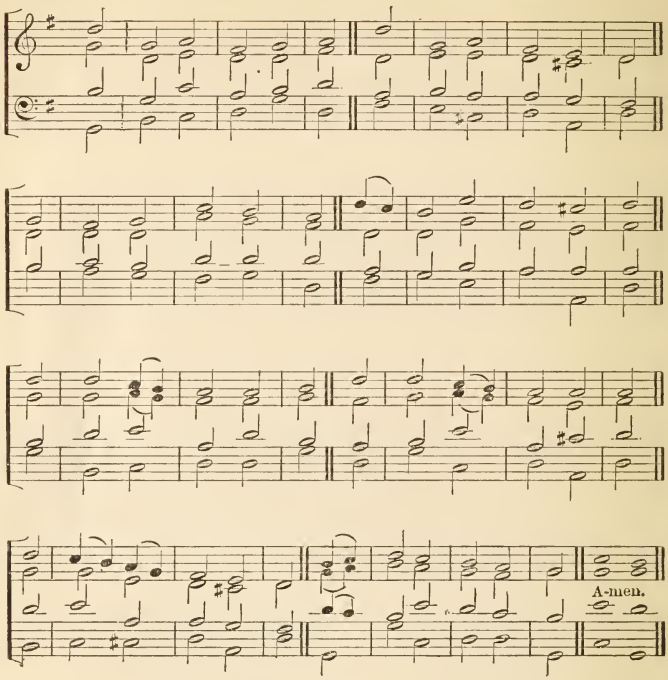
O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl;
O God! if I were there!

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right thro' thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.
O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see? Amen.

Hymn 461. *St. Margaret.*



"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

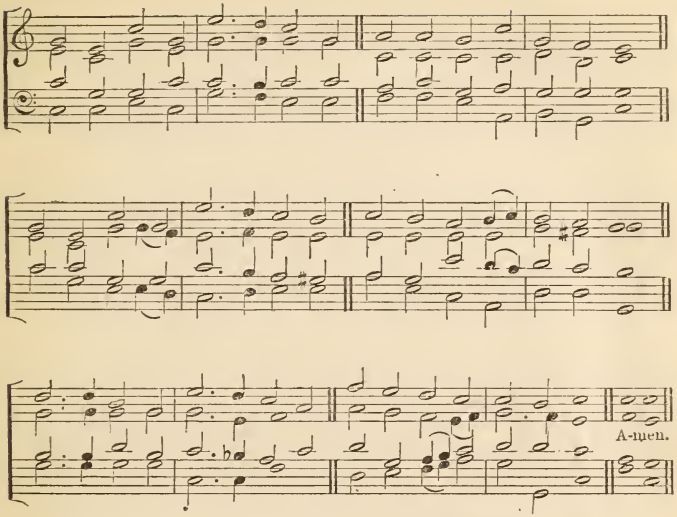
THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

Hymn 462. *Regent Square.*



'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

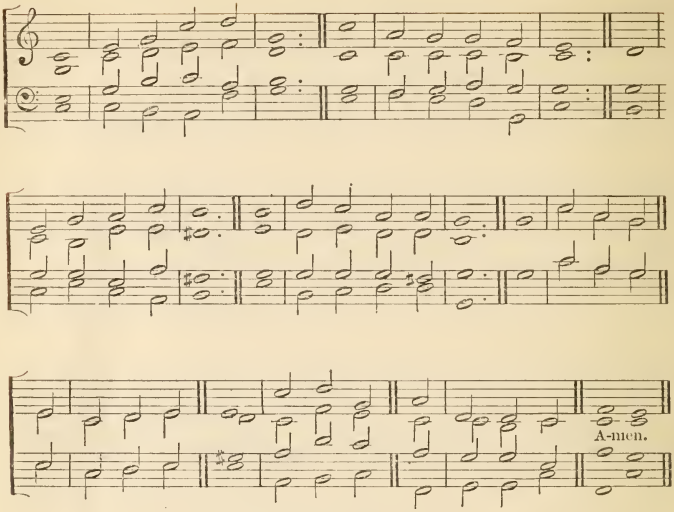
From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionéd.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air:
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be array'd. Amen.

Hymn 463. D. *Christchurch.*



"Our conversation is in heaven."

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place, &c.

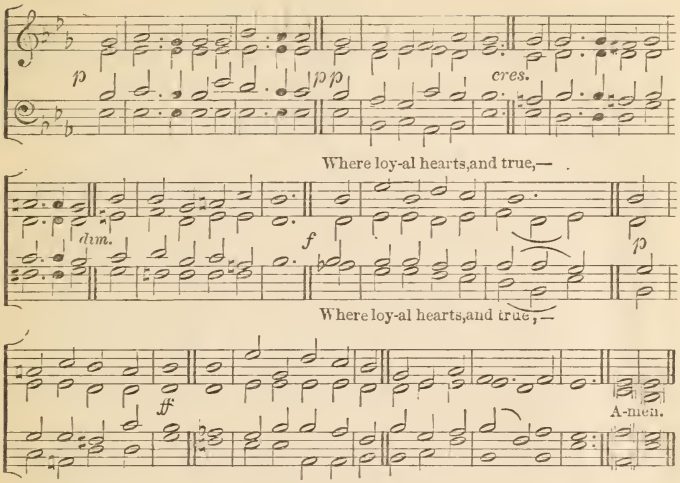
The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
O happy place, &c.

The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold;
O happy place, &c.

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd:
O happy place, &c.

Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way:
O happy place,
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face? Amen.

Hymn 464. *Paradise.*



"The Paradise of God."

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

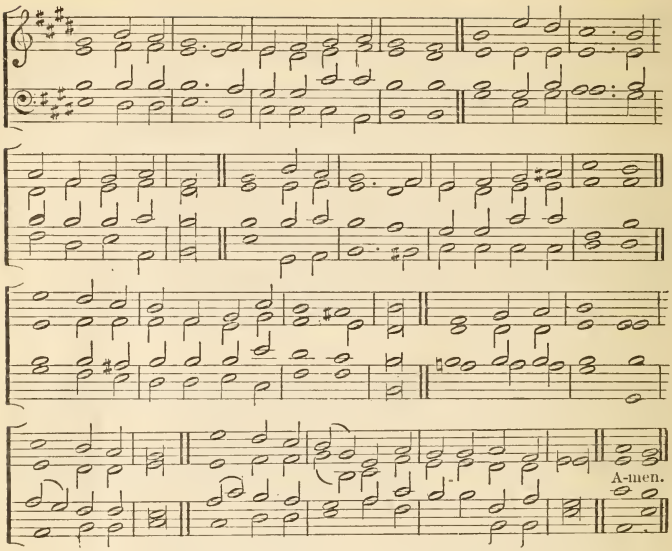
O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. Amen.

Hymn 465. *Vox Angelica.*



"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

HARK! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

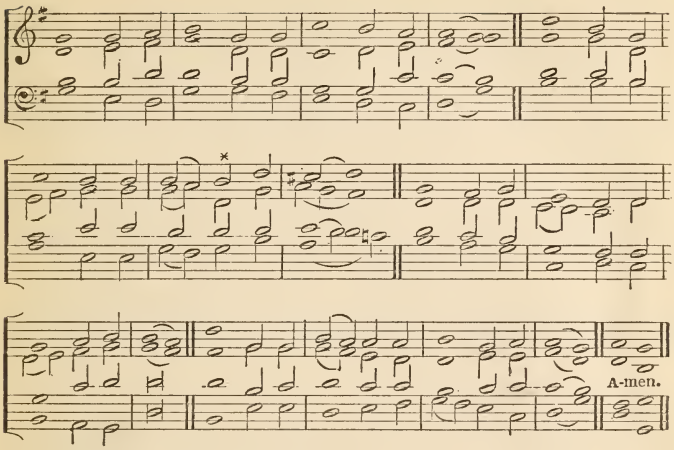
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. Amen.

Hymn 466. *O Quanta Qualia.*



**For the 1st verse, the slur is better over the 3d and 4th notes of this bar.*

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

O WHAT the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blesséd ones see;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace, and the joy that they own?
O, that the blest ones, who in it have share.
All that they feel could as fully declare.

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of Peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

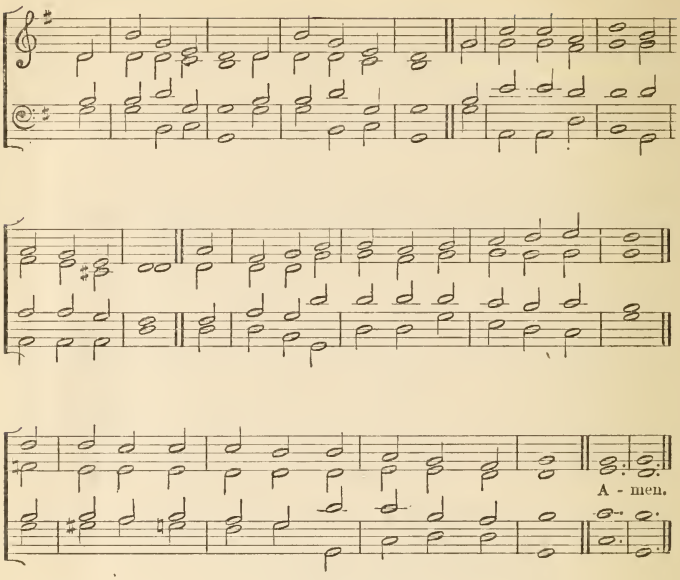
There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blesséd people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore:
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all:
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

Hymn 467. L. *Houghton.*



"Hosanna."

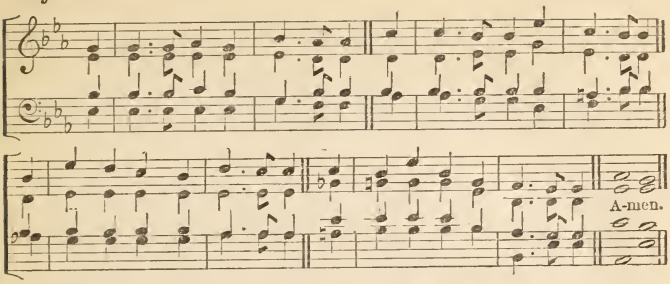
O COME, let us raise
Our tribute of song;
Thanksgiving and praise
To Jesus belong;
He came from above
Our bliss to begin,
Make perfect in love,
And free us from sin.

The old and the young,
His people by choice,
With heart, soul, and tongue,
In Him may rejoice;
We meet Him to-day
Triumphantly crown'd,
And welcome His way,
In chorus around.

Hosanna!—that word
To children is dear;
To Jesus our Lord,
We'll echo it here;
Let worldings despise,
And enemies rail,
Hosannas shall rise,
Hosannas prevail.

God's temple shall ring,
While under His eye,
Hosanna we sing,
For Jesus draws nigh:
Hosanna! our breath
Through life shall proclaim;
Hosanna! in death,
In glory, the same! Amen.

Hymn 468. L. M. *St. Ignatius.*



"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

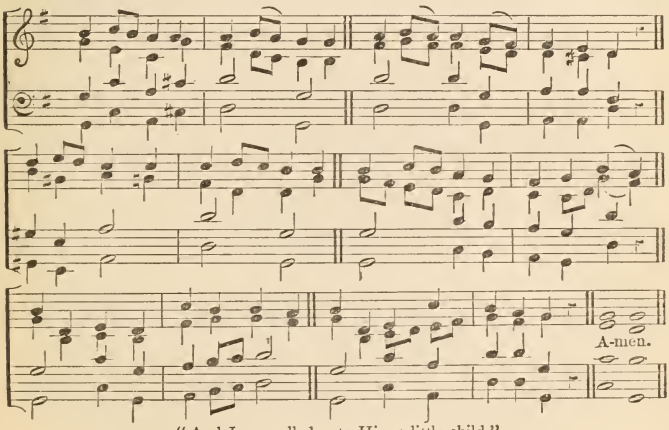
O LORD, behold before Thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, Thy Name we own,
And pray that Thou wilt be our Friend.

Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to Thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That He may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

O let Thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us Thy will to know and do,
And let us all Thine image bear. Amen

Hymn 469. K. *Mabel.*



"And Jesus called unto Him a little child."

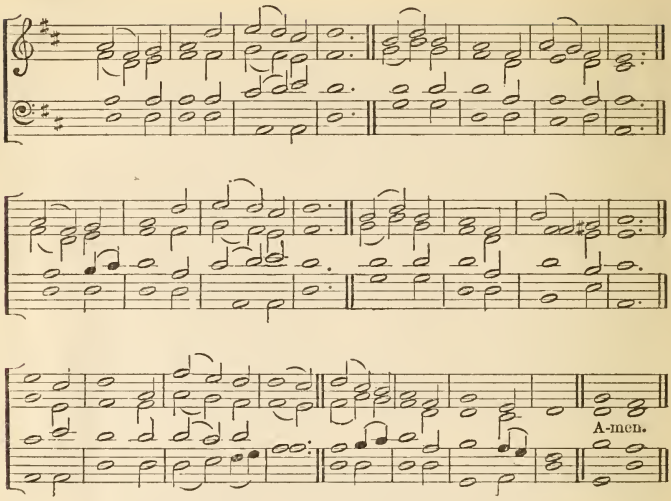
IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners, too.

Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

Steadfast then in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity. Amen.

Hymn 470. H. *Wells.*



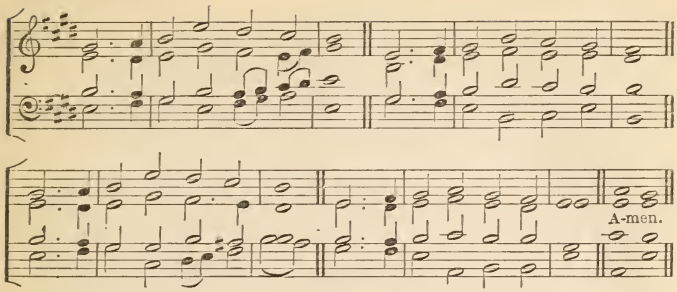
"Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth."

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us there.

Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray:
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise. Amen.

Hymn 471. G. *Innocents.*



"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

GOD eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amid the throng would be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy throne on high:
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours

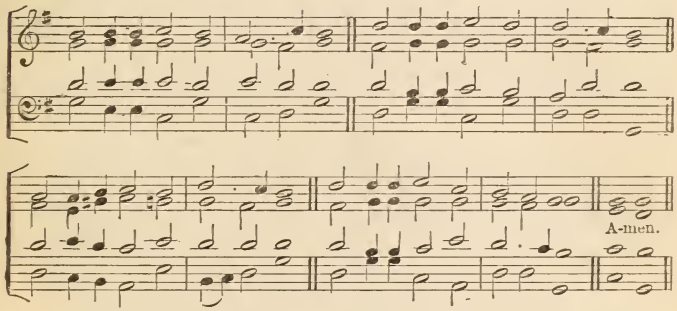
Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the Cross are heard to boast;
Oh, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.

God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

Hymn 472. L. M. *Childhood.*



"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

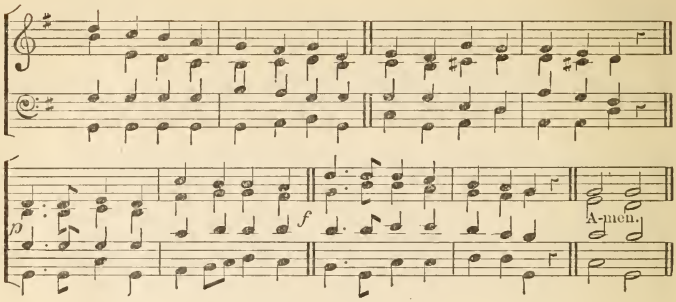
O HOLY Lord, content to dwell
In a poor home, a lowly Child,
With meek obedience noting well
Each bidding of Thy Mother mild;

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To shun the paths of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

Let not this world's unhallowed glow
The fresh baptismal dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too roughly blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear,
Protect them still from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there. Amen.

Hymn 473. I. *Jesus, Shepherd.*



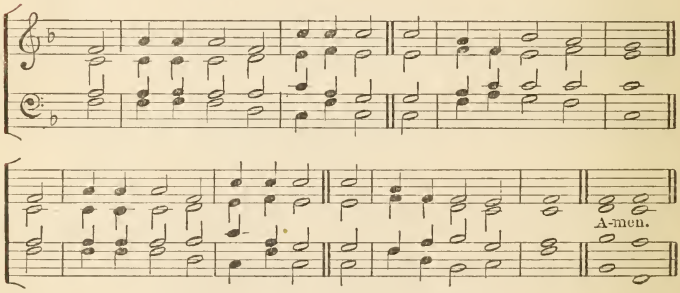
"I am the Good Shepherd."

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us;
Bless Thy little lambs to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou near us;
Keep us safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led us,
And we thank Thee for Thy care;
Kindly Thou hast clothed us, fed us,
Listen to our evening prayer.

May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends we love so well:
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

Hymn 474. C. M. *Marlow.*



"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."

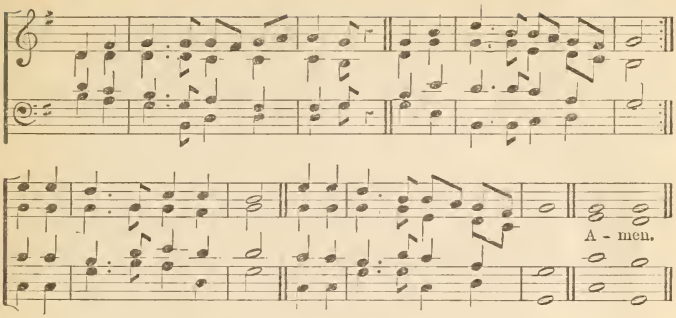
WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

Oh, let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

But if I make His ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek Him with my voice,
My heart will love Him too. Amen.

Hymn 475. *Irby.*



"The Child Jesus."

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

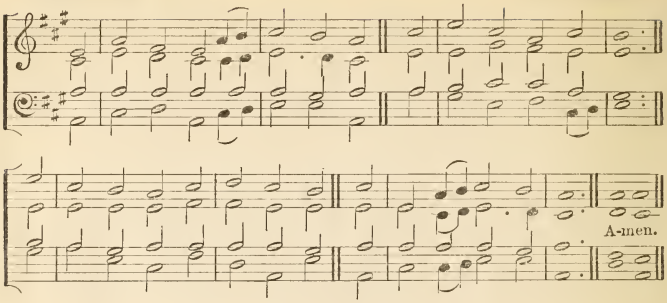
He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy

And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone. Amen.

Hymn 476. C. M. *Martyrdom.*



"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

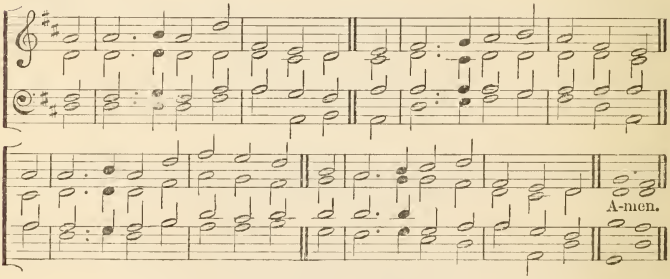
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

Hymn 477. L. M. *Alstone.*



"If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."

WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high and good and great?

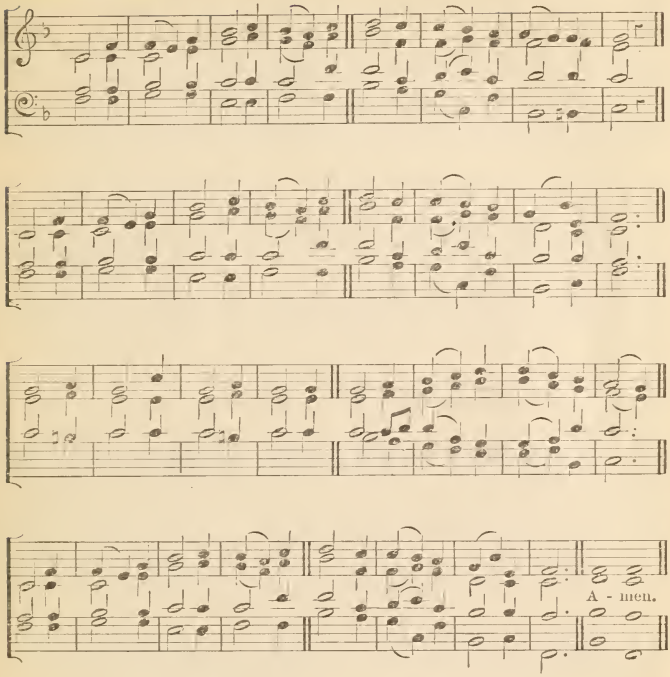
O, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen

Hymn 478. I. *Holy Innocents.*



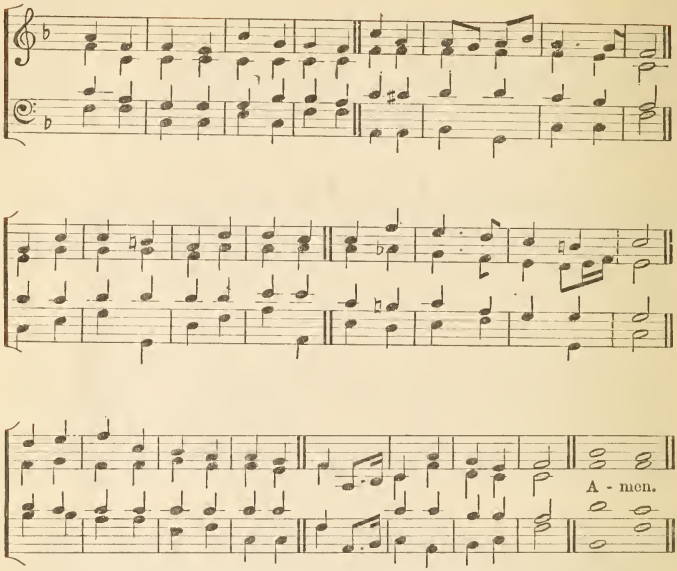
"Be ye followers of God, as dear children."

HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear:
May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee:
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast,
Through life's desert dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

Hymn 479. *Jesu, Bone Pastor.*



"He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

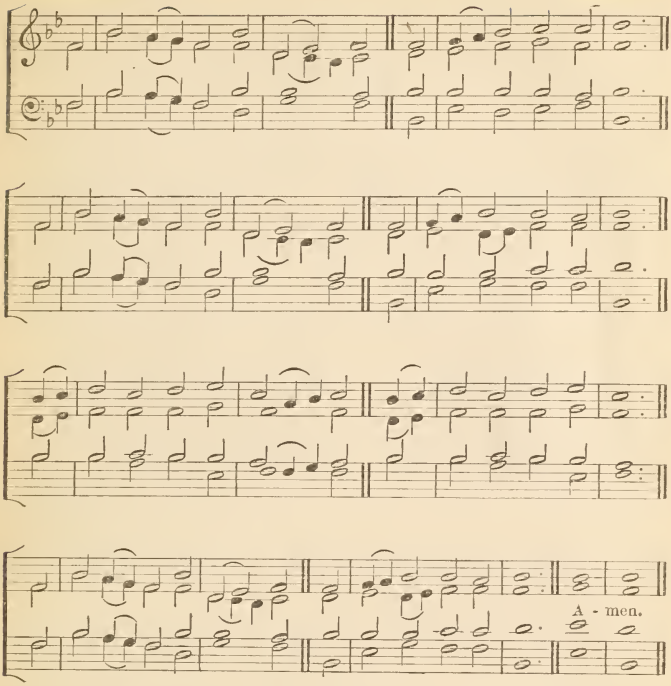
GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King. Amen.

Hymn 480. F. *Ellacombe.*



"My song shall be alway of the loving kindness of the Lord."

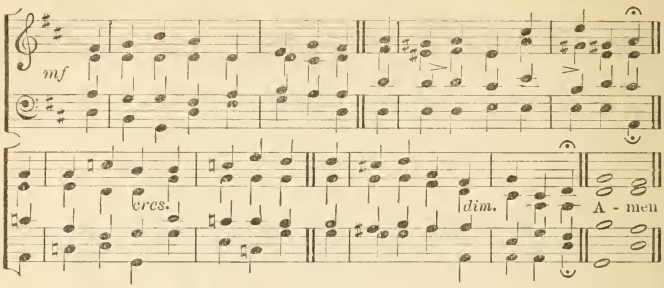
COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas,
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens
Your sweet responsive lay.

'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe and boy and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

O boys be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

Soon in the golden City
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song. Amen.

Hymn 481. L. M. *The Holy Cross.*



"Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord."

THY Cross, O Lord, the holy sign
That we, thereafter, should be Thine,
Was traced upon our infant brow,
And shall we fear to own it now?

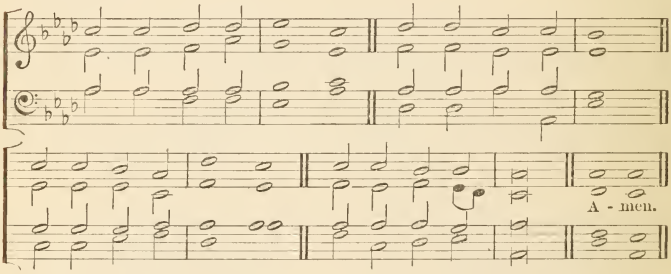
O God, forbid; before the vain,
The proud, the scoffing, the profane,
We will, through grace, our Lord confess,
His faint but faithful witnesses.

His strength in weakness He displays,
From youthful lips He perfects praise,
And we, His little soldiers, stand
Strong in the might of His right hand.

Smile on us, Lord, and we will fear
Nor scorn, nor shame, whilst Thou art near;
Reproach is glory, suffering rest,
If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest.

Great Judge of all, in that dread day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
Before the universe confess
Thy faint but faithful witnesses. Amen.

Hymn 482. *Eudoxia.*



"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet."

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailor's tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now and shall be evermore. Amen.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

A.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. Amen.

B.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more. Amen.

C.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

D.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

E.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.
Amen.

F.

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, His only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

G.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be! Amen.

H.

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise Him all below the sky,
Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

I.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

J.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

K.

Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

L.

By angels in heaven
  Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
  All praise be address'd;
To God in Three Persons,
  One God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is,
  And ever shall be. Amen.

M.

To the Father, to the Son,
  And Spirit ever blessed,
Everlastiug Three in One,
  All worship be addressed:
Praise from all above, below,
  As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
  While endless ages last. Amen.

N.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
  Our songs we raise:
Glory to God on high,
Glory from earth and sky,
Let man with angels vie
  In endless praise.
  Amen.

O.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
  And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
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  Amen.

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Come, ye thankful people. come	7s, (8 lines.)	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	322
Conquering kings their titles take	7s	Havergal	223
Creator of the world, to Thee	L. M.	Crasselius, 1650. Har. by W. H. Monk	268
Crown Him with many crowns	D. S. M.	Dr. G. J. Elvey	412
Daughter of Zion, from the dust	C. M.	Jeremiah Clark	347
Day of wrath! O day of mourning	8 8 8	Rev. J. B. Dykes	451
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	C. M.		443
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall	C. M.	Jackson	375
Depth of mercy! can there be	7s		374
Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord	L. M.	Haydn	238
Earth hath many a noble city	8 7, 8 7	German. Dr. Gauntlett.	262
Eternal Father, strong to save	8s, (6 lines.)	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	354
Eternity! Eternity!	8s, (7 lines.)	C. H. Burbank	453
Far from my heavenly home	S. M.	F. C. Atkinson	433
Forever here my rest shall be	C. M.	Playford's Psalter, 1671.	383
Forever with the Lord	S. M.	Dr. Howard, 1770	455
For thee, O dear, dear country	7 6, (8 lines.)	S. Reay	459
For Thy dear saint, O Lord	S. M.	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	357
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	7s	J. E. Roe	258
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	8s	H. Cary	227
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	L. M.	Adapted by Goss	419
Forty days and forty nights	7s	W. H. Monk	272
From all that dwell below the skies	L. M.		103
From every stormy wind that blows	L. M.	H. G. Gilmore	377
From Greenland's icy mountains	7 6, (8 lines.)	Melchior Teschner	107
From highest heaven th' Eternal Son	8 8 8, 8 8 8	Genevan Psalter, 1562. Arranged by W. H. Monk	222
Full of trembling expectation	8 7, (8 lines.)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.	444
Glad sight! the holy Church	S. M.	S. Wesley	326
Glorious things of thee are spoken	8 7, (8 lines.)	Watson	224
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	L. M.	Tallis	168
Glory to the Father give	7s	German Choral. Har. chiefly by Bach	111
God Eternal, mighty King	7s	W. H. Monk	471
God is in His holy temple	8 7, (6 lines.)	H. G. Gilmore	229
God the Creator bless'd	6 6 6 6, 8 8	Darwell	234
God the Father, from Thy throne	Irregular	German. W. H. Monk.	301
God, Who madest earth and heaven	8 4, 8 4, 8 8 8 4	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	425
Go to dark Gethsemane	7s, (6 lines.)	Dr. Steggall	280
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	8 7, (8 lines.)	J. H. Wilcox	479
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	7 7 7, 5	Dr. Stainer	399
Grant us hearts, dear Lord	8 7, (8 lines.)	Rev. J. B. Dykes	353
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	8 7, 8 7	H. R. H. the Prince Consort	177
Hail, gladdening Light	Irregular	Rev.Sir F.A.G. Ouseley	430
Hail the day that sees Him rise	7s	R. Redhead	302
Hail! Thou long expected Jesus	8 7, 8 7	Mendelssohn	42
Hail! Thou once despised Jesus	8 7, (8 lines.)	From "Boosey's Sacred Musical Cabinet."	279
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	7 6, (8 lines.)	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	54
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	8 7, 8 7	H. G. Gilmore	242
Hark! a voice divides the sky	7s, (8 lines.)	German	450

First Line.	Measure.	Composer of Tune.	Hymn.
Hark! hark, my soul,	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.	Rev. J. B. Dykes	465
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	C. M.	Arranged by Rev. J. B. Dykes. Adapted by C. L. H.	41
Hark! the herald angels sing	7s, (8 lines.)	Mendelssohn	45
Hark! the song of jubilee	7s, (8 lines.)	Church of England Choral Book	266
Hark! the sound of holy voices	8 7, (8 lines.)	Henry Smart	363
Hark! what mean those holy voices	8 7, 8 7	W. H. Monk	252
Head of the hosts in glory	7 7 4, 6 6 6 4	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	226
Hearts of stone, relent, relent	7s, (6 lines.)	Moravian	289
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	8 7, (8 lines.)		478
Heirs of unending life	S. M.	J. B. Wilkes	210
He's come, let every knee be bent	C. M.	Grigg	76
Holy Father, great Creator	8 7, (6 lines.)	Cherry from Novello	313
Holy Ghost! with light divine	7s	Von Weber	309
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord	7s, (8 lines)	J. Barnby	317
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty	11, 12, 12, 11	Rev. J. B. Dykes	316
Hosanna to the living Lord	8 8, 8 8, 11	Rev. J. B. Dykes	244
How bright those glorious spirits	C. M.	Giornivichi	367
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	C. M.	A. R. Reinagle	392
I heard the voice of Jesus say	D. C. M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes	418
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	S. M.	A. Williams	25
I need Thee, precious Jesus	76, (8 lines.)	Church of England Choral Book	448
In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord	C. M.		319
In the vineyard of our Father	8 7, (6 lines.)	From Narrative Hymns	469
In token that thou shalt not fear	C. M.	T. Ravenscroft. 1623	327
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	8s		173
Jerusalem, my happy home	C. M.	Dr. W. Hayes	456
Jerusalem on high	6 6 6 6, 4 4 4 4	Dr. Steggall	463
Jerusalem the Golden	7 6, (8 lines.)	Alexander Ewing	458
Jesus, and shall it ever be	L. M.	S. Webbe	175
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	7s	W. H. Monk	291
Jesus, grant me this, I pray	7s	Rev. F. P. Winne	388
Jesus, I my cross have taken	8 7, (8 lines.)	J. H. Deane	436
Jesus, let Thy pitying eye	7 6, (8 lines.)	W. Sterndale Bennett	269
Jesus lives! no longer now	7 8, 7 8	Dr. Gauntlett	298
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	8 7, (6 lines.)	Ancient Church tune	449
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	8 8, 8 8, 8 8	Haydn	397
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	8 8 8, 4	Rev. J. B. Dykes	386
Jesus, Saviour of my soul	7s, (6 lines.)	Blumenthal	143
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	L. M.	W. H. Monk	102
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us	8 7, 8 7	From Narrative Hymns	473
Jesus, the very thought is sweet	L. M.	German Havergal	304
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	C. M.	Tansur	265
Just as I am, without one plea	8 8 8, 6	Adapted by Goss	382
Lead, Kindly Light	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10	Rev. J. B. Dykes	438
Let every heart exulting beat	L. M.	Knapp. Har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	391
Let me not, Thou King Eternal	8s, (8 lines)	Goss	452
Let our choir new anthems raise	7 6, (8 lines.)	J. Barnby	364
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Lo, the angels' Food is given	Irregular	Rev. J. B. Dykes	337
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious	8 7, (6 lines.)	Rev. S. S. Greatheed	305
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee	C. M.	Isaac Smith, 1770. Har. by Goss	434
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First Line.	Measure.	Composer of Tune.	Hymn.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	7 7 7	W. H. Monk	273
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	C. M.	From Boosey's Collec'n	349
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Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	L. M.	Har. by Goss	339
Lord, Thine appointed servants bless	C. M.	Gardner	341
Lord, Thy Word abideth	6 6, 6 6	German. W.H.Monk	213
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee	8 7, (8 lines.)	W.A.Muhlenberg,D.D.	150
Love divine, all love excelling	8 7, (8 lines.)	J. E. Roe	393
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	L. M.	Gibbons. Har.byW. B. Gilbert, Mus.Bac	270
My faith looks up to Thee	6 6 4, 6 6 6 4	C. H. Burbank	328
My God, accept my heart this day	C. M.	J. Burrows	331
My God, and is Thy table spread	L. M.	Bartholemon, 1788	94
My God, my Father, while I stray	8 8 8, 4	H. G. Gilmore	446
My God, permit me not to be	L. M.	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	57
My Saviour, as Thou wilt	6s, (8 lines.)	Beneker	441
Nearer, my God, to Thee	6 4, 6 4, 6 6 4	1st Tune, L. Mason, Mus. Doc. 2d Tune, W.B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	442
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Now thank we all our God	6 7, 6 7, 6 6, 6 6	German. W. H. Monk.	323
Now the day is over	6 5, 6 5	Rev. S. Baring Gould	482
Now the shades of night are gone	7s	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	167
O come, all ye faithful	6 6, 10 5 6, 7 7 10	Proper tune, arranged by W. H. Monk.	256
O come and mourn with me awhile	L. M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes	287
O come, let us raise	5s, (8 lines)	Dr. Gauntlett	467
O come, O come, Emmanuel	8 8, 8 8, 8 8	From French Missal. W. H. Monk.	245
O day of rest and gladness	76, (8 lines.)	H. G. Gilmore	237
O Father, Thou Who hast created all	10, 6, 10, 6, 8 8 4	Jas. Pearce, Mus. Bac.	325
O for a thousand tongues to sing	C. M.	Rev. W. Jones, 1799	219
O Food that weary pilgrims love	8 8 6, 8 8 6	German Choral	335
O God of life, Whose power benign	8 8 8	Rev. F. R. Grey.	315
O God of love, O King of peace	L. M.	German. W. H. Monk.	320
O God unseen, yet ever near	C. M.	Dr. Croft, 1712	334
O Guardian of the Church divine	L. M.	Sebastian Bach	340
O hallowed Head! compelled to bow	D. C. M.	...	288
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O heavenly Jerusalem	7 6, 7 6	Dr. Gauntlett	366
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O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace	C. M.	H. S. Irons	395
O Jesus, Thou art standing	7 6, (8 lines.)	Adapted from German by Goss	373
O let him whose sorrow	6 5, 6 5	J. E. Roe	447
O Light, Whose beams illumine all	8s, (6 lines.)	From "Crown of Jesus"	435
O Lord, behold before Thy throne	L. M.	From 'Catholic Hymns'	468
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O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills	L. M.	Old melody	343
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O Love, Who formedst me to wear	8 8, 8 8, 8 8	Adapted from Handel, by Goss	396
O mother dear, Jerusalem	D. C. M.	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	460
O Paradise! O Paradise	86, 86, 6 6 6 6	J. Barnby	464
O praise our God to-day	S. M.	...	350
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	8s	Wyvill	250
O Sacred Head, surrounded	7 6, (8 lines.)	Chiefly from S. Bach	286
O Saviour, leave us not alone	C. M.	R. Farrant	274
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod	L. M.	John Bishop, 1730. Arr. by W.H.Monk	303
O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows	D. C. M.	H. Hiles	445
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight	L. M.	J. Barnby	60

First Line.	Measure.	Composer of Tune.	Hymn.
O Thou, Who dost to man accord....	8 8 6, 8 8 6.....	Dr. Boyce.....	271
O Thou, Who makest souls to shine..	L. M.....	.....	342
O what the joy and the glory must be.	10s.....	Ancient melody, arr. by Rev. J. B. Dykes	466
O worship the King.....	5 5, 5 5, 6 5, 6 5...	Vari'usly ascrib'd to Handel & Dr. Croft.	404
Of the Father's love begotten.....	8 7, 8 7, 8 7 7	Dr. Gauntlett.....	257
Oft in danger, oft in woe.....	7s.....	Dr. Gauntlett.....	432
Oh, for a heart to praise my God.....	C. M.....	From Narrative Hymns	416
Oh! glorious hope of perfect love....	8 8 6, 8 8 6	J. Foster.....	390
Oh! happy is the man who hears.....	C. M.....	.....	204
Oh! Sacred Head, now wounded.....	7 6, (8 lines.).....	Chiefly from S. Bach..	282
On the mountain's top appearing.....	8 7, 8 7, 4, 7	Storl.....	264
Once in Royal David's city	8 7, 8 7, 7 7.....	Dr. Gauntlett.....	475
One sole baptismal sign.....	6 6 6 6, 8 8.....	Dr. Croft	225
Onward, Christian soldiers..... .	6 5, (8 lines.).....	J. E. Roe.....	440
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.	8 6, 8 4.....	Rev. J. B. Dykes.....	311
Pleasant are Thy courts above.....	7s, (8 lines.)	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	228
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven..	8 7, (6 lines.).....	Haydn. Arranged by W. H. Monk...	406
Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him	8 7, (8 lines.).....	"Laudi Spirituali," arr. by W.H.Monk.	405
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	7s, (6 lines.).....	.....	417
Rejoice, rejoice, believers..	7 6, (8 lines.).....	John Sebastian Bach...	249
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Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding...	8 7, 8 7.....	W.B.Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	86
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Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless..	C. M.	Farrant. Arranged by Havergal.....	336
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise..	10, 10, 7.....	J. Barnby.....	414
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love....	7s.....	Jerome Hopkins.....	22
Sing praise to God, Who reigns above.	8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7	Ancient German. J. S. Bach.....	409
Sion's daughter, weep no more.....	7s, (6 lines.)	E. Bach.....	281
Softly now the light of day.....	7s..	Von Weber.....	172
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Songs of praise the angels sang.....	7s.....	From "Pearce's Hymns." J. H. Knecht.	155
Songs of thankfulness and praise.....	7s, (8 lines.)	H. S. Irons.....	267
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First Line.	Measure.	Composer of Tune.	Hymn.
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Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	8s, (6 lines.)	From "Crown of Jesus"	239
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	8 7	German. W. H. Monk.	285
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	L. M.	L. Mason, Mus. Doc.	369
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	7 8, 7 8, 7 7	Founded on Bach	358
The ancient law departs	S. M.	Day's Psalter, 1588. Arr. by W. H. Monk	260
The Church has waited long	6 6 8 6, 6 6 8 6, 6	Goss. Adapted by C. L. H.	248
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There is a fountain filled with blood	C. M.	W. B. Gilbert. Mus. Bac.	218
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